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REMINISCENCES OF NEWPORT

R.I.

BY

GEORGE CHAMPLIN MASON

Illustrated.

OLD HOUSES ON THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R.I.
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES E. HAMMETT, JR.
1884

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1884.

ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTED
BY C. J. PETERS & SON, 145 HIGH STREET, BOSTON.

PREFACE.

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NEWPORT, R. I., May 26, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MASON, —

Many of the lovers of old Newport, who treasure its pleasant memories and are pained to realize that some of them are fading and passing away, are very desirous to persuade you to embody in a book the valuable and interesting letters which you have contributed to the "Providence Journal" and "New York Evening Post" for many years, over the signature of "Aquidneck" and "Champlin."

If you will favorably regard our wishes and will comply with this expression of them, we are assured that it will gratify and instruct a host of readers, and will embalm in a more permanent form individual sketches and historical associations which are otherwise likely to be lost.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES C. VAN ZANDT.

PROVIDENCE, May 31, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MASON, —

I learn that several of your friends are requesting you to collect for publication your letters relating to Newport in its earlier days, which, during several years past, you have contri-

buted to the "Providence Journal" and the "New York Evening Post."

Allow me to express the hope that you will comply with their request. I recall these letters with great satisfaction, and regard them as the best sketches that have appeared of Newport in the days of its commercial prosperity,—a century and a half ago. They were gracefully written, and were admirably fitted to keep alive those historical associations which impart such dignity and charm to the venerable town. So attractive were they, that they seemed to me to point you out as better qualified than any other person now living to write its entire history, which I wish I could persuade you to undertake.

I remain, very truly yours,

W. GAMMELL.

In compliance with the wishes of many friends, cordially expressed in letters like the above, from Ex-Governor Van Zandt and Professor Gammell, I have brought together these sketches of my native place, which are here inscribed to the Lovers of Newport, At Home and Abroad.

GEO. C. MASON.

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REMINISCENCES OF NEWPORT.

GENERAL PRESCOTT'S HEADQUARTERS.

REMINISCENCES OF NEWPORT.

I.

NEWPORT: A WATERING PLACE.

IT would be difficult to say how early after Newport had grown into a town of any size it became a watering-place; that it was a popular resort long before the Revolution there is conclusive evidence, and no sooner had it begun to recover from the effects of the war, which almost swept it off the face of the earth, than many families from the West Indies and the Southern States made it a point to pass their summers here. When Bishop Berkeley landed here, as early as 1729, he was greeted by the Redwoods from Antigua, the De Courcys from Ireland, the Grants and Edward Scott (the uncle of Sir Walter) from Scotland, the Bretts from Germany, and others, who were sojourning in Newport, and who with the inhabitants of the place were able to make his stay on the island agreeable.

For many years before the war there was an active trade between the West Indies, Charleston, and Newport. Charleston then looked to Newport for many of its supplies, as Newport now looks to New York. In April, 1771, the Charleston Society of St. Cecilia advertised in Newport for musicians to play, in connection with their own company, at a concert to be given in that city — a first and second fiddle, two hautboys, and a bassoon

being wanted; and encouragement was held out that an engagement for two or three years might be made if any northern musicians cared to fill the position. Many travellers then took passage from Charleston to Philadelphia, and thence to Newport. Almost at the same time that the above-mentioned notice appeared, the packet "Peace and Plenty" arrived from Philadelphia in six days, with the following passengers: the Rev. Morgan Edwards, the Rev. Erastus Kelly and wife, the Rev. John Davis, Miss Peggy Davis, Mr. William Douglass, Captain William Keith, Captain Duncan Ingraham, Mrs. Guyer, Mr. John Hart, Captain William Ladd, Mrs. Knotchell, Miss Phebe Lillibridge, and a number of others.

Of course all this intercourse was interrupted by the war; but as soon as peace was declared the tide again turned northward in the spring, and to the south in the autumn. Peace was declared in 1783; in the summer of 1784 a number of families came from Charleston, and returned in October, some of them taking passage in "the fast-sailing packet 'Governor Gerrard,'" a brigantine of one hundred and thirty tons, and said to be "as complete, if not the completest, packet there was in the trade between New York and South Carolina." The owners of the vessel assured their Carolina and other friends that they "might depend upon having every attention calculated to make the passage easy and agreeable."

As times improved, the number of families that found their way to Newport increased, and in and after 1790 it became a business to provide for the large annual addition to the population. Charleston had greatly prospered, and the planters were more than willing to come north and pass their summers on these pleasant shores. The exports from that port from October, 1794, to April, 1795, reached the sum of $2,876,314, and a correspondent, writing thence under date of Aug. 10, 1799, said, —

"It is believed the present crop of cotton will be sufficient to load forty stout ships, and our rice and tobacco crops promise to be unusually large. So much so that we are apprehensive of not having a sufficient number of vessels for carrying off this year's produce, unless the eastern shipowners should be induced by the very high freights our market offers to send some of their vessels to it."

At that time the freight on rice to London was £7 10s. and £8 sterling a ton, and cotton 4d. and 6d. sterling a pound.

I have said the greater part of the travel was by water. In 1784 there were but eight stages running between Boston and New Haven, a number which in 1795 was increased to twenty. At that time there were but fifty-four post-towns between Wiscassett in Massachusetts and Sunbury in Georgia, a distance of more than fifteen hundred miles. Even this was not behind the old country. In 1784 there were but fifteen coaches a week between Scotland and England, and they were four days on the road.

Everything was done to make the stay of visitors in Newport agreeable. The Boston company of players opened the theatre, French dancing and music masters offered their services for the improvement of the young, and there were instructors who taught the young girls how to "make all sorts of gold, silver, and silk work for men and women's wear;" how "to clean gold, silver, and silk work," and the art of making "all sorts of paper work, hat and bonnet boxes, and trunks;" the teacher adding to his other qualifications the ability to paper houses neatly and to paint on glass. But few facilities were offered for riding, except in a chaise, but still an attempt was made to remove this difficulty; for in 1804 Thomas D. Stall advertised that he had "just set to running a very handsome coachee, for the purpose of accommodating ladies and gentlemen who wish to ride for pleasure;" and Sammy Place, who was "known as an amiable and experienced

driver," was to take charge of the vehicle. Place had advertised the year before that he had taken a partner, and had provided two coachees; but, as he had changed places from a proprietor to a driver, it is evident that his venture had not been successful.

Among other steps taken to make Newport all that could be desired as a watering-place, a Board of Health was appointed in 1798, which drew up a set of rules that were rigidly enforced by the fathers of the town, who were evidently alive to its best interest. The population numbered something less than seven thousand, and Providence did not come quite up to eight thousand. The air that swept in from the sea was thought to be pure and health-giving, and it was of great importance that the place should retain the reputation it had gained. The greater number of visitors came then, as now, early in the season, and remained until autumn; but many wintered here. As late as Sept. 17, 1799, Major-General Charles C. Pinckney landed here with his wife and daughters, the state of Mrs. Pinckney's health making it advisable for her to pass a little time on the island. Here they remained till the twenty-fifth of October, when it was found that Mrs. Pinckney had been greatly benefited. During their stay General Pinckney visited Fort Adams and Fort Wolcott, accompanied by Major Tousard, and also examined other sites with reference to the defences of the harbor and town. By invitation from Commodore Barry, he visited the frigate "United States," and, when he went on board, the yards were manned, and three cheers were given by the crew.

After 1800 the number of arrivals during the summer months was greatly increased; and, if there had been more packets running, the number of passengers landed here would have been much larger. July 7, 1800, arrived the sloop "Olive Branch," from Charleston, having on board Mrs. Flagg and family, and Mrs. Hughes. The next day the schooner "Thetis" brought from the

same port Mr. Graft and family, Mr. Simmons and family, and Mr. Ball and family. The same evening arrived the brig "Hermes," also from Charleston, bringing Mrs. Mitchell and family, Mrs. Moore and family, Mrs. Himly and family, Miss Bowen, Mr. Deveau, Mr. Lawrence, Dr. Waring, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Wheeler, and several other passengers.

There were no inns. True, there was Townsend's Coffee House, which was deservedly popular, but it could not be called a family inn, and visitors either took a house or were boarded for the season. To obtain quarters, the friendly aid of persons who resided here was solicited by means of letters. In May, 1801, John Rutledge wrote from his plantation, Poplar Grove:—

"I shall leave here the day after to-morrow for Charleston (from which place I am one hundred and thirty miles), and will embark in the first good vessel that offers for Newport. When I heard from Mr. Gibbs last he had not obtained a house for me. I wish you would see him, and, if he has not got one, you will greatly oblige by uniting with him in endeavoring to get a house for me. If I cannot get one I shall be obliged to pass the summer at Boston, and I would not like that, as I have a child at nurse in Newport. Do, my good friend, exert yourself to get me a house if Mr. Gibbs has not already got one. I will hire it for either six or twelve months, and give a good rent."

Jacob Read, whose name will be recognized by persons familiar with Charleston, asked the same kindly office:—

"As the seat of government is now removed, the President means, if he calls the Senate together before November, to do so at the city of Washington; we have it in idea to change our residence. I own I am much prepossessed with the idea of preferring Rhode Island. For health and pleasantness of situation I know of no place to compare with it. Let me ask the service of you, my good sir, to inform me if I can get a good house, fit for my family. We want a good dining parlor, a tea-room, and at least three good chambers, with lodgings for servants."

It was customary with the leading families of the place to seek out and visit all persons of standing who were passing the summer here. Many persons brought letters of introduction. Before me there is a pile of such letters, and from them I will make a few selections. Here is one from General de Noailles, under date of Portland, July 21, 1796: —

My Dear Sir, — Having been acquainted that my friend M. Cottineau is going upon a visit to Newport, I take the liberty to introduce him to you. M. Cottineau is a French gentleman who has served in this country during the last war, and has established a house of trade in Philadelphia, under the firm of Charles Huger & Co. It is very much esteemed. In case M. Cottineau will proceed to Boston, do me the pleasure to favor him with a letter to Mr. [John Coffin] Jones. I request to be most particularly remembered to every one of your family, and believe me with sincere friendship, yours,

General de Noailles.

From Oliver Wolcott there are a number of such letters. From New York he wrote: —

I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance Mr. Vincent Notti, the bearer. This gentleman is lately arrived in this country, with most ample letters of recommendation from Messrs. Hope & Co., of Amsterdam, and A. M. Labouchère, of Nantes, and his object is to acquire commercial information and promote the interest of the houses last mentioned.

The amiable manners of Mr. Notti and the patronage of the very respectable house by whom he is presented induces me to solicit your attention in his favor, and such information and advice as will promote the object of his tour.

I am, dear sir, with great respect, your obed. servt,

Oliv. Wolcott.

For many years some of the prominent merchants of Newport had pleasant and profitable dealings with both of the above-named

houses. In June, 1796, Samuel Breck, Jr., of Philadelphia, gave a letter to John Ketland: the Brecks were among the cultivated people of Philadelphia, and after this visit the Ketlands — for there were a number of them — were frequently in Newport: —

My particular friend, Mr. John Ketland, the bearer of this, is on a jaunt of pleasure and in search of health. The fame of your salubrious climate has induced him to try it first. I am convinced he will not try it in vain. I beg leave to introduce him to your kind care and civilities. Your charming society cannot fail of contributing largely toward restoring health to the convalescent. I shall feel infinitely thankful for your endeavors in this case. Remember me respectfully, if you please, to madam, and believe me, dear sir, your most obt. svt,

SAM'L BRECK, JR.

On the 12th of July, 1800, the frigate "General Greene," then on her way to Newport, returning from her second cruise in the West Indies, put into Chesapeake Bay to land General Wilkinson and his family and Mr. Charles Ross of Philadelphia. On the twentieth of the following August, General Wilkinson wrote from Washington to a friend in Newport: —

"In this testimonial of my remembrance and my attachment permit me to add the recommendation to your civilities of the bearer, Colonel Barbeck, a man of worth and an officer of long and meritorious service.

"I have very long menaced you with a letter, but have waited hitherto without effect for an opportunity to accompany it with a few [illegible] which I have in care for you, and which I will transmit by the first vessel, either to New York or the port of your residence."

The following pleasant letter was from General Thomas Pinckney, then member of Congress from South Carolina, and formerly governor of the State, he having succeeded Governor Moultrie in 1787: —

CHARLESTON, July 9, 1801.

DEAR SIR, — I take the liberty of introducing to your acquaintance, and recommending to your polite attention, Mr. William Crafts, who, during a residence of many years in Charleston, acquired the esteem and respect of all who enjoyed the pleasure of his society. I am pleased with the occasion of addressing you, because, while I think I am contributing to your gratification, I am enabled to recall myself to your friendly recollection, and to assure you of the continued respect and esteem of your faithful and obedient servant,

THOMAS PINCKNEY.

The following letter is from Commodore Perry: —

BALTIMORE, Sept. 12, 1814.

DEAR SIR, — Permit me to introduce to you Captain Creighton, of the Navy, a gentleman of high standing in his profession. Captain Creighton is appointed to command the flotilla at Newport.

I am, dear sir, your obt. svt.,

O. H. PERRY.

Commodore Perry was then hemmed in by the enemy, and only the day before — the eleventh — in a letter from Baltimore, touching the defence of Newport, he closes with these characteristic words: —

"It is this moment said that the enemy are now standing up the river for this place with about forty sail. There is about 20,000 militia here.

"I shall stay by my ship, and take no part in the militia fight. I expect to have to burn her."

I am tempted to make an extract from one more of Jacob Read's letters, for it breathes of the political spirit of that day: —

CHARLESTON, July 15, 1809.

DEAR SIR, — My present letter will be presented to you by my brother, Dr. William Read, who visits Newport with his eldest daughter,

to bring away his youngest child, Miss Sarah, who has remained in Rhode Island since the melancholy decease of his lady, Mrs. Read.

I pray leave, sir, to introduce my brother to your acquaintance and friendship, as a man every way meriting the esteem of all good men. He is an old Revolutionary soldier, and in the line of his profession, as a junior first, and afterward as a senior surgeon and physician, saw much and very hard service during the American war for independence, and is therefore the more deserving of the attention of all good Federalists. You will find him thoroughly so. A disciple of the old Washington school, whose friend he was. Perhaps the doctor is not quite so warm as yourself and me; but, my friend, he has not seen and witnessed quite so often the rascality of the Jacobins and Democrats of our country.

Many pleasant letters grew out of these visits to Newport, written after the season was over and the travellers had returned to their own homes; but I have room here for only two of them. One is from the governor of Bermuda, and the other is from a member of an old and well-known New York family. Mrs. Brown had been passing some time in Newport for the recovery of her health, and while here ran out of funds, which were kindly furnished her by George Champlin. The governor acknowledged the obligation under date of Bermuda, April 20, 1785:—

Dear Sir, — I am very much obliged to you for your supplies of money so readily offered to Mrs. Brown, and the many civilities she received from you while in Rhode Island. Inclosed you have the first of a set of exchanges on J. Brickwood, Esq., of London, for one hundred and sixty pounds sterling, and you will receive the rest by the first opportunity from hence. When you have advice of their being accepted and paid, you will please to destroy Mrs. Brown's memorandum.

If at any time it should be in my power to render you service, I shall be happy to show my sense of your kindness and politeness by my readiness to promote the accomplishment of your wishes.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

Wm. Brown.

Captain Peterson, referred to in the following letter, was the popular master of one of the New York and Newport packets, and as there were no express companies in those days, the captains of vessels usually rendered service in this way.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1791.

GOOD SIR, — Permit me to thank you and Mrs. Champlin for your very kind and polite attention to me during my short stay in your charming city. Be assured I shall ever retain a grateful remembrance of it. I shall be happy at all times to render you and friends every service in my power.

Captain Peterson has in charge for Mrs. C. some honey cakes and five doz. apricots, which I beg she will accept. I hope they may arrive sound. I am, good sir, your friend, &c., &c.,

DAN'L LE ROY.

P. S. Also some apples and pears.

During the time of the embargo all intercourse with Newport by water was closed, and there were but few tourists who were willing to undergo the fatigue of the journey by land; but when peace was declared, Newport again became a place of resort. The number of visitors has increased from season to season, till now every year, with the return of summer, we see hundreds and thousands of old and new faces.

THE STATE HOUSE.

II.

THE STATE HOUSE AND PARADE.

IN 1739 the General Assembly authorized the building of a new court-house in Newport, and at once the erection of a substantial building, now known as the State House, was begun. More than two years elapsed before it was ready for occupation. The old court-house was of wood, but it was thought that a structure of this kind should be built of a more durable material, and brick and stone were selected for that purpose. They further agreed to employ a competent person to design the building and furnish all the details, and the work was placed in the hands of Richard Munday. The present sightly building is a monument of the good taste of the men who fostered the

enterprise, of skill and knowledge of classic architecture on the part of the architect, and of the fidelity and good workmanship of the mechanics who put the materials together. During all these years the building has done good service, and although it was sadly abused and left to decay during the Revolution, the work of restoration, commenced soon after the war was over, was so thorough, and so heartily in accord with the original design, as to leave nothing wanting. It stands facing the Parade, and is raised upon a high basement, and the ground floor is reached by means of broad steps on three sides. The body of the building is of brick, but the quoins, sills, and other prominent details are of stone. As is often seen on old buildings in England, there are initials and other marks cut upon the stonework, left there intentionally by the men whose chisels wrought the stones into shape. At this late day we have no key by which to decipher them. Over the west front there is a balcony, from which the old custom of publicly declaring who has been elected governor of the State (the legislature then being in session) is still kept up.

Some years ago it was found that the Representatives' Chamber was not well arranged for the use of that body, and it underwent such changes as destroyed some of its interesting features; but the Senate Chamber, with its rich old wainscot from floor to ceiling, and the fine old staircase, with its spiral balusters and graceful ramps, still remain to adorn the structure. In the Senate Chamber there is a very fine, full-length portrait of President Washington, painted by Stuart, a commission from the State of Rhode Island. A similar portrait, also by Stuart, adorns the State House in Providence.

In 1761 the death of George II. was proclaimed from the balcony of the court-house, there being gathered on the Parade below a procession of troops with arms reversed and drums draped,

and citizens generally in mourning, all as a mark of respect to the memory of the dead king. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Stiles.

"This day an excellent SERMON was preached on the death of his late MAJESTY, by the Reverend Mr. EZRA STILES, to a crowded audience (among which was his honor the Deputy Governor, with the Civil & Millitary officers) at his Meeting House, the Pulpit being hung in Mourning, from I. CHRON. CHAP. xxix. ver. 26, 27, 28. — '*Thus* David *the son of* Jesse *reigned over all* Israel. — *Thirty-three years reigned he in* Jerusalem. *And he died in a good Old Age* full of Days, Riches, & Honor.'"

This was followed by proclaiming from the same balcony, "George III., King of Great Britain! Long live the King!" and a public dinner in the Council Chamber.

There was a feeling of relief when it was known, in 1766, that the Stamp Act had been repealed. The anniversary of the king's birthday was selected as a day of rejoicing, and the people with one accord assembled at the court-house to attest the gratification the measure afforded them. But this was of short duration. In 1769 the merchants and other prominent citizens met at the same place to enter into an agreement of non-intercourse, so long as the act imposing a duty on paper, &c., remained in force. The opposition to that act found expression in many ways, and one of the outgrowths of the state of feeling that then prevailed was the burning of the "Gaspee" in 1772. This was altogether the most exciting event in the history of Rhode Island prior to the breaking out of hostilities. The commissioners appointed to examine into that act of insubordination had their sittings in the court-house. Almost a year to a day after the event, Captain Robert Keeler, of the British ship "Mercury," landed at Long Wharf, accompanied by a number of officers of the navy, and proceeded slowly to the court-house, the procession in double

ranks, bearing the commission that empowered Governor Joseph Wanton, Daniel Horsmanden, Frederick Smythe, Peter Oliver, Chief Justice of New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, and Robert Auchmuty, Judge of Vice-Admiralty, to sit in the case. How little came of that investigation, how well the secret was kept, and how baffled the commissioners were, is all a matter of history. The reward offered was large, the commissioners were loyal, but there was no one but "Aaron the black" to say who took part in that high-handed act, and his testimony was set aside as worthless. The commission, engrossed on parchment and bearing the great seal, is preserved in the office of the Secretary of State, Providence, in a frame that in itself is full of interest. It is made of wood from the old Sabin Inn, where the party assembled for the destruction of the "Gaspee," and with it are portions of wood from the Governor Bull House and the Vernon House, at Newport; while a model of a schooner that surmounts the frame was cut from a piece of the printing-press on which Benjamin Franklin worked. Minor features are from the wood of the old Liberty Tree at Newport, that long ago went to decay.

The first meeting called in Rhode Island to resist the introduction of tea by the East India Company was held at the court-house in Newport, in January, 1774, and here the General Assembly accepted the Declaration of Independence, and gave the act of Congress their formal approval. A few weeks later, July 20, Major John Handy publicly read the Declaration of Independence from the court-house steps, and he lived to read it again, fifty years later, from the same place.

The State House was used in succession by the British and French troops as a hospital, and what with hard usage, neglect, and the want of means on the part of the people to repair it, it was in a deplorable condition at the end of the war. The General Assembly, which should have convened here in February, 1780,

was forced to hold its session in Providence. But when the French fleet arrived, the same year, the people succeeded in illuminating the building. From the Parade below, "thirteen grand rockets were fired," and of the occasion it was said, —

"The brilliant appearance of the gentlemen officers of the fleet and army of our illustrious ally, who were on shore, with those of the ladies and gentlemen of the town, and the joy which every friend of liberty experienced on the happy occasion, afforded a most pleasing prospect of the future felicity and grandeur of the country, in alliance with the most polite, powerful, and generous nation in the world."

The French also took an active part in the festivities on the Fourth of July of the following year, 1781. The day was ushered in by a discharge of cannon from the battery at Brenton's Point, and on board the admiral's ship. At noon, thirteen rounds were fired on the Parade, after which an elegant entertainment was given by Colonel Crary, the commanding officer of the military here, to Brigadier-General Choisy and other French officers, when the following toasts were drunk : —

"The King of France and his Allies."
"The Independence of the United States of America."
"The American Congress."
"The Governor and Company of the State of Rhode Island."
"Perpetual Alliance between America and France."
"General Washington and the Allied Army."
"Admiral Barras."
"General Rochambeau."
"General Greene and the Southern Army."
"Success to Compt de Grasse."
"A Successful Campaign."
"The Neutral Powers in Europe."
"The Friends of the Natural Rights of Mankind."

At sunset thirteen guns were fired on the Parade and at Brenton's Point, and also on board the admiral's ship ; and at nine

o'clock in the evening the town was illuminated, and a superb display of rockets was sent up from the fleet in the harbor; the whole ending in a "convivial festivity" that was carried far into the night.

On the 25th of April, 1783, the people thronged to the court-house to unite in celebrating the return of Peace. The day was ushered in with the firing of cannon and a display of flags; and when the procession which had been formed reached the court-house, the sheriff read the proclamation, which was received with huzzas and the firing of guns. Every man found it pleasant to offer congratulations to his neighbor. Nor was this all; for uneasy spirits that wanted even more excitement than was furnished by the occasion erected a scaffold on the Parade, and from it hung an effigy, bearing on its breast, "Behold Arnold the Traitor!" After hanging for some time, the effigy was blown up and scattered to the winds.

"A number of citizens dined in public, and after dinner thirteen patriotic toasts were drunk, adapted to the occasion, and attended by salutes of cannon. The day was spent in the greatest festivity, joy sat on every countenance, and what added to the glad tidings of Peace was the prospect of once more beholding the metropolis of the State emerging from the scenes of poverty and distress which it had so severely felt during the contest."

The same year a fine clock, said to have been constructed in some respects on a new principle, was placed in the gable on the front of the court-house. It was made by Benjamin Dudley, who had his shop near the court-house, and it received the highest commendations. It was paid for by subscription, and, after it had been in use seventy years, it gave place to the present illuminated clock.

The Convention that assembled in May, 1790, to adopt the Constitution and make Rhode Island one of the United States,

met in the State House. It was a time of intense excitement, and party spirit never ran higher in Rhode Island. The State House could not hold the people that came together to hear the debate, and the Assembly removed to the Second Baptist Church, where the debate was kept up for three days before a conclusion was reached, when, by a majority of two votes, the question was carried, and Rhode Island entered the confederation. She had struck the first blow for independence, and was the last to give up what she had gained. The event was celebrated in many towns in the State, but nowhere with more zest than in Newport. One pleasant feature connected with it was the selection of Colonel William Barton, who led the band that captured General Prescott in 1777, as special messenger to both houses of Congress. Before the year was out, the citizens of Newport here received President Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Secretary of State (he had been here in 1784, after he had filled the office of governor of Virginia), and others of the President's suite, all of whom were entertained at dinner in the Senate Chamber. And here Adams, and Jackson, and Fillmore, and other Presidents of the United States, were in turn entertained. Again the State House, already associated with so many stirring events, was packed to its utmost capacity on the 15th of November, 1813, to give Commodore Perry a welcome after his return from Lake Erie. Not only the State House, but the buildings in the neighborhood looking out upon the Parade, were illuminated; and all Newport and Rhode Island, and for that matter the whole country, was wild with joy at the brilliant victory, that for the time being was in the mouth of everybody.

In a comparatively short space of time — within the memory of many men who are still living — repeated changes have been made in the fountain at the foot of the Parade, and while in every instance there was really a call for something better than had previously existed there, it is still a question whether we have yet

attained to the ideal in such matters, whether the liliputian remainder of the baldachino at St. Peter's, bronze and color gilding included, fills the eye completely, and is quite suited to the locality. The fountain itself can hardly be classed among the antiquities of Newport, seeing that it only dates back to 1828, but it recalls the old Aqueduct Company of 1802. In that year a charter was granted to "the Aqueduct Company," which company agreed to furnish a supply of water for household purposes, except in time of drought, and they were to be released from their part of the contract if the "fountain headspring" should at any time give out. The water was taken to many premises on Thames Street, the source of supply being a fountain on Spring Street. In 1804–5 the company was embarrassed, and William Langley, the treasurer, was authorized to hire $450. Langley advanced the money and other sums, and at the time of his death the company owed him $1,200. The franchise was sold under the hammer, and was purchased by Stephen T. Northam for $250 over and above the claim of the Langley estate, which claim Northam held. But the property was no longer of any real value. It was thought, however, that it would be a good thing to have a fountain of running water on the Parade, and Captain Northam consented to the use of the aqueduct main (logs), with the understanding that this should in no way affect his title to the Spring Street fountain. The committee on the part of the town were Henry Bull, George Engs, and Charles M. Thurston. Many persons can still recall the old wooden fountain which once stood at the foot of the Mall, and which dated from the above period. It was long an eyesore, and finally gave place to a granite fountain of the plainest description, with a single block of granite hollowed out for a basin. This was hardly satisfying, and although it had an air of solidity and durability, the time came when it was thought best to put up something more ornamental in its place;

and so a cast-iron fountain, covered all over with arabesques in high and low relief, surmounted by a half life-size figure, was purchased. But when it was set up, those who had called the loudest for a change felt that they had rather have a "log for a king." It had its day, — not a very long one; and when it was taken down, Governor Van Zandt noted the event in some verses, of which the following are the closing lines: —

"Farewell, ancient fountain, old Newport stands by,
With bandanna in hand and a mist in his eye,
And drops his salt tears on the water that flows,
Drop by drop, from the new fountain's cast-iron nose;
And the woman that stands, like a brazen-faced lass,
And tries to make iron look something like brass,
Would weep, if she could, down the green paint she dons
In wretched attempt to seem something like bronze;
And how it must heighten the depth of her woe
That she never can be 'in *statue quo*.'
Cast irony only on art and on sense,
A humbug, a folly, a shallow pretence."

On each side of the fountain there is a cannon set upright in the ground, the pair having once formed a part of the armament of the "Tartar," a sloop of one hundred and fifteen tons, built by the colony for war purposes in 1740.

The Parade has undergone many changes. Washington Square — now the south side of the Parade — was once known as Ann Street, and on the old maps Queen Street is set down where we now have the Mall. The Mall was laid out in 1800, and planted with trees — not the elms and lindens now growing there, but stiff and formal rows of Lombardy poplars, a tree once esteemed, but now seldom seen. They were a gift from Major Tousard to the town of Newport. What we know as the Parade was called "Congress Street" during the time the French were here, but the British called it "the Grand Parade." Much might be said about

the Parade, but I prefer at present to touch upon some of the houses that face upon it or are in the immediate neighborhood.

At the foot of the Parade, where there is now a modern brick building, there stood, until within a few years, a large gambrel-roof house that dated far back in the last century. When the ground on which it stood was wanted for other purposes, it was removed to Bridge Street, where it still does service for shops and tenements. On its old site it was occupied in succession by a number of physicians, all of whom, doubtless, found it a good location. The first was Dr. Thomas Rodman, who came from Barbadoes in 1680, and here resided up to the time of his death in 1727. His son Thomas, also a physician, was his successor. After him came Dr. William Hunter, a Scotch physician, who was eminent in his day, and whose worth has been frequently dwelt upon. Dr. John Halliburton was the next physician to occupy the house. He was residing here when the war broke out, took sides with the Crown, and in 1781 was suspected of keeping up a secret communication with the enemy. So strong was the evidence against him that he left hastily in a boat, and made his way to New York early in 1782; for in one of his letters, now before me, dated New York, March 17, 1782, he speaks of his sudden departure, and expresses regret at having to leave one of his very sick patients, Mr. William Tweedy. In this letter he urges his friends in Newport to see that his wife and children were sent to him by the first flag. When his family joined him he removed to Nova Scotia and settled there; but for a time, at least, his position in his new home was not a comfortable one, for in a letter dated Halifax, Sept. 8, 1782, he writes: —

"A few casual acts of civility I have now and then experienced here, but that genuine friendship and sincere and generous hospitality that was formerly practised in Rhode Island is seldom to be met with

in any country. . . . There are a few agreeable and courteous people here, from whom we have received some civilities, but whether for want of a proper knowledge of us, or from whatever cause, they want that cordial and generous confidence, that smiling ease and cheerful communication which alone make civilities palatable."

In time this feeling changed; there was a better understanding between the doctor and the people of Halifax, who learned to know and esteem him highly. He died in 1807. Mrs. Halliburton, who was a daughter of Jahleel Brenton, died in 1818. Their son, Brenton Halliburton, chief justice of the province, was honored with knighthood.

The next physician to occupy the house was Dr. Isaac Senter, the skilful surgeon and the noble patriot. A fitting tribute has been paid to his worth in the records of his times. When but a youth he hurried to the scene at Lexington, and was with Arnold in the struggle to reach Quebec, — a march memorable for the suffering and privation endured by both rank and file. In 1780 Dr. Senter was appointed Surgeon and Physician-General of the State and Army in Rhode Island, and died in 1799.

Dr. Senter was followed by Dr. Benjamin Case, who is remembered by many persons living; and the last physician to reside there was the late Dr. Daniel Watson, who for many years was a prominent practitioner in Newport.

The house on the opposite side of the Parade, the Vaughan estate, now a market, has an interesting history, although there is nothing about it to show what it was a century or more ago. During the time the British were in possession of Newport, it was the office of the Newport "Gazette," the paper printed by the British on the press and type of the Newport "Mercury." Before that the "Mercury" was printed by Solomon Southwick, in Queen Street, but when the island fell into the hands of the enemy, Southwick, as is well-known, buried his type in the rear

of what was the old Kilburn House on Broad Street (now Broadway), and left the town. The Loyalists recovered the type, and a printer named Howe began the printing of the "Gazette." Following the evacuation, Henry Barber resumed the printing of the "Mercury" in the same building, at which time he took for the motto of his paper these patriotic words: "Whenever our country calls, friends, sons, and sires should yield their treasures up, nor own a sense beyond the public safety," from the tragedy of Gustavus Vasa. Nothing could have been more appropriate at a time when the people were struggling for liberty, and were just beginning to see their way clear to it. But, singularly enough, they were taken from a play that the Lord Chamberlain would not allow to be put upon the stage, on the ground that it was seditious. Under the guise of Trollis, the Swedish Minister, the author lashes Sir Robert Walpole with all the bitterness of the party spirit of that day. Shut off from the stage, it was published by subscription and had an immense sale, netting the author from £800 to £1,000. How well it was kept alive is shown by the fact that Barber quoted from it fifty years after it was written.

For half a century the "Mercury" was published in some one of the buildings on the Parade, or close by. In 1758 it was located on Queen Street. In 1766 the office, under the control of Samuel Hall, was on the opposite side of the Parade. In 1769 it was a block off, on Marlborough Street, "three doors from the jail;" then back to Queen Street, in 1780, and in 1797 it was in a building where now stands the National Exchange Bank.

On Queen Street there were a number of dwellings and stores. In 1770, three buildings were destroyed by fire on that street, one of them being the Custom House. The building on the corner of Duke Street was owned and occupied by Moses

and Aaron Lopez, men who did much to promote the prosperity of Newport. The next building was for many years owned and occupied by Charles Feke, who died in 1822 at an advanced age. A surviving niece, as a grateful tribute to his worth, and to keep his memory green, has associated his name with a free bed in the Newport Hospital. Where now stands Odd Fellows' Hall there once stood a tavern of some celebrity, known as "Pitt's Head," kept by the Lillibridge family, one after another, for many years. The coffee-room was a great place of resort, and there, if anywhere, one could learn what was going on in the world. The property known as the Rowland R. Hazard estate was built prior to the Revolution, by two maiden ladies named Mumford. During the time the French were here, some of the officers were quartered on Congress Street. Mullins, Captain of the Guides, was at the Mumfords'. Inspector Duval was at Pitt's Head, and De Béville, Quartermaster-General, was quartered at Moses Levy's, whose house at a later date was known as the Perry mansion. In 1760 it was owned by Peter Boiliod, who sold it to Levy in 1761, who in turn sold it to Moses Seixas. For many years this was the residence and banking-house of Seixas, who sold it to Commodore O. H. Perry in November, 1818. The following spring the commodore took up his residence there, but had hardly time to enjoy it, for he was almost immediately ordered

THE HAZARD HOUSE, PARADE.

to sea, and sailed for the West Indies in the "John Adams." And here I will relate an incident which has never before been told, but which is authentic. When Commodore Perry went to sea the last time, Mrs. Perry expected to be confined in September, and a lady who is still living became an inmate of her house as a companion. One hot night in August Mrs. Perry got up, came into her room, and said that she had had a startling dream, — that she was walking on the beach, when a ship appeared in sight with her flag at half-mast, and when

WANTON HOUSE, BROADWAY.

she asked what vessel it was she was told that it was the "John Adams." As she related this, she added, "If I were superstitious it would worry me, but I am not, and I shall think no more about it." The next that was heard of the "John Adams" was, that she had lost her commander on the 23d of August. After the birth of her only daughter Mrs. Perry removed to the Dean house, on Thames Street, near the residence of her mother, where she resided with her family for many years. The closing years of her life were spent in the house on Washington Square.

On Broad Street, now Broadway, a few steps from the State House, there is an old colonial house that is full of interest. It was owned and occupied by John Wanton, a distinguished merchant, son of Governor Gideon Wanton. His first wife was a Robinson, and his second wife, to whom he was married in 1760, was Mary, daughter of Henry Bull, who was the grandson of Governor Henry Bull. Mr. Wanton was distinguished for his hospitality, and when the French, under Rochambeau, visited Newport, they were welcomed and entertained by Mr. Wanton in a manner that made his house a place of frequent resort for both American and French officers. It was at this time that Major Daniel Lyman, aide-de-camp of General Heath, made the acquaintance of Mary Wanton at her father's house. It was love at first sight. She was very young, very beautiful, and highly accomplished. Her miniature, owned by her descendants, is one of the most lovely heads that came from the pencil of Malbone. With reluctance her parents consented to the engagement, and then only with the understanding that they were not to be married till the war was over. Soon they had to part, for duty called him to sterner fields; but they kept up a lively correspondence, and were it not that such letters should be kept sacred, I might draw from them many charming passages. In a letter from Major Lyman, Oct. 26, 1781, there is a delightful bit of raillery: —

"I think the situation of the poor unhappy ladies you mention ought at least to be represented to Congress. To disband the army at this time might be attended with some ill consequences, and what other resource can be adopted in this prodigious scarcity? Perhaps a part of them might obtain a furlough, but I do not believe any of them would ever come back again. If it were possible to spare the French army this winter every complaint might be redressed. Count de Rochambeau told me a few days before he marched for the south-

ward, that a descriptive list had been forwarded of those who would least answer the purpose, and that in compliance with the ladies' request he thought he should detach them."

This was all very well, but the following April the major evidently viewed the French with a jealous eye, for he wrote to a gentleman of his acquaintance: —

"The French fleet, we hear, have returned to Newport. Don't fail to write me the particulars. You know what you and I are most anxious about in that event. I wish they had found business for the summer, or some advantageous prospect had detained them."

Before the war was over the young couple were married, and after a brief furlough Major Lyman returned to his post, leaving Mrs. Lyman at her father's house in Newport. In a letter to her, without date, he writes: —

"The army has at length formed a juncture, since which we have been very much employed in reviews, dinners, &c. Mr. Villemansy, Count Rochambeau, and a hundred others, desire me to present their most respectful compliments. General Chatellux is perfectly well, and often makes me happy by speaking in very happy terms of our friends, Miss Vernon, Mrs. King, &c. He has seen no part of America that he likes half as well as the New England States. They have in general improved in the English. Count Viomesnil asked me many questions about Miss Coddington, and said many things in praise of her beauty."

Mrs. Lyman, in turn, kept her husband advised of all that was going on in Newport. Under date of May 12, 1783, she thus described some of the preparations made to celebrate the return of peace. The transparencies were painted by Samuel King, the portrait painter, and were displayed in front of the State House: —

"In front of one piece is His Excellency General Washington, at full length, with the British flag under his feet; at his right hand, Commerce, represented in a perspective view; at his left hand, Agriculture. On one side, General Arnold and Mr. Gallaway suspended from a gallows, with a number of ludicrous fellows diverting themselves; on the other, Lord Bute and Lord Mansfield, with the British lion, the latter sleeping, while the two former are busily employed, one in pulling out his teeth, and the other paring his nails."

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On the return of peace Major Lyman gave up the profession of arms, and applied himself to the practice of law. At Yale College he had graduated with honor when a young man. He rose rapidly at the bar, and eventually was made Chief Justice of the State. He was also President of the Society of Cincinnatus at the time of his death, 1830. One of his daughters married Benjamin Hazard, who graduated at Brown University in 1792, and became a distinguished member of the Rhode Island bar. After his marriage he lived in the Wanton house, and died there. The old house, with its many associations, is still the residence of two of his daughters, who have the miniature of their grandmother in their possession.

There are a number of other houses in the vicinity of the State House about which it would be pleasant to say a few words. The old theatre, or granary, now the City Hall; the Bull house, Captain John Lawton's tavern; Fry's tavern, the "Marquis of Granby," it was called; and the Nichols house, on the little square in Marlborough Street. This was a noted coffee-house a hundred and forty years ago, and was known as the "White Horse." The "Black Horse," kept by Ichabod Potter, was located on Thames Street. The Nichols house is still occupied by the descendants of that family; and directly across the little square and still nearer to the State House, there is an old gambrel-roof house, its roof-tree sadly out of level, that was

the residence of Timothy Waterhouse, and the birthplace of his son, Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, a man of more than ordinary ability, and a profuse writer. "Blackwood's Magazine" once said of him, in a notice of some American books, "a medical writer of great notoriety in Boston; a good man — a very useful one — a pretty good writer, nevertheless."

III.

THE POINT.

THE Point is one of the most delightful parts of Newport. There was a time when it was called "the court end," and, to those who are familiar with it, it has features superior to those of the more southern portion of the island. More than a century ago the water front, then known as Water Street, now as Washington Street, was lined with wharves and crowded with stores. At one of the wharves two frigates were at one time hove down, —the "General Greene" on one side and the "Washington" on the other; and both ships were built in Rhode Island. But now the wharves can only be traced when the tide is out, and the hum and stir of trade has given place to a quiet that is one of the charms of the place. The old and the new here meet on common ground: light summer cottages by the side of old colonial mansions; picturesque gables in contrast with the rigid lines of the gambrel roofs; and here still may be seen pediments enriched with dentals, and pilastered doorways that trace their origin to the Georgian school.

The Jews and Christians, who lived here side by side, cultivated the most friendly relations, and prospered and grew rich together; and of the seafaring men who helped to make Newport what it was in its palmy days, there are traditions.

The Jews who came from Portugal introduced the manufacture of spermaceti, chiefly on the Point. Other capitalists joined

them, or followed their example, and it was not long before the demand for the manufactured article was greater than the supply of crude material. We can form some estimate of this industry at that time from the fact that in the months of June and July, 1774, seventeen returned whalemen entered the harbor of Newport. They were all small vessels, it is true, but they were able to push their way successfully as far as the Falkland Islands in search of whales. In 1761 a syndicate was formed, known as the "United Company of Spermaceti Chandlers," to regulate and control the manufacture of spermaceti. All the manufacturers in the colonies joined the syndicate, with the exception of a house in Philadelphia and Moses Lopez in Newport. It was agreed by the company that all crude spermaceti, wherever landed in the colonies, should be considered common stock, to be bought on joint account, whether the vessels landing it were owned by the members of the company or not, and it was to be divided among the members *pro rata*. By this arrangement the Newport manufacturers received fifty-six barrels out of every one hundred; and, of the rest, Nicholas Brown & Co., of Providence, had twenty barrels. Conspicuous among the manufacturers of spermaceti on the Point were Jacob Rodriguez Rivera, one of the most accomplished and intelligent Hebrews of his day; Thomas Robinson — "Quaker Tom Robinson" he was familiarly called by those who knew him well; the Hart brothers, Isaac Stell, and Aaron and Moses Lopez.

George Rome, an English gentleman who had settled here, was distinguished for the delightful manner in which he entertained his friends at his mansion — the Collins House — on the Point, and at his seat in Narragansett, which he styled his "little country villa." This "little country villa" embraced seven hundred acres on the shore of the bay.

"The mansion [at Narragansett] was highly finished and furnished. The beds were concealed from view in wainscots. The rooms might be

traversed throughout, and not a bed for the repose of his guests seen. This was matter for the astonishment of the colonial observer. When the hour for retirement arrived, a servant would just give a touch to a spring in the ceiling, and the visitor's bed, by means of a self-adjusting process, would protrude itself, as if by the effect of magic, ready prepared for the reception of its tenant."

Rome took possession of Henry Collins's house on the Point for debts due English firms which he represented, and held it till the breaking out of the war, when he gave offence to the General Assembly, he being a Loyalist, and was forced to seek shelter on board the frigate "Rose." All his property was confiscated. Henry Collins was prominent in building the present City Hall and the Long Wharf, and when Abraham Redwood gave a munificent sum to found the Redwood Library, Collins contributed the land on which the library building stands. Dr. Waterhouse spoke of him as the Lorenzo de Medici of Rhode Island. He delighted in befriending the needy, — particularly young men. To him Solomon Southwick, the printer, was indebted for a guiding hand in boyhood. Artists also had much to thank him for. Smibert, Alexander, and Feke were in turn employed to add to his collection of pictures. The late William Hunter, in his centennial address, in speaking of Smibert, said: "Collins was fortunate enough to engage his earliest labors; not for his own portrait only, but likewise those of the venerable Clap and the worthy and pious Callender, and, above all, of Berkeley himself." Mr. Collins accumulated a large fortune, but it was swept away by the Admiralty Rule of 1756, and he died in poverty.

The next house, one of the most celebrated in Newport, was built by Deputy Governor Jonathan Nichols, son of Jonathan Nichols, who was deputy governor at the time of his death, 1754. Jonathan, Jr., was a gentleman by birth and education, trained to business — chiefly commercial, and public-spirited. For many years

he took an active part in the affairs of the colony, and, like his father, died in office. After his death the house became the property of Colonel Joseph Wanton, Jr., who also filled the office of deputy governor, and resided here for a number of years. He was a Loyalist, and in the war found a more congenial residence in New York, where he died Aug. 7, 1780, and was buried from the quarters of Major John Morrison, deputy commissary general, in Maiden Lane. The day after the funeral, Aug. 10, the French fleet, under Chevalier de Ternay, entered Newport harbor. On shore Chevalier de Ternay was quartered in Colonel Wanton's house, where he died suddenly, and was buried in Trinity churchyard.

The Wantons filled a large place in the history of Rhode Island. From the time when William Wanton, son of Edward, was elected governor (1732) to the time when Governor Joseph Wanton was deposed (1775) for want of sympathy with the people and their cause, they took an active part in the affairs of the colony, and held a leading place in the society of Newport. In 1824 William S. Robinson wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Hoare, then in London: —

"I knew thy grandfather Wanton, and thy father and mother, and thy Uncle William, and his first wife, intimately. And I also knew all thy aunts, except thy Aunt Brown. And now, in looking back to their days, I am impressed with a lively recollection of the interesting and respectable light in which they all appeared to my youthful mind. And they are presented to my memory and imagination as an important part of the good old stock of Rhode Island gentlefolks — the dignified, though untitled, nobility of happier days, and who contributed to give a certain spirited and peaceful tone to the society there, never equalled and never excelled in any other colony or province, and which was so honorably noticed and acknowledged by the superior officers of the British army, and drew from the Duke of Northumberland, many years after the war, in a conversation with Earl St. Vincent, a high commenda-

tion of the inhabitants, and this striking testimony that, when he was in Newport, he found many women who had a style of conversation and manners that would have graced St. James's."

After the death of Colonel Wanton the house became the property of William Hunter. So long as he lived there it was kept intact; but after his death it was sold, and since has been greatly changed. The front door was surmounted by a pediment with terminal volutes, enriched in turn by carved bunches of grapes and leaves; while from a demi-pedestal there arose in the centre a large and boldly-cut pine-apple. Can it be believed that any hand could have taken it down. Yet it was thrown aside to give place to a modern front. Fortunately it was discovered by one who could appreciate it, and who had it built into an old house on the opposite side of the street, then undergoing repairs. The house to which it was transferred is known as the "Dennis house." It has undergone some changes; but the owner has endeavored to preserve its colonial characteristics. John Rutledge, Jr., and family, of South Carolina, occupied it in summer during the closing years of the last century and the opening of the present century. It was while they were residing here that the unfortunate intimacy with Dr. Horace Senter began, and which had such a disastrous ending.

I have mentioned the name of Thomas Robinson. The old Robinson house is still standing on Washington Street, just above the Hunter house. It is owned, and occupied in summer by a descendant, Mr. Benjamin F. Smith. Rowland Robinson made his way to the colonies from England without friends and without money. Determined to succeed, he bound himself to a carpenter. In time he became rich, bought large tracts of land of the Narragansett Indians, and built a house in the neighborhood of Point Judith, working on it with his own hands. His wife was the daughter of a wealthy farmer, and he had a large family.

The eldest son, William, married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, an Episcopal clergyman, and had many children.

Thomas, a son of William, was a successful merchant in Newport. He was a man of high passion, keen intellect, and unblemished character, and during his life Quaker Tom Robinson was never unsuccessfully appealed to, to redress a wrong. He was a violent Tory, and during the Revolution his house was a place of refuge for many of his friends who were hunted by the rebels. Dr. Moffat, a Scotch physician of eminence, was concealed in his garret for days, till an opportunity offered to convey him on board one of the ships of the English squadron then lying in the harbor. I could give other instances of Quaker Tom's boldness and resolution, but it would be too much of a digression. Early in life he married Sarah, daughter of Thomas Richardson of Newport. Though not beautiful in person she was lovely in character, and was recognized as a woman of commanding intellect. They had seven or eight children, William T. Robinson being the eldest.

At the age of ten or eleven years William T. Robinson was apprenticed to a mercantile house in New York, — the Quaker firm of Haydock & Bowne. He had early acquired the literary tastes of his family, and all his leisure hours were devoted to the improvement of his mind. He also kept up a constant correspondence with his sisters and mother; and it is related that his mother shed tears of gratitude on receiving a testimonial of his conduct from his employers at the expiration of his term of service. Just before his time was out he became acquainted with Sarah Franklin, the daughter of Samuel Franklin, a wealthy Quaker merchant of New York. She was a beautiful brunette. At the time that Robinson first knew her she was but sixteen. He was greatly enamored, asked and obtained the consent of her parents and his own to marry

her, and they were accordingly united in the Friends' Meeting-House in New York, Jan. 10, 1781. At that time a number of English officers were quartered in her father's house, the city being then occupied by the British. Lord Howe commanded the navy and Lord Rawdon was at the head of the troops. These officers frequently visited the officers quartered on the Franklins, and in this way they became acquainted with the family. Lord Rawdon was extremely handsome and very fascinating, and a lady, in writing of him in after years, said "she should have been in love with him if her heart had not been preoccupied with one long loved and esteemed."

A large party of these gay gallants determined to see the Quaker wedding, declaring that they would sit as near as possible to the bride, to raise a smile on her prim countenance. She entreated them not to go, and at last tried to deceive them as to the hour. On the bridal morn she was too much occupied to think of what had been said the night before, and the officers, having their duties to perform, left the house after breakfast. Her Uncle Walter sent his chariot — the one in which her Aunt Hannah had come to New York — to take the pair to meeting; for it was then the fashion for the young couple to go to the meeting-house together. She was dressed in a rich white silk and wore a white satin bonnet and high-heeled shoes of white satin, the latter mounted with large paste buckles. The meeting-house was nearly full of friends when they entered and took the place assigned them, and then the silence that usually follows remained for a time unbroken. At last a movement was made, the pair stood up and took each other by the hand, and William had begun to repeat: "Friends, I take this Friend, Sarah Franklin, for my wedded wife," when the noise of footsteps and the rustle of gold lace and clatter of swords told too plainly of a sudden invasion. The bride, as she

afterward related, wished that the floor would open and take her in. Her turn had come to speak, but audibly she could not, and after stammering she got through with it as best she could. Then she took a peep at her tormentors, and saw Rawdon and Howe, and a train of field and naval officers, filling a long bench opposite to her and trying to catch her eyes, which till then had not been raised from the floor. They all remained to sign the certificate, and the more intimate of their number went to the house, where they were asked to stay to dinner.

Robinson made occasional visits to his father, who continued to live in Newport. In 1796 he chartered a packet commanded by Captain Cahoone, long known on the route, and put on board of her his wife, eight children, a nurse, two men-servants, horses, and carriage, and sent them to Newport. Here they passed a pleasant summer, for Robinson's three sisters were well qualified to make their stay delightful. Two of his sisters were beautiful, and they were all accomplished. They were conversant with many solid authors, studied a part of each day, and made themselves familiar with the French and English classics. The French and English officers used to say that Mrs. Robinson and her three daughters would have graced any court in Europe. This was not a mere compliment. While the British were here, two or three officers of rank were quartered at the house. Two of these officers became interested in Mary and Abby Robinson, and their mother, who did not favor the suit of the gallants, was at her wits' ends. At last she wrote to Wallace, of the frigate "Rose," to allow her daughters to cross the ferries on a visit to their relatives in Narragansett. This was granted, but it only made matters worse; for the officers, realizing their loss, prayed and begged permission to go for the exiles, make them their wives, and take them with them to England.

But their mother remained obdurate, and the girls were not permitted to return till the British had left the island. Mary lived long unmarried, and finally, in 1793, became the wife of John Merton, of Philadelphia. Her letters are models. Abby (Abigail) died single. Amy, who was not as beautiful as her elder sisters, was still a child when they were belles. They educated her, and she became the idol of the family, for she was lovely, amiable, and intellectual. In time she married George Bowne, of New York. Sally married Joseph S. Coates, son of Samuel Coates, an eminent Quaker of Philadelphia, and for many years active in the management of the Philadelphia Hospital, where his portrait may be seen. Joseph Jacobs, the youngest, lived to the age of seventy-seven, and died in Newport in 1844. One who knew him and the family wrote at the time: —

"I attended the funeral at the Robinson house, and he was laid next to his parents. I was impressed on entering the room where laid his body. There was the old clock still ticking loudly in the corner, there was your father's arm-chair, and the bell-handle suspended near it, the buffet with the old china presented by the Comte de Noailles, and the ostrich egg. There lay the remains of your uncle, in the selfsame spot where I had seen lying in death your grandfather, grandmother, father, and Aunt Abby, and now Joseph, the last who will die here."

The old clock still ticks in the same place in the Robinson house, in Washington Street, and there in the corner stands the buffet, well stocked with old china, but the Noailles pieces are not there, for they are kept by a descendant who lives in Philadelphia. With their history I will close this letter.

The Comte de Noailles was at times an inmate in Quaker Tom's house during the war. He had his own cook, valet, and other servants, and during the absence of the "exiled enchantresses" he daily sent them *billets doux* and poetry. As

the Comte was a married man, the girls were allowed to come back while he was here, and during his stay they availed themselves of the opportunity to perfect themselves in French, with which they had been familiar from childhood. After his return to France the Comtesse de Noailles sent Mrs. Robinson a *tête-a-tête* service of Sèvres china, with the following letter:—

MADAM,—I do not know whether you will forgive my indiscretion, but your friendly kindness for my husband affects me so truly that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of telling you how much and with what sincerity I unite with him in gratitude for all your favors. Since you know him, madam, you will be able to judge of my uneasiness and of the continual alarms I am exposed to on his account. From what he has told me of your sensibility and tender feelings, I hope it will be pleasing to you to hear in procuring him a happy life you also give some consolation to a heart almost broken with such variety of affliction! I have a double obligation to you, madam, for having admitted him into an intimate acquaintance in your family. He will see there, each day, that real happiness is not to be found in the pursuit of military glory, to which, nevertheless, men make cruel sacrifices!

May I hope, madam, that you will permit me to present you some tea-cups of a manufactory we have here, and that in drinking your tea with your charming daughters you will sometimes think of me. I should look upon it as a great happiness if circumstances should ever procure me an opportunity to offer myself the homage of all those sentiments you have inspired me, and with which I have the honor to be, madam,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

NOAILLES DE NOAILLES.

PARIS, 6th month, 1781.

During the time the French were in Newport many of the distinguished officers were quartered on the Point. Destouches, captain in the navy, was at William Redwood's; the Brigadier de Choisy, whose portrait was honored with a place in Trumbull's picture of the surrender at Yorktown, was in the Rivera House,

and his aide-de-camp, Lauman, was under the same roof; Comte de Charlus was at the house of Major Martin, on the Point Bridge; Captain de Lagrandier was in the Francis Brinley house; Chevalier de Lombard was quartered with Christopher Townsend; and John Townsend had De la Vicquettes; De Maulevrier was at Samuel Johnson's; and the navy artillery occupied the fine residence of George Rome, already referred to.

William Redwood, son of Abraham, and brother of Abraham who founded the Redwood Library, lived on Bridge Street, in what is now known as the Boss house. It was built by Samuel Holmes in 1745. Holmes was a wealthy merchant, with large commercial relations, chiefly with Africa. William Redwood married his daughter Hannah. At the death of Holmes the property came into the possession of the Redwoods, who resided there till after the Revolution, when they removed to Philadelphia, where their descendants still reside. The house, when sold, passed into the hands of John L. Boss, another well-known Newport name, and is still occupied by his grand-daughter. It is of the old colonial type, with what was once an imposing gateway, and stands a little back from the street.

Isaac Hart, a wealthy Jew residing on the Point, was a liberal patron of the fine arts. I have seen it quoted from Du Simitière's MSS., 1769, that he owned a portrait of the Czar Peter, begun by one of Sir Godfrey Kneller's pupils, and finished by that artist himself. Of this picture all traces were long since lost.

The Southwick house, on the corner of Washington and Walnut streets, is an interesting relic of the past. The present occupant, Pitts Southwick, was born there eighty-nine years ago, and in this house Solomon Southwick, who, as publisher of the Newport "Mercury," took a bold stand for the colonies before the breaking out of the war, died in 1797. In 1769 he had for the motto of his paper: "Undaunted by tyrants, we'll die or be

free." The house is known to have been built about fifteen years before the Revolution, and was occupied by the British when they were on the island. There was a time when it was believed by some persons that some of Kidd's money was buried in the cellar. As Kidd was hanged in 1701, it is difficult to conjecture what gave rise to the story. Kidd is said to have once lived in a house on King Street, now Franklin Street; but if any of his treasures were buried on this island, they have yet to be discovered. Some years ago a small quantity of old Spanish gold was found buried near a rock at the southern end of the island — so small as hardly to be associated with the name of Kidd. The Southwick house, which has been restored within a few years by the present owner, Mr. Edwin G. Angell, with fidelity to the old school, has frequently been spoken of as "a poem," so delightful is the effect that it produces on the eye.

Opposite, on the water side of Washington Street, there is a simple, old-fashioned house that was the residence of Captain Thomas Brownell, U. S. N., who went with Commodore Perry to Lake Erie, where he served as sailing-master with so much credit as to merit and receive promotion. The last years of his life were spent in sailing about the harbor, he having retired from the navy. The little bit of shore at the foot of the bank on which the house stands was used for generations as baptizing ground by the Baptist societies.

At the north end of Washington Street the remains of Fort Greene are to be seen. But little of it is now standing beyond the semicircular brick water front, surmounted by earthworks raised to shelter the gunners. In 1776 a breastwork was here thrown up in one night, and the following morning a number of guns were brought to bear so effectually on a British ship of war, the "Scarborough," then within range, that she was forced to slip her cable and set sail. In 1812 the fort was garrisoned, but when

Fort Adams was built it was no longer of any use. It rises from a strata of dark slate, known as "the Blue Rocks," which has long been a pleasant place of resort on moonlight nights. To the north of the fort are the beautiful grounds that were laid out by the late Robert L. Maitland, of New York.

The Dyers have a place in colonial history. William Dyer was one of the original settlers, and held severally the offices of Secretary of the Colony, General Recorder, and Attorney-General, and he did a little privateering on his own account. His wife, Mary Dyer, was a woman of great strength of character, and, rather than yield one iota of her faith, Quakerism, died on the gallows on Boston Common. The last of the name of whom I have any knowledge was Betty Dyer. Fifty years ago I remember frequently to have seen her on market days, wearing a mob-cap, a checked apron, and a white kerchief neatly pinned across her bosom, and seated in a flag-bottomed chair in a tip-cart. The cart was drawn by a horse that never more than ambled, and much preferred to walk or stand. Her presence was always welcomed by the housewife, and her honest weight and fair dealings secured a ready sale for her golden butter, tender chickens, and fresh eggs. The farm eventually came by purchase into the possession of the late Charles Hunter, who opened it, made streets, and brought into notice its fine qualities. One of his daughters, Mrs. Thomas Dunn, has within a few years built one of the finest houses in Newport on a portion of this property.

Before the Revolution there was a large business on the Point in making furniture for exportation, as well as for the home market. Benjamin Peabody carried on a large trade in furniture with Surinam. He was an ingenious mechanic, and was known as one of the best gun-stock makers in the colonies. David Huntington and Benjamin Baker found their market for furniture in New York and the West Indies. Constant Bailey, the Town

sends, and the Goddards were all well-known cabinet-makers. John Goddard, the first of the name who worked here, adhered closely to the styles of Sir William Chambers, the brothers Adams, and Chippendale. He made buffets, tall clock-cases, chairs with high backs, filled with pierced strap-work, graceful card-tables, and sideboards with ogee fronts, enriched with satin-wood and brass handles of varied patterns — broad-topped side-boards that in many houses sparkled with cut glass engraved with wreaths and stars and knots of ribbon, and silverware that bore the stamp of William Hoockey, or — better still — the Tower stamp, the unquestioned evidence of its sterling quality. Many of the card-tables (and our ancestors were great card-players) had the "honors" inlaid in the corners in satin or pear-wood, tinted in various shades with hot irons or hot sand, for the cabinet-makers then knew nothing of tinting with chemical solutions. Goddard's copy of Chippendale's quarto volume of designs is now owned by a cabinet-maker in Newport.

Abiel Spencer learned his trade as cabinet-maker of John Goddard. He had a little shop on the Point Bridge. One might have passed the shop a hundred times and not have noticed it, so little was there about the place to attract attention. Probably no man ever lived a more methodical life than Dr. Spencer, for so he was called; certainly no one could have been less disturbed by what was going on in the world around him, for he had a little world of his own, of which he was the centre. In 1810 he bought the place, and, with the exception of about ten years, when he had charge of a woollen mill in Portsmouth, he passed his whole life under his own roof, dying in 1878 at an advanced age. For sixty-eight years he had kept this little shop, and so averse was he to leaving it that he rarely went as far as Thames Street, a distance of a few rods, oftener than once in ten or fifteen years. At first he began to keep a few groceries, but through the influence of

Dr. Enoch Hazard he added medicine to his stock, and became a dispenser of the most popular remedies. The shop was scarcely ten by twelve feet, and one wondered how he could get about it without displacing the bottles and little notions that had a place in every convenient nook and corner. On one side of the shop there was a lean-to, of equally limited dimensions, in which the doctor did a little jobbing. He was handy at anything: could file a saw, make a mouse-trap, roll out a bolus, or spread a plaster. One day he would be called upon to make a wooden claw-foot pedestal for a china vase that had lost its standard, and the next he restored the wind to a broken bellows. He always wore his hat, and was never seen without it. The first thing on rising in the morning was to put it on, and the last thing at night, before blowing out the candle, was to take it off and place it by his bedside. Indoors and out of doors it was the same, and when he sat down to his meals his hat was still on his head. One reason he gave for not going to meeting was that he could not keep his hat on.

A few years ago a gentleman who wished to appear at a fancy party in a somewhat antique costume applied to Dr. Spencer for the loan of an old hat known to be in his possession. The old gentleman took it all in, and in the kindest manner brought out a box that contained a white fur hat which had not seen the light for half a century. He looked at it lovingly, and parted with it with a word of caution to be careful of it, and particularly not to attempt to brush it, for moths and time had somewhat weakened the fabric. That hat, and an umbrella borrowed from another old householder and said to have been brought from Russia some time in the last century, were the sensations of the evening. The hat, carefully replaced in the box, was safely returned to the owner the following day, with many thanks.

I have said that Dr. Spencer was rarely out of the neighbor-

hood where he resided; but for all that he had a clear insight into what was going on; he loved reading, conversed well, had a retentive memory, and many persons found it pleasant to go to his little shop and have long talks with him. So passed his days; but when the sixty-eighth year that he had sold drugs behind that little counter was drawing to a close, his own light grew dim, his glasses were laid aside, and the hat that had become almost a part of himself rested undisturbed by his bedside. He died in February, 1878, aged ninety years, one month, and four days. Since then the lean-to has been taken down, but the little shop, as quiet and unobtrusive as ever, is still there, kept by a descendant, who, in turn, has become wedded to the spot, contented with the small gains and the lot to which he has fallen heir.

Many families have cottages facing the water on Washington Street, — the Morrises of Philadelphia, Mrs. J. W. Bigelow, the Auchinclosses, Mr. Milton H. Sanford, Mr. Edward Myers, Dr. Storer, Mrs. Kendall, Mr. Brownson, Mr. Angell, and many others, give their allegiance to the Point. And here there is a classic school for boys — St. John's House, of which Rev. William S. Child, D. D., is the head and master — a training-school of the highest order, where youths are fitted with scrupulous care for college, or to go out and battle with the world. And here on the Point one may meet artists and authors in summer, who, after a season of repose and enjoyment on the shore, go back to the work in the autumn, refreshed and strengthened; but there are no hotels on the Point, and I know of no section where one is less wanted. Of excellent boarding-houses there are a number.

JEW'S CEMETERY.

IV.

THE NEWPORT HEBREWS.

THE Jews, who did so much to promote the interest of Newport, were seen here as early as 1677, or perhaps earlier. At that time they bought a piece of ground "for a burial place." In 1684 the Jews in the colony, in reponse to their petition, received the assurance of the General Assembly that they would have the same protection as was enjoyed by other foreign residents, they being equally obedient to existing laws. At that time there was no statute in Rhode Island requiring one to profess Christianity before he could have the privileges of a freeman; but in later editions (Arnold thinks about 1699) such a clause was interpolated. For a long time it was a dead-letter, and when first noticed, so much time had elapsed that it was impossible to say what was its origin. In no colony was there greater religious freedom, and it was a common thing to naturalize foreigners, who, having complied with the requirements of the laws, asked to be made freemen. Such was the state of things when the Superior Court, in 1762, refused to naturalize two Portuguese Jews, Aaron Lopez and Isaac Elizar, on the ground that such a step would be a violation of the laws of Rhode Island. The year before, the court had naturalized a Portuguese named Lucena, but in the present case they "unanimously dismissed the petition as wholly inconsistent with the first principles upon which the colony was founded, and a law of the same now in force." The ground for

such action can only be conjectured, but it may reasonably be traced to political strife, then waged between the Ward and Hopkins factions; which parties, to carry their point, were led into acts that, in a calmer season, would not have been resorted to. Attention having thus been called to the clause, it was not allowed to go unchallenged; for it was foreign to the spirit and the letter of the charter as received from Charles II., and the discussion that it provoked was kept alive till 1783, when it was repealed by the Legislature.

The Jews who settled in Newport were not only noted for their knowledge of mercantile and commercial affairs, but also for their industry, enterprise, and probity. They kept to their callings, took but little part in politics — at least there is no evidence that they gave much attention to the discussion of public questions — and they seem to have avoided both the marine and military service. They were neither good sailors nor good soldiers; nor do they appear to have been very fond of books. Moses Lopez and Jacob Joseph, it is true, were numbered among the founders of the Redwood Library, and in 1758 Jacob Rodriguez Riviera was a stockholder in that institution; but this may be taken as one of many evidences of their desire to promote whatever promised to be a public benefit. Their business, with but few exceptions, they made a success, and in all things appertaining to their devotions they were exact.

After 1750 the Jewish population increased rapidly, and in 1762 (at the time of Aaron Lopez's trouble with the Superior Court, already referred to) there were about sixty families in Newport — a number that warranted the founding of a synagogue, which was begun that year, and was dedicated with great ceremony in 1763. The architect was Peter Harrison, whose fidelity to the rules of classic architecture is seen in the City Hall and Redwood Library, and in structures in Boston and

Cambridge; all of which owe their correct proportions to his scrupulous care. The interior of the synagogue, with the exception of the introduction of gas (why this was done I cannot conceive), remains unchanged, and in the wing one may see the oven in which the Jews once baked unleavened bread.

Aaron Lopez was born in Portugal, and came to America about 1746, to better his fortunes. He soon won for himself a place and a name, for his ships sailed upon almost every sea. He owned nearly thirty square-rigged vessels, chiefly employed in the European and West Indian trade, and he was among the first to push the whaling business as far as the Falkland Islands. There is a tradition that he was instrumental in bringing more than forty Jewish families to Newport. For this there is some foundation, and evidence of his kindly feeling may be found in a letter, dated Nov. 18, 1766, addressed to Jeremiah Osborne, of his ship "Pitt," then about to sail from London to Lisbon, with a cargo of seacoal, "of the particular sort used in that place." The letter closes with these words:—

"Should any of my friends in Lisbon incline to come with you, I need not recommend you to use them with the same tenderness that I might expect myself from you, being well assured of your civil and obliging disposition. Wishing you a safe return, conclude with much esteem."

Aaron Lopez married the daughter of Jacob Rodriguez Riviera, and at one time was associated with Riviera in the manufacture of spermaceti. For many years Aaron and Moses Lopez were in business together, and it was only within a comparatively short time that the old store in which they did business was still standing. In what was their counting-room there was a long line of pigeon-holes for papers, each with the name of some one of their vessels beneath it. Their losses during the Revolution were great. On the approach of the British they

removed to Providence, and from there to Leicester, Massachusetts. In May, 1782, Aaron set out on his return to Newport to resume business; but while stopping to water his horse at Scott's Pond, five miles from Providence, the bank gave way, and both Mr. Lopez and the horse sank into the quicksand and were drowned. His body was recovered, brought to this place, and buried in the cemetery. All accounts agree in the statement that his life was marked by fair and liberal dealings. Had he lived he would probably have made good the losses sustained during the war.

Moses Lopez was the nephew of Aaron. He was also born in Portugal, and was sent to America and placed under the care of his uncle. It has been said that this was after the great earthquake that nearly destroyed Lisbon in 1755, but in 1750, at his own request, he was excused by the colony from all civil duties, on account of his gratuitous service to the government in translating Spanish documents. In 1753 Parliament passed an act encouraging the manufacture of potash in the colonies, and that year Moses Lopez obtained a patent from the General Assembly for ten years for making the article after an improved method. The following year one John Rodgers obtained a similar patent for making pearlash.

In October, 1759, the following notice was published in New York, under the head "Marriages."

"Mr. Moses Lopez, a gentlemen of very large fortune, from the West Indies, to Miss Maria Lopez, daughter of Mr. Aaron Lopez.

"Her Beauty, Innocence, and Truth
Unite to bless the happy Youth,
And in return we too shall find
Sound Judgment, Reason, Sense refined
In him are happily Combined;
Which, with £5,000 a year,
Are well bestowed upon the Fair."

This was copied by a Newport newspaper, which was called upon to contradict it in its next number. Moses Lopez was the last of the Jews to leave Newport. He removed to New York a few years before his death, which event took place in that city April 1, 1830. His body was brought to Newport for burial.

Jacob Lopez was also a native of Portugal. He died March 17, 1822, at the age of seventy years, and after a residence of more than fifty years in Newport. His brother Joseph died at New York Nov. 27 of the same year. Joseph and David were in business together in Newport in 1784. David died at Charleston, S. C., Jan. 12, 1812. Jacob Lopez, probably a son of one of those mentioned above, died at the small-pox hospital on Coaster's Harbor Island June 9, 1800. There was also a David Lopez who died in Boston Dec. 23, 1797, aged sixty-four years. Rebecca Lopez, widow of Joseph, was the daughter of the Rev. Isaac Touro. She died in New York Dec. 19, 1833, and her body was brought to Newport. The synagogue was opened on this occasion for the first time in nearly forty years. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Isaac B. Seixas of New York. The Town Council of Newport, and all the clergymen in the town, with a large concourse of citizens, attended the funeral, for she was widely known, and her father, when living, was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. Samuel and Joshua Lopez were in business together in 1805. Samuel died in March, 1806. His wife was Judith, daughter of Moses Seixas, the merchant and banker. Esther, daughter of Aaron Lopez, became the wife of Moses Gomez of New York, and died in that city Jan. 3, 1811. Gomez and his partner were in business at No. 77 Wall Street, under the firm name of Gomez & Van Beuren, which connection was dissolved that year, and the business passed into the hands of Gomez, Jr. Miriam Lopez, daughter of Aaron,

became the wife of Joseph Levy, who, at the time of her death, July, 1812, was in business at Wilmington, N. C. At one time Levy was in business in Newport. In 1772 he conceived the idea of sending a float of timber to England, and forthwith prepared one, which sailed Aug. 10, but after it had been at sea twelve days it was in such a shaky condition that it was abandoned, and the crew were brought in by a fishing-vessel.

One of the most prominent of the early Jews in Newport was Jacob Rodriguez Riviera, who died here Feb. 19, 1789, aged seventy-two years. He was a large importer, particularly of dry goods, and at the same time gave much attention to the manufacture of spermaceti, of which, with a few associates, he had almost a monopoly for many years. He was known as "the honest man." He acquired a handsome fortune, for his commercial relations were extensive; but while his returns were often large, his risks were proportionately great. A series of losses compelled him to stop payment. When this was known in England his creditors gave every assurance of their confidence in him, and offered him an unlimited supply of goods to enable him to go on with his business. To avail himself of this liberal offer it became necessary for him to take the benefit of the Insolvent act. He was again successful, and in a few years invited all his creditors in America to dine with him. That it was a cheerful party we can hardly doubt, for every one at table found a check in his plate for the whole amount due him, principal and interest. Hannah R. Riviera, his widow, who died at New York Nov. 4, 1820, is said to have been more than one hundred years old. She was born on the island of Mahon, and came to America more than ninety years before her death. In Newport she resided more than fifty years. Although she had attained to so great an age her faculties were not perceptibly impaired, and it was a source of pleasure to her to the last to relate incidents connected

with her youth. Her daughter Sarah became the wife of Aaron Lopez.

Isaac Elizar, whose name has been mentioned in connection with Aaron Lopez, returned to Newport immediately after the war, and resumed business. In 1784 his store was robbed. The thief, one Jacob Bourke, was caught, and was sentenced by the Superior Court to be whipped twenty-nine stripes and to pay two fold the value of the stolen goods; in default thereof he was to be sold for a period not exceeding seven years. The receiver of the goods was to be whipped, and he too was fined. The following Tuesday the two culprits were whipped at the tail of a cart, in three of the most public places in the town.

Of the Pollock family there were a number, and they were intimately connected with the Pollocks of North Carolina. Isaacher Pollock was in business in Newport as early as 1753. His partner was Moses Levy. That year they had a falling out, and their affairs were placed in the hands of Daniel Ayrault, Jr., and Walter Cranston, two prominent citizens, for adjustment.

Cullum Pollock was actively engaged in business here prior to the Revolution. His trade was principally with the West Indies and North Carolina. He had a residence at Gray's Garden, Edington, N. C., where he spent a portion of his time, died there in October, 1795, and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard, Charleston, S. C. He was spoken of as "a gentleman of great urbanity of manners, and whose virtues and philanthropy will long be remembered by an extended circle of friends and acquaintances." His widow, Ann Booth Pollock, resided at Newport for a number of years, as late as 1805, and died at New York, Jan. 19, 1820. She, too, was distinguished for her benevolence, and during much of the time she was busily engaged in looking after the needy. The winter of 1804–5 was marked by great severity. The mercury fell to a point several degrees below

zero, and remained there for an unprecedented length of time. Mrs. Pollock, at her own charge, opened a soup-house and daily fed the hungry — a work that she was not long permitted to carry on alone, for the leading citizens came to her aid and raised a liberal sum, which was placed in the hands of a relief committee. A member of the Pollock family seems to have been the sport of fortune. He was expelled from Newport for violating the non-importation agreement by landing tea, and with another Israelite, who had married his sister, he went to the West Indies, where he was plundered of nine hundred johannes by the British at the taking of St. Eustatius, from which loss he sought redress of the British government. There was a Joseph Pollock in business here in 1769, and Zachariah Pollock died here in 1774, aged eighty-one years. In June of the same year Judith Pollock was married at Newport to Philip Menis, of Georgia. He was the first white male born in that State, and at the time of his death, 1789, was fifty-five years of age.

The colony of Georgia had hardly been organized, in 1733, when a company of forty Israelites from London landed at Savannah. At this the colony took offence, and after declaring that it was not their intention "to make a Jews' colony of Georgia," appealed to Oglethorpe to remove them; but he, so far from falling in with their views, spoke of the Hebrew colonists in the warmest terms. The Jews were not only displeased with their reception, but also with the disability laws of Georgia, and, with the exception of the Steftall, Menis, De Lyon and Numis families they removed to Charleston, S. C., where inducements were held out to them to settle. Dr. Numis became the leading physician of Savannah, and Abraham de Lyon was instrumental in promoting a taste for horticulture in that vicinity. Abraham Menis, a descendant of Philip Menis, met with an accidental death at Newport in 1801, at the age of twenty-three

years. In jumping from a chaise in which he was riding with some young ladies, just as it was overturned, he broke his leg badly, and shortly died of lockjaw. At the time of his death he held a number of offices of trust in his native State. His bones lie buried in the Jewish cemetery in Newport.

The Pollocks and Myers were related. Myer Pollock, before the Revolution, was engaged with others in the manufacture of spermaceti. In 1774 Benjamin Myer was residing in a house near the court-house, where he rented a room to Isaac Numis Cardoza, a Portuguese Jew, who hailed from New York, and whose occupation was that of a "taylor." Of the Judahs there were a a number. Sally Judah, daughter of Hilel Judah, was married here in August, 1798, to Ralph de Pass, of Charleston, S. C. Jacob Isaacs kept himself before the public through his untiring effort to get on in the world. In 1772 he was insolvent, and from that time we hear nothing from him till 1783, when he offered to have "vessels built by the best workmen in Rhode Island or Massachusetts on reasonable terms," and at the same time he made it known that he was doing a general brokerage business. The year before he opened an insurance office, but it seems to have been only on paper, for we hear nothing more from it. At the time of Washington's visit to Newport, 1790, he brought himself again into notice by presenting the President with "a bottle of water extracted from ocean water, so free from saline matter as to answer for all the common and culinary purposes of fountain or river water." The narrative goes on to state that "the President was pleased to express himself highly satisfied therewith." Isaacs was gathered to his fathers in 1798, at an advanced age.

The memory of the Touros is kept green in Newport, the name having long been identified with the place. Isaac Touro came here about 1760, was ordained priest of the congregation

of Yeshaul Israel, and conducted the services in the synagogue till the people were scattered by the war, when he went to Jamaica, and died at Kingston, Dec. 8, 1783, aged forty-six years. He was a man of learning, and it is said that through him the Rev. Dr. Stiles acquired his knowledge of Hebrew. His wife was the sister of Moses Michael Hays, and by her he had three children, Abraham and Judah and a daughter Rachel, who became the wife of Joseph Lopez, and of whose death I have made mention. Mr. Hays removed to Boston, and took the young Touros with him. Both Abraham and Judah Touro engaged in business in that city. Abraham met with a violent death. While viewing a military parade in Boston his horse took fright at the firing and became unmanageable. Mr. Touro jumped from the chaise, and in so doing broke his leg; mortification followed, and he died Oct. 18, 1822, at the age of forty-eight years. He had always taken an interest in Newport, and particularly in the synagogue in which his father had so often officiated. In 1820, while on a visit to Newport, he caused a substantial brick wall to be erected around the cemetery, and at his death bequeathed the sum of $10,000, as a fund to support the synagogue and cemetery, and a fund of $5,000 to keep the street leading to them in order: which street now bears the family name. The fund so created was impaired a few years ago by a faithless trustee, who abstracted the sum of $4,629.63, and left in its place his own worthless note. At the present time the fund amounts to $23,802.73. His other public bequests were $10,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital, $5,000 to the Boston Female Asylum, $5,000 to the Asylum of Indigent Boys, $5,000 to the Humane Society, and $10,000 to the synagogue at New York. At his own request his body was brought to Newport and laid in the cemetery.

Judah Touro removed to New Orleans about 1803, and passed

the remainder of his days there, actively engaged in business and philanthropic work. He amassed a great fortune, which he spent liberally, and his praise was on the lips of all who knew him. In the war of 1812 he met with great losses, but, mindful of the interests of the country, he neglected the counting-room, entered the ranks as a soldier, and volunteered his services to carry shot and shell to one of the batteries. While so employed he was struck on the thigh by a twelve-pound shot, which carried away a large mass of flesh. There seemed no hope of saving his life, but he was borne from the plain of Chalmette by kind and gentle hands, and after a long confinement was in a measure restored. He died Jan. 18, 1854, and on the 6th of the following June his body was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Newport. The ceremony was witnessed by many hundred persons, both citizens and strangers, who wished to pay this mark of respect to the memory of one who had been so widely known. Before the funeral the delegates of Jews from New York, New Haven, Buffalo, Hartford, Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans, called upon the Mayor of the city, headed by the Rev. Dr. Raphall, who spoke in their behalf, and who said in the course of his remarks: —

"We bear it in grateful memory that even in this great Republic, the glorious home of freedom, Rhode Island was the first State that proclaimed religious equality, and that gave the fullest recognition to the rights of conscience and opinion in every man. During more than a century and a quarter Jews resided in this city. The connection between them and your fathers was one of peace and good-will. They ranked as citizens, as merchants, as members of society among your foremost men; and when the vicissitudes and changes attendant on the war of Independence induced them to move from here, they left behind them a reputation for integrity and benevolence that you have recorded in the history of your city; while on their part they expressed their high opinion of your integrity and liberality by entrust-

ing to your care the consecrated building in which they worshipped God, and the hallowed spot where rest the ashes of those who were nearest and dearest to them."

While the procession moved from the synagogue to the cemetery the bells of all the churches tolled, and places of business generally were closed. At the grave there was an address by the Rev. Mr. Leeser, and then the body was deposited in earth that had been brought from Jerusalem by the Rev. Mr. Isaacs.

Mr. Touro was the last of the family. During his lifetime he expended liberal sums in Newport. In 1842 he removed the brick fence around the cemetery, placed there by his brother, and put up the present beautiful fence of granite and iron at a cost of $12,000, and at the same time he erected a new monument to the memory of his father and mother. In 1844 he gave $2,000 to repair the portico of the Redwood Library and to lay a walk from the Library to the Jewish Cemetery, and at his death he bequeathed $3,000 to the Library as a fund for the purchase of books.

Mr. Touro was a bachelor. Whether he had ever been crossed in love I cannot say; he certainly avoided the society of ladies, and was never willing to exchange a word with them. Major Mac Rea, U. S. A., while stationed at New Orleans, occupied one of his houses, which was out of repair. Mrs. Mac Rea wrote him repeatedly asking him to put the house in better order: to all of which he turned a deaf ear. At last, knowing his weak point, she sent him word that if her wishes were not attended to forthwith she would call and see him. The next morning there was a din in front of the house, where carpenters, painters, masons, plasterers, tinsmiths — men of almost every trade — had assembled, each with an order from Mr. Touro to make such repairs as Mrs. Mac Rea required. I had this anecdote from Mrs. Mac Rea.

The following anecdote I give as an illustration of his benevolence and his unwillingness to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. A poor woman with a large family of children, left penniless by the death of her husband, had struggled long with adverse fortune, and was fast sinking under the effort to sustain her little ones. Begging her bread from door to door in the streets of New Orleans, she was referred to Mr. Touro by a merchant who was almost his equal in wealth, as a charitable person. With trembling she knocked at the door and succeeded in finding her way into Mr. Touro's presence. There she told her tale of suffering and woe. The benevolent man walked to his desk, drew a check, and as he handed it to her cautioned her to tell no one, but to go to the bank and get the money. When she reached the bank she was surprised and distressed to learn from the clerk that it was for fifteen hundred dollars. Hurrying back with the check she forced her way into Mr. Touro's room, who, divining the object of her second visit, upbraided her in so loud a voice that she could not be heard, and ended in ordering his servant to take her from the room. After his death she told the story — told how with the aid thus afforded her she provided for her family, and after that was able to battle with the world.

The Seixas family held a highly respectable position in Newport, and some of the descendants, equally respectable, are still living. Moses and Abraham were merchants. Abraham died at Charleston, S. C., April 9, 1799. Moses resided on what is now known as Washington Square. His house became the property of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, whose widow occupied it for many years and died there. Recently it has undergone great changes, and the old Dutch tiles around the fireplaces have been taken out and sold to a dealer in such wares. Moses Seixas was the Grand Master of the Freemasons in Rhode Island,

and he presented the address of the members of King David's Lodge to President Washington Aug. 17, 1790. The same day he presented to the President an address from the Hebrews in Newport, which address opens with these words:

"Permit the children of the stock of Abraham to approach you with the most cordial affection and esteem for your person and merits, and to join with your fellow citizens in welcoming you to Newport."

And it closes as follows:—

"For all the blessings of civil and religious liberty which we enjoy under an equal and benign administration we desire to send up our thanks to the Ancient of Days, the great preserver of men, beseeching Him that the angel who conducted our forefathers through the wilderness into the Promised Land may graciously conduct you through all the difficulties and dangers of this mortal life; and when, like Joshua, full of days and full of honor, you are gathered to your fathers, may you be admitted into the Heavenly Paradise, to partake of the waters of life and the tree of immortality."

The President in his closing remarks was led to say:

"May the children of the stock of Abraham who dwell in this land continue to merit and enjoy the good will of the other inhabitants; while every one shall sit in safety under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make him afraid. May the Father of all mercies scatter light and not darkness in our paths, and make us all, in our several vocations, useful here, and in his own due time and way everlastingly happy."

In 1805 the Bank of Rhode Island was organized. Mr. Seixas was elected cashier, which office he retained up to the time of his death. He died in 1809. There are worthy members of the Seixas family still living, but not in Newport. Judith Seixas, daughter of Moses Seixas, was married in 1806 to Samuel Lopez. The only instance that I have found of the Jews in Rhode Island taking an interest in military matters was that

of Benjamin Seixas, who was clerk of the Newport volunteers in 1811.

I have said that Moses Michael Hays removed to Boston, taking with him the orphan children of his sister, Mrs. Touro. He was a man of marked character, and his memory may well be cherished by his descendants. Born in Lisbon, in 1739, he came to America by way of the West Indies, and at first settled in Newport. At Jamaica he received the appointment of "Deputy Inspector-General for North America," under the Masonic rite called the "Rite of Perfection," organized at Paris in 1758, and also known as the "Scottish Rite," which rite invested him with powers that "were new and strange to the brethren of the country." With one or two other Jews, while he resided in Newport, he was the main support of the fraternity in this place. Of his standing in Boston after he had removed to that city, we have the following evidence from the "Memoir of Samuel Joseph May:"

> "There was but one family of the despised children of the house of Israel resident in Boston — the family of Moses Michael Hays; a man much respected, not only on account of his large wealth, but for his many personal virtues and the high culture and great excellence of his wife, his son Judah, and his daughters, especially Catharine and Slowey. His house, far down on Hanover Street, then one of the fashionable streets of the town, was the abode of hospitality, and his family moved in what was then the first circle of society. He and his truly good wife were hospitable, not to the rich alone, but also to the poor. Many indigent families were fed pretty regularly from his table. They would come, especially after the frequent dinner parties, and were sure to be made welcome; not to the crumbs only, but to ampler portions of the food that might be left."

Mr. Hays was the only Jew who has ever held a prominent office in the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. He joined the lodge Nov. 5, 1782, and at the next meeting, a month later,

was elected to an office; and for four years from 1788 he was the Grand Master of Massachusetts Grand Lodge. He died at Boston May 9, 1805, aged sixty-six years, and was buried in the cemetery in Newport by the side of his wife, who died July 22, 1802. He had five daughters. Rebecca died unmarried in Boston. Catharine and Slowey died unmarried in Richmond, Va. Judith and Sally both married gentlemen by the name of Myers in Richmond, and have descendants living there. There was but one son, Judah. He administered on his father's estate, which was inventoried at $80,000. A very interesting account of Mr. Hays's connection with Massachusetts Lodge, written by Past Grand Master Sereno D. Nickerson, appeared in the *New England Freemason* for 1875.

There was a Hays (whether Moses or not I am not advised, but I think it must have been some other Jew of that name) who was associated with one of the Pollock family under the firm name of Hays & Pollock. A mortgage was given by them on a piece of property on Elm Street, which property fell into the hands of Simeon Potter, who in 1795 addressed a letter to George Gibbs and George Champlin, approving of the plan then on foot for rebuilding the Long Wharf, building a hotel, and more especially establishing a free school, and making a gift of the land, to be held in trust for the "support of a free school forever, for the advantage of poor children of every denomination." Such a school has been maintained by the trustees of the Long Wharf for many years, and they have recently built another school-house out of accumulated earnings, called the Potter school-house.

Occasionally the synagogue was opened in summer for services, but now services are regularly held there the year round. At one time it was the only synagogue in America. In 1805 there were but five synagogues in the United States. In 1841 there were nine in New York, six in Pennsylvania, four

in Maryland, four in Virginia, eight in Ohio, four in North Carolina, five in South Carolina, three in Alabama, three in Louisiana, five in Kentucky, one in Tennessee, two in Georgia, and three in Florida, making fifty-nine in all. Since then they have rapidly increased in number.

One of the ornamental places in Newport is the Jewish Cemetery. It is situated in a public place on the corner of two of the most frequented thoroughfares. The grounds are filled with bright flowers the season through. The sum of two hundred dollars is annually spent in keeping the place in order, and as the iron and granite fence is of the most substantial character, requiring no repairs, the whole sum is expended in keeping the place filled with flowers. The cemetery dates from the seventeenth century. In the City Clerk's office there is a copy of a deed, dated Feb. 28, 1677, of a lot of land bought by Mordecai Campanall and Moses Pacheckoe, for a burial place for Jews, which lot was enlarged by later purchases.

JEWS' SYNAGOGUE.

V.

PURGATORY.

THE approach to Purgatory is by a dusty road, from Easton's Beach eastward to Sachuest Beach, where there is a broad reach of sand, not easy to walk upon except at low tide. One should keep to the right and mount to the "Bluff," where a superb view may be had. At the foot of the Bluff, just at the edge of the beach, there are a number of soft-slate rocks, scored with rude and half-obliterated devices, the work of idle watchers who were stationed here in the war of 1812, to give alarm should the enemy approach. The rock, so easy to carve, has yielded as readily to the elements, till now it is hardly possible to decipher what has there been scrawled.

The Bluff is a vast ledge of conglomerate, piled up in high boulders and long ridges, most singular in formation, and remarkable for the size and position of the stones of which it is composed. At one point it runs out in a long line, rising at the extreme outer edge in a high bluff, and then it suddenly plunges down into the sea. In some places the slate and conglomerate run together, and high upon a spur there is a great boulder, known as "Negro Head" from the resemblance it bears to the profile of a negro. This is very marked, and views of it have frequently been taken by photographers.

Another peculiarity of this bed of conglomerate is its numerous fissures, which run in all directions, but those that cross the bed

are the most striking. They divide the rock as though it had been cut with a knife — not running off in an irregular line, but with a square face, showing that the mass at some time has been subjected to a sudden and irresistible action that severed it into many pieces. These fissures run through rocks of almost incalculable weight. Many of the seams are so narrow that but a part of the two faces can be seen, while others are open through their entire length. The largest of these fissures has long been known as Purgatory. The chasm is one hundred and sixty feet in length, from eight to fourteen feet in width at the top, and from two to twenty feet at the bottom. The depth at the outer edge is fifty feet, with ten feet to be added for the depth of water at low tide. At the base the sea is always breaking. The north side is the highest, but the two sides were evidently at one time of the same height, though how the difference was brought about can only now be conjectured. A little attention to the formation of the rock will show one half of a fractured stone on one side of the chasm and the other half on the opposite side, the two being eight or ten feet apart. It requires some nerve to look down into the abyss, and no man approaches it without giving heed to his footing; and yet it has been explored by daring climbers, who by dint of perseverance have found a foothold in the treacherous wall where most decayed.

That it has been leaped — not willingly, not as a bravado, but at the bidding of a maiden — is well known. How it happened let me here relate: —

Two lovers, as is the wont of lovers, were out for a walk through the fields and byways. With no purpose in view other than to be together, and together enjoy the balmy air, they rambled on till they came to the Bluff and the dark abyss I have described as Purgatory. Tired by their walk, they sat and talked and made plans for the future. When the time came to return,

and they stood looking into the cavern at their feet, the maiden bade her lover leap across the chasm as a test of his love and affection for her. Surprised, he looked to see if she was in earnest, and then, as his heart sunk within him to think that she could thus endanger his life, he asked her seriously, "Do you really mean it; really wish me thus to show my love for you?" "Yes," came the reply of the heedless girl, in laughing tones; "jump, if you would claim my hand, for on no other terms will I marry you."

Back from the edge of the chasm he moved a few paces, then, bracing himself, he ran forward and with a bold spring reached the opposite bank, where he caught at the low bushes till he could recover himself and gain a firmer footing. Then, standing boldly out and looking across the abyss into the face which showed no sign of anxiety, no relief at his success, he raised his hat, bowed coldly, turned and strode away, leaving her alone. Henceforth there was indeed a gulf between them.

WHITEHALL.

VI.

WHITEHALL.

THE usual way to reach Whitehall is to cross from Easton's Beach to Sachuest Beach, then turn to the left and take the Swamp Road — a name not very suggestive of an agreeable drive, but it is really one of the most lovely roads in and around Newport. On either hand there are neat cottages beneath sheltering trees, with vines and beds of flowers in the dooryards, while the sweet brier, golden-rod, and flags — almost beneath the wheels, so narrow is the road — give us, as we pass, a nod of recognition. Further on the view widens, and a tiny stream, spanned by a rustic bridge or two, runs near the road, fringed by willows. From the low school-house there comes a hum of childish voices, and the spearmint, crushed by the cows feeding on the edge of the stream, fills the air with fragrance. The scene is one of repose; of quiet, homely enjoyment. There is no sign of want, no evidence of more than ordinary thrift. The meadows yield a scanty herbage, but it is enough for the few sheep and a cow or two turned out to pasture. The orchards, old and

gnarled, show signs of neglect; but the fields of ripening grain are objects of solicitude. Here father and son have tilled the soil for generations, and here they still plough and reap, giving little heed to passing vehicles filled with pleasure-seekers.

A short distance beyond the bridge that crosses the stream, there is a side road (shut off from the main road by a gate), which leads to Whitehall, built by Dean Berkeley, and the spot where he resided during his stay on this island.

Surprise has often been expressed that one so genial, so fond of society as Berkeley, should have chosen this quiet — then out-of-the-way — place for a residence. But an answer is found in the fact that while the dean enjoyed social intercourse and was fond of meeting with his equals, he had a strong desire to pursue his studies, which he could not do successfully when liable to frequent interruptions. When he needed relaxation he could ride or walk to town, but he could not so readily command his time if his friends could come in upon him at their pleasure; and so with his young wife, to whom he was married just before leaving England, he settled here.

Dean Berkeley came to Newport in 1828, and resided here during a period of three years.

The landing of Dean Berkeley is thus described in "Bull's Memoirs":

"The ship ran into the west passage, and came to anchor. The dean wrote a letter to Mr. Honyman (Rector of Trinity Church) which the pilots took on shore at Conanicut Island, and called on a Mr. Gardner and Mr. Martin, two members of Mr. Honyman's church, informing them that a great dignitary of the Church of England, called Dean, was on board the ship, together with other gentlemen passengers. They handed them the letter from the dean, which Gardner and Martin brought to Newport in a small boat, with all possible dispatch. On their arrival they found Mr. Honyman at church, it being a holy day on which divine service was held there. They then sent the

letter by a servant, who delivered it to Mr. Honyman in the pulpit. He opened it and read it to the congregation, from the contents of which it appeared the dean might be expected to land in Newport every moment. The church was dismissed with a blessing, and Mr. Honyman, with the wardens, vestry, and congregation, male and female, repaired immediately to the Ferry Wharf, where they arrived a little before the dean, his family and friends."

Whitehall was given by Dean Berkeley to Yale College, which still holds the fee. The place is very much run down, and it has no attractions other than its association with the name of Berkeley. This property was valued at £200. On his return to England he gave Trinity Church an organ, valued at £500; a bell to Trinity Church school-house, worth £50; one thousand volumes to Yale College, worth £1,500; and books to the value of £50 to Harvard.

The Hanging Rocks, so intimately associated with the name of Berkeley, are north of Sachuest Beach and only a short distance from the shore. The spot is easily reached from the Beach. Where the great rock shows its boldest front, there is a winding step-like way by which one may climb to the fissure in its southern face. As we climb, our back is to the sea, but, reaching at last the plateau, we turn and take in the whole scene. Easton's Point lies on the right, scarred, and showing the dark, cavernous gap of Purgatory; Sachuest Point, on the left, runs off to the sea, whitened by the surf breaking upon it; while in front, beyond the line of the intervening beach, the waters of the ocean roll in and spend their force. The fissure is large enough to sit at a table comfortably, and there Berkeley composed some of his finest works. The rock, cold in color, is cyclopian in its proportions, but the vines cling to it lovingly, and the little brook at its base, fringed with flags, is dotted with lilies.

VII.

OLD DANCES.

IN the round of gayety that marks the summer in Newport, when every day brings with it many entertainments, it is pleasant to recall the gayeties of a hundred years ago — when the maidens who graced the minuet were as lovely as those who now lead in the German, and the music was that of the spinnet, the flute, and the viol — when seven was the hour named in Mrs. Jones's cards of invitation, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were expected to be as punctual at a ball as if invited to dinner.

The gayeties of Newport were greatly interfered with by the war of the Revolution, which put a stop to all entertainments: for many families had left the place, and those who remained were not only disheartened and in no mood for merry-making, but ere long were so reduced that they could scarcely provide for the wants of life, much less think of festivities. An iron heel had kept them down, but at last the cloud lifted, and with it the spirits of the people revived; for it was noised abroad that the French were on the coast and would soon find their way into this harbor. To understand how great was the delight this news afforded we must go back and picture to ourselves the town in its reduced condition — when the State House was so out of repair that the legislature was forced to hold its sessions in Providence, and many families, once in affluence, could not provide candles to illuminate their dwellings when the allies landed. No decisive battle had been fought, and no

opportunity for recuperation had offered. Commerce there was none, for the coast was blockaded, and the trades and manufactures were wholly occupied in providing articles needed for the war. Growing poorer daily, with a mere apology for a navy to defend the coast, it is not difficult to imagine with what joy one and all hailed the coming of a fleet which promised to render signal service. Day by day the coast was scanned for the first glimpse of the expected vessels. On the rocks of the southern shore of the island, at a point where a tall flagstaff could be seen from the town, a signal station was established, and there at all hours an officer was stationed, whose business it was to make known the approach of friend or foe.

July 11, 1780, the fleet appeared, and the news was at once telegraphed from the station. All was now commotion, and boats were speedily put in readiness and started for the offing, carrying out many of the gentlemen of the place, who were anxious to extend a welcome to our allies. In one of the boats was Caleb Gardner, a merchant engaged in commercial enterprises before the war, and well acquainted with the navigation of the bay, he having formerly been in charge of a vessel sailing from the port. Making his way to the flag-ship, his services, tendered to the Admiral to act as pilot for the fleet, were cheerfully accepted. There were seven ships of the line, two frigates, and a number of transports — forty-six vessels in all — with six thousand troops on board. Soon they were all anchored in front of the town, where the flags were flying and the bells were ringing. That night the town was illuminated. Then followed a round of gayety; balls and parties were of daily occurrence, and frequently in summer there was dancing in the open air. But on the 25th of August, the anniversary of the birth of St. Louis, there was something more of a gathering. As was the custom in France, the troops paraded on the pre-

vious day in front of their encampment, then a *feu de joie* was fired by the numerous forts, earthworks, and batteries, followed by a salute of twenty-one guns from each of the ships in the harbor. When the noise had subsided, the Comte de Rochambeau, Chevalier de Ternay and other general officers, accompanied by Major-General Heath and a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen, reviewed the army. The next day the vessels were decorated with flags and bunting; at 4 o'clock there was a royal salute, and in the evening music and dancing.

The death of the Chevalier de Ternay in December cast a momentary gloom over the place. He was buried on the following day with great honors. This was not the first death of an officer connected with the forces in these waters. The frigate Hermione, under the command of the Chevalier de Latouche, put into this port June 9 to repair damages sustained in an encounter with the British frigate Iris, and on the 17th of the following month the first lieutenaut, M. de Velernaais, died of wounds received in that engagement.

On the 6th of March, 1781, Washington came to Newport to confer with Rochambeau in regard to the future movements of both armies. He stayed but a week, but that week was one of more than usual gayety. There was a procession by torchlight, in which all the French troops took part, an illumination, and a series of entertainments; but by far the most brilliant of the balls was that given by the French officers in what was then known as Mrs. Cowley's Assembly Room on Church Street. The decorations were entrusted to Dezoteux, one of the aids of the Baron de Viomesnil, De Ségur, whose name recalls his pleasant "Memoirs and Recollections," M. Vauban, and the Prince de Broglie. Gas there was none, but many a silver candelabrum was brought from the dwellings of wealthy persons, as well as beautiful mirrors — mirrors with branching lights and

delicate wreaths and sprays, that had been imported in more prosperous days. The walls were hung with flags, and the festoons of bunting were looped with rosettes of swords and pistols. The ladies, though robbed of their wealth by the war, had still their party dresses, and superb were the brocades and embroidered petticoats in which they appeared. Can one doubt that they looked their best — were at their best — with Lauzun, De Closen and De Latouche for partners?

To Washington the honor of opening the ball was given, and when he led out the beautiful Miss Champlin, Rochambeau and his suite took the instruments from the musicians, and played the air "A Successful Campaign." How brilliant the scene must have been! The commanding form of Washington in his Continental uniform; at his side the lovely girl whose beauty was noted by De Ségur; Rochambeau, wearing the *Grand Croix de l'Ordre Royal*, with Chastellux, the historian, Destouches and many others — the notable men of the French army and navy — who found it hard to leave their partners when the hour of parting came.

What a pity it is that so few of the portraits of the dames or maidens who graced the last century have come down to us — that photography was not earlier in its advent, or that portrait painters had not oftener journeyed to these shores! Here and there a miniature may be seen — an heirloom — but we rarely find one of artistic merit; and, knowing this, we wonder not that so few were willing to trust such a medium to transmit their charms to coming generations. Could they have had a Kneller or a Lely to sit to, something more in portraiture might have been preserved to us; but, lacking such a limner, where one was painted a hundred passed away leaving no traces of their loveliness.

I have given the name of the dance, "A Successful Cam-

paign," selected by Washington's partner at the opening of the ball. A desire has often been expressed to know something of the dances of that period, and chance has thrown in my way the means of gratifying the wish; for recently I have found in a package of old papers — invitations to dinner, card-parties, and other entertainments — a list, in a round, girlish hand, of the dances then common, and the arrangement of the figures. These dances were "Flowers of Edinburgh," "Pea Straw," "Boston's Delight," "Haymaking," "College Hornpipe," "Faithful Shepherd," "Love and Opportunity," "Lady Hancock," "Innocent Maid," "Merry and Wise," "Stony Point," "Miss McDonald's Reel," "A Trip to Carlisle," "Freemason's Jig," "Soldiers' Joy," and "I'll be Married in My Old Clothes," with many others, to the number in all of thirty-five. There is no mention of the minuet, but we have the figure of each of the others. To dance "A Successful Campaign," "lead down two couples on the outside and up the middle, second couple do the same, turn contrary partners, cast off, right hand and left." "Stony Point" was a favorite dance — made so, probably, by the successful storming of the place by General Wayne. To dance it, "first couple three hands round with the second lady, allemand; three hands round with the second gentleman, allemand again; lead down two couples, up again, cast off one couple, hands round with the third, right hand and left." In dancing "Merick's Graces" the first couple crossed over to the second couple and back again, the gentlemen passing between the ladies and the ladies between the gentlemen; then they were expected to set the corners, each give the right hand to partners, turn half round and close with hands right and left. When it came to "Lord Eath's Gate," they were expected to "cross hands four, back again, cast off one couple, allemand, lead down in the middle, up again, and foot it, lead through the top, cast off and

foot it. What the term "foot it" means I am not able to say, but it frequently appears in the instructions for these dances. We find it again in "The Spaniard:" the first gentleman is to "foot it to the second lady, and both turn single; the first gentleman turns his partner, the second the same, down in the middle, up again, cast off and hands round." In the figure of the "Innocent Maid" there is another detail which it would now be difficult to explain. "First three couples haze, then lead down in the middle and back again; close with right hand and left." In dancing the "Corsino" three couples were expected to foot it and change sides; foot it again and once more change sides, three couples allemand and the first fall in in the middle, then right hand and left.

Can we not picture to ourselves the lovely maidens who danced these figures with the gay Frenchmen, who, with them, sighed over the tender elegies of De Parney? What citations may not have been made from his "*Poésies érotiques*" during the intervals of the dance; what peals of laughter at his ridicule of the English, then the common foe; what repartee over Dufresnoy's "Spirit of Contradiction," and the "Village Coquette!" It is pleasant to think of those days; to go back even to an earlier period, when the citizens of Boston came to Newport to attend the theatre (which involved a ride of two days in a lumbering stage or in a chaise, with a trunk strapped to the axle), when express riders were sent out on the arrival of a ship from England, and the newspapers (what a misnomer!) had nothing new to offer. The wants of the people were then few and easily supplied. They had the means to gratify almost every desire. Of books there was a collection in Newport "second only to that of Cambridge." Carriages there were none, but the chaise was in general use. Saddle horses were good and abundant, and many of the fair riders owned one or more "Narragansett pacers," which they managed with dexterity.

VIII.

EARLY NEWPORT PRINTERS, AND OLD NEWSPAPERS.

AS early as 1717 the Sun Fire Insurance Company of London furnished its subscribers with a weekly newspaper; but in that year the newspaper was changed into a quarterly book, and in that form it was brought down to 1738. The numbers for each year were bound together, making a small octavo volume of five hundred and fifty printed pages. The change in the form of publication, it was announced, was made in compliance with the request of the readers, who complained that "the great and increasing number of newspapers spoiled the design of weekly intelligence and rendered papers of this kind of little or no value." The publishers were evidently imbued with the same spirit, for in their preamble they declared that the quarterly should "not, like the common newspaper, be crammed with the hopes or fears or surmises of parties or factions, nor, like them, with predictions of what will or will not come to pass;" and they went on to say, "neither will we presume with the writers of those papers to pry into the cabinets of princes, to dive into their councils, nor to frame imaginary schemes of politics, and relate as already concerted, nay even acted, things that will never happen, and perhaps were never projected or even thought of. . . . Nor will we ever relate anything that wants confirmation, but only what on all hands is agreed to have happened.

Not such things as time must discover to be either true or false, but such only as it has already stamped with the undeniable mark of truth."

With views like these in the Old World as to what were the essential qualities of a good family newspaper, it could scarcely be expected that the printers in a new country would have a much higher standard; and yet there were printers in America who early kept their presses in active operation and who sought to keep their readers advised of what was going on in the world, although forced at times to ask the indulgence of their patrons, coupled with the promise to "bring up the arrears of foreign news in the course of the next three months."

Among the early printers were those of Rhode Island. There was a press in Newport in 1729. This was the fourth press set up in America, and James Franklin was the founder. He had been engaged in Boston in printing the "New England Courant," a newspaper that strongly opposed the introduction of inoculation for small-pox, and did many other things that annoyed its readers. In 1727 the journal was suppressed, and soon after that event Franklin removed to Newport. Here he brought out, as early as 1729, a reprint of "Barclay's Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is set forth and Preached by the People called in scorn Quakers." This was a large quarto volume, originally written in Latin and English, and then "translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, and French, for the edification of Strangers."

In 1730 Franklin printed the charter granted by King Charles II. to the colony of Rhode Island, and in September, 1733, he issued the first number of a small sheet called the "Rhode Island Gazette," which had but a short life, for it was discontinued on the 24th of the following May.

The Acts and Laws of the Colony were printed by Franklin until the time of his death in 1735; and after his death, his widow, who brought up her sons and daughters as printers, continued the business. There is ample evidence that Mrs. Franklin was an energetic woman, and her imprint, "The Widow Franklin," may be found on many of the publications of that day. During and after the year 1745 the name of James Franklin often appeared with that of his mother, and in 1758 he began the publication of the "Newport Mercury," a newspaper that has come down to the present day. One of the works that came from his press was: "The Strange and Wonderful Predictions of Mr. Christopher Love, Minister of the Gospel at Laurance-Jury: who was Beheaded at Tower Hill, in the time of Oliver Cromwell's government in England; giving an account of Babylon's Fall: or, the Destruction of Popery, and in the Glorious Event a general Reformation over all the World."

Love's history was a singular one. He was opposed to King Charles, and yet was beheaded for plotting against Cromwell. He has been spoken of, on the one hand, as an "angelical and holy writer," and on the other, as "guilty of as much treason as the pulpit could contain."

In 1762 James Franklin died, and the business was carried on by his mother, "the Widow Franklin," who married Samuel Hall, a printer then working in Newport. The connection was a short one, for Mrs. Franklin died the following year. Hall continued to print in Newport, and many of the almanacs of that day bear his imprint. He sold out to Solomon Southwick, who became one of the most energetic of the early New England printers. He was a poor boy, who had been taken up and aided by Henry Collins, a prominent merchant, in obtaining some education, and was engaged in trade when the "Mercury" office was offered for sale in 1768. How his attention was brought

to it is not known, but he bought it and at once entered upon the duties of the office, all of which were new and strange to him. At the outset he espoused the cause of liberty, and on every occasion his views were expressed openly and clearly. As early as Dec. 18, 1769, he had for the motto of his journal: "Undaunted by TYRANTS — we 'll DIE or be FREE!" and this he followed up with sturdy blows.

But Southwick did not devote himself exclusively to the "Mercury," for he brought out many pamphlets and small volumes that are now sought after by collectors. Among others, Church's "Entertaining History of King Philip's War," Nathaniel Morton's "New England Memorial," "The Tryal of a False Prophet," and also a sermon preached in Newport by the "Venerable Hocham, the learned Rabbi Haign Isaac Karigal, of the city of Hebron, near Jerusalem." "A Discourse on Saving Knowledge," delivered at the installation of the Rev. Samuel Hopkins, by Dr. Stiles, was printed by Southwick in 1770, on a press and on paper made in this colony, and some of the types were made in Connecticut. But he gave most of his time to publications that had a bearing on the dispute between England and the colonies. In 1774 he issued a reprint of "The Whole of the Celebrated Speech of the Rev. Jonathan Shipley, Lord Bishop of Asaph, on the Bill for Altering the Charter of the Massachusetts Bay," which was prefaced with the remark, "It is allowed to be one of the best pieces wrote on the present dispute between North America and Great Britain." Of Shipley it was said at the time of his death: "His talents were acknowledged on all sides, and whichever party triumphed in his assistance, the other wished for his support."

During the same year Southwick printed from the Boston edition "An Oration delivered March 5th, 1774, at the Request of the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, to commemorate the

Bloody Tragedy on the 5th of March, by the Honorable John Hancock, Esq."

The time and the circumstances attending the delivery of that oration I need not refer to; Southwick gave his readers all the particulars that had reached him, and in the same paper, in the "poet's corner," he printed some verses growing out of the affair, with the title: "A SONG FOR THE FIFTH OF MARCH. *Tune*, '*Once the Gods of the Greeks*,' *&c.*" The verses closed with these lines:

"A ray of bright Glory now Beams from afar,
Blest dawn of AN EMPIRE to rise:
The American ensign now Sparkles a star,
Which shall Shortly flame wide thro' the Skies.

"Strong knit is the Band which unites the blest Land,
No Dæmon the *Union* shall Sever:
Here's a glass to fair Freedom, come give us your hand—
May the *orator* flourish forever!"

While thus engaged Southwick turned aside for a moment to give some aid to the antislavery movement, which was then beginning to take shape. Among other papers under this head he printed an address signed by Drs. Stiles and Hopkins concerning the sending of black freemen to the coast of Africa. But when the British approached Newport and showed a disposition to land he beat a hasty retreat, for the loyalists were anxious that he should fall into the hands of the enemy, and were quite ready to turn him over the moment an opportunity offered. The "Mercury" was discontinued Dec. 2, 1776, and six days later the British army, under General Clinton, took possession of the southern part of the island.

While here they published a newspaper called the Newport "Gazette," of which copies have been preserved. The French, in turn, had a press here, and in 1780 they issued an almanac

from the office of the "Gazette Française," which is now very rare. It contains, with other matters, the names of all the French officers, army and navy, and the vessels or regiments to which they belonged.

The British evacuated Newport Oct. 25, 1779, and on the 5th of January, 1780, the first number of the reissue of the "Mercury" appeared. It had then passed into the hands of Henry Barber. Southwick, after his return, was associated with Barber in the management of the "Mercury." In 1787 he was again sole proprietor of the journal, but shortly after that it passed back into the hands of Barber, and his descendants continued to be its publishers until 1851, when the last publisher of the name died.

After the war Peter Edes, who at one time printed the Boston "Gazette and County Journal," established the Newport "Herald" to oppose the paper-money party, but it ruined him, and when he died, in 1803, he was "poor as a church mouse." Oliver Farnsworth was another unsuccessful printer. He started a newspaper in Newport in 1799 and another in 1800. Both journals "died young." While printing the later one he brought out a small volume, the "Memory of Washington," a collection of eulogies and orations, intended to meet a demand of the moment, but of no lasting value. He also did a little business at trunk-making, and probably in that way worked up some of his unsold publications.

The people were too poor after the war to sustain the printer, and only occasionally an oration, or a sermon of more than ordinary interest, found its way into print. In 1810 Rousmaniere & Barber, who were then publishing the Newport "Mercury," brought out the first American edition of "Oberon." Wieland was then greatly admired; Wiesbeck had sounded his praise, the "Monthly Review" dwelt at length on his merits; and Napoleon

had helped to make him popular by the notice he took of him in the salon of the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, all of which, no doubt, had great weight with the American publishers. The preface, giving a biographical sketch of the author, was written by William Hunter, then a young lawyer who, in maturer years, was made Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Brazil. During the next year the same publishers put to press "Paley's Works," in five volumes, with a memoir by G. W. Meadley, who, two years later, was the author of a memoir of Algernon Sidney, of whom Coleridge was led to say, "What a gentleman he was!"

I have thus briefly sketched what the press has done in this part of Rhode Island. No work of any great importance was ever printed here, but in the early history of the colony its printers were frequently employed by writers and publishers in other places. A long list of such works as "Sermons by Samuel Fothergill" and "A Dialogue from the pen of Wesley" might be mentioned. The only American reprint of the "Fables of Pilpay" is that of 1784, printed in Newport by Solomon Southwick.

It is to be regretted that we have no full and trustworthy series of biographical sketches of American printers. Thomas, in his "History of Printing in America," barely touches upon the subject, and the field is still open to some careful hand. In many cases, owing to the lapse of time, but little may now be gathered, but even that little should be preserved.

Many of the old newspapers that were printed a hundred and fifty years ago are now highly valued as a link in the history of the country, and curious are some of the facts and fancies that they weekly brought together. Editorial articles there were none, and to local news little or no heed was given. It seems to have been the end and aim of the printer to fill his paper with foreign news, to the exclusion of everything but marine intelligence; and if he

lacked for matter, instead of taking up some local event that had happened directly under his own observation, he called upon some literary man to furnish him with short pieces — it mattered little on what subjects — with which to fill his empty columns: a moral essay, an anecdote, an enigma, or a dissertation on the planting and care of fruit trees. There were no reporters, no correspondents in neighboring ports and cities, and no advertising agents; and, so long as the reader eventually got his supply of foreign news, there was no complaint at any delay in bringing it before the public.

One great difficulty the printer had to contend with was the irregularity in the arrival and departure of the mails, particularly in winter, and it was not an uncommon thing to delay going to press till one or more mails arrived. The postmasters were generally the publishers, and frequently they inserted notices like the following: —

"The southern post came in last night about 7 o'clock without the western mail. And in regard this week the western post begins to go once a fortnight only, and for want thereof it might possibly be a disappointment to the merchants or others not to be able to answer their letters by this post; I immediately sent express to Sea Conk for the mail, and expect it in this night at my office, where attendance shall be given at any hour, in order to despatch both the southern and western mails early to-morrow.

"JOHN BOYDELL, P. M."

This appeared in the Boston "Gazette" of Dec. 24, 1733. But long after that they had to contend with the same difficulty.

This copy of the Boston "Gazette," "published by authority," is numbered 729, and is printed on a sheet the size of ordinary letter paper. The whole of the first page is given up to "Christianity and Infidelity Examined," and the greater part of the second is devoted to a communication on the subject of "the new bank"

and the issue of paper money. The foreign news is an extract from a letter from Barbadoes, and there is a careful summary of marine intelligence. The local news, aside from deaths, is embraced in one paragraph : —

"Thursday morning next his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., our Governour, purposes at Sun Rise to set out from *Charlestown* for his other Government of *New Hampshire* (the Weather permitting) and intends to Bate at Phillips's 20 miles from thence, to Dine at Col. *Appleton's* at *Ipswich*, and Lodge that night at Madame *Parteridges* at *Newbury*."

The advertisements, few in number, are set up in this way, with no line or dash between them : —

"*⁂* ALEXANDER FORSYTH, *in Prince Street, near Charlestown ferry, Selleth Extraordinary good* Chocolate *at* 12s. *per Pound*, Coffee, Tea, *and most sorts of* Grocery *at Reasonable Rates.*

"§*§ *Excellent good* Bohea TEA, *Imported in the last ship from* London, *sold by* THOS. HANCOCK.

N. B. *If it don't suit the Ladies Taste, they may Return the Tea and receive their money again.*"

In the Newport "Mercury" for Oct. 30, 1759, under the head of "Boston," I find the following paragraph,—all the news that the number contains in connection with the fall of Quebec : —

"Mons. Montcalm, as the French prisoners say, was almost sure of success, telling his men Wolfe was but a young officer, and he would soon chastise him. The French regular battalions are reduced 150 men each, and most of the Indians have left him. The walls of Quebec are 150 feet thick."

In the same number there is the following passage, which shows how much confidence was then placed in the predictions of the almanac weather prophets : —

"We hear several vessels have been cast away in the late storms, at different places. We are surprised Dr. Ames should neglect inserting

this storm in his almanack, which might have prevented the fate which attended those unfortunate mariners."

In the Boston "Gazette" for Aug. 25, 1765, I find the following advertisement of one whose name a few years later became widely known" : —

"If any person has lost a silver can, that was stop'd on suspicion of its being stolen, and will apply to the subscriber in Charlestown, and describe the same and pay the cost of advertising, they will have it again."

"JOHN HANCOCK, JUN'R."

This was the year following the death of Hancock's uncle, an event by which he became possessed of a large fortune and a lucrative business.

A list of French ships and prames lying in the mouth of the Charente, at Rochefort, in January, 1762, is given in the Newport "Mercury" of May 25. The fleet consisted of eleven ships and seven prames carrying 862 guns and 14 mortars. The English fleet in the Basque Roads, numbered twelve men-of-war and frigates and 818 guns. Off Belle Isle there were a number of ships, including the Royal George, of 100 guns.

In this newspaper, under the head of "news from London," the following anecdote is told : —

"Their Majesties were present at the performance of the 'Winter's Tale' at Drury Lane. Garrick was delivering the lines of an occasional prologue, and when he had reached the passage :

"'For you, my hearts of oak, for you regale,
Here 's good old English stingo, mild and stale.'

He was interrupted by a fellow in the shilling gallery, who exclaimed: 'At a shilling a pot, Mr. Garrick, or confusion to the brewers;' an emendation that was received with the greatest applause."

The news was confined to extracts from London newspapers, touching the state of affairs at St. Petersburg, growing out of the

death of the Emperor; London conjectures as to the future policy of Russia; a few lines from Madrid; one paragraph giving the news from Charleston; another from Philadelphia; and the same from Annapolis and New York, the latter having attached to it a short price-current. The local news, with the exception of the death of a sailor who tried to swim ashore from a transport, is confined to a note of the arrival and departure of sundry vessels. The following paragraph embraces all the news from New York, under date of June 18, 1762: —

"On Monday evening last the New York lighthouse, erected at Sandy Hook, was lighted for the first time. The house is octagonal in shape, having a diameter of twenty-nine feet at the base. It is nine stories high and measures one hundred and three feet in height. It was lighted with forty-eight blazes. The structure was put up by Isaac Couro of New York, and is judged to be a masterly piece of work."

The "Pennsylvania Journal" of Sept. 24, 1766, the newspaper founded by William Bradford, but then bearing the imprint of "William and Thomas Bradford," was given up in great part to the publishing of copies of letters written by John Hughes the previous year, and addressed to the Commissioners of the Stamp Office in London, and to Dr. Franklin. In the next number of that newspaper Hughes denied that the letters were genuine, to which the printers replied: The letters "were publicly seen and read in the Coffee House in London by great numbers, were laid before Parliament, and are copied verbatim in their books. They came as genuine into our hands, as such we laid them before the public, and such we have it in our power to prove them."

A similar stir was made when the "New York Packet," printed at Fishkill by Samuel Loudon, published, in its number for Oct. 1, 1778, the recantation of Benjamin Towne. Towne was the printer of the "Pennsylvania Evening Post," under the

protection of Congress, and professed to be a firm and zealous friend of the patriot cause. But when the British troops took possession of Philadelphia he changed his colors, and issued his newspaper under the protection of General Howe. As he had once abused the British, so he now abused Congress and the American army. But when affairs took another turn, he desired to come back and unsay all that he had previously said about his countrymen, promising "not to be backward in calling the British tyrant, after the example of the great and eminent author of 'Common Sense,' the Royal Brute, or giving him any other appellation still more opprobrious, if such could be found."

To recover some of his former influence, he asked Dr. Witherspoon, who had previously written for his newspaper, to renew his contributions; but the doctor declined having anything to do with him till he publicly recanted. It was finally agreed that the doctor should write the recantation, and that Towne should publish it under his own signature. But when it was handed in, Towne wished to have some of the expressions softened, and until it was so modified he declined to print it. In the meantime a copy was passed from hand to hand in Philadelphia, and at length it reached Loudon, who gave it to the public. The recantation will be found in the published works of Dr. Witherspoon.

With these old newspapers there is a copy of the New York "Gazette and Weekly Mercury" for March 1, 1773, "printed by Hugh Gaine, at the Bible and Crown, in Hanover Square." It is adorned with a rude cut of the arms of the colony of New York. Under the head-line, extending across the sheet, the assize of bread is given, and a price-current of leading articles: "A white loaf of the finest flower way'g 1 lb. 6 oz., should be sold for 4 coppers, and one of 11 oz. for 2 coppers." Wheat at that time was worth seven and sixpence a bushel. The first column of the

paper is devoted to the question of the division line between the counties of Ulster and Albany; this is followed by the card of Andrew Elliot, Receiver-General, calling upon all persons who were in arrears to the king for quitrents to discharge their obligations without further notice. The only literary matter in the number is an extract from Dr. Beattie's "Essay on Truth," published in Edinburgh in 1771, and commended to the reader by a correspondent under the signature of "Philander."

In the "South Carolina Gazette" for May 17, 1774, I find a notice of church rates "assessed the parishioners of St. Bartholomew's parish, as well resident as non-residents," and a continuation of the exciting news from Boston, April 11, and New York April 25, in regard to the destruction of tea, and the determination to resist the further importation of that article by the East India Company. A further cause of excitement was the news of the hanging of Governor Hutchinson of Massachusetts in effigy in London.

Under date of Boston, Aug. 11, 1790, we learn of the arrival of the ship "Columbia" at that port, from a voyage of adventure to the northwest coast of America. The ship, in company with the sloop "Washington," sailed on Sept. 30, 1787, and the year following they reached their place of destination. They were the first American vessels to circumnavigate the globe, and the "Washington," a vessel of only ninety tons, was said to be the first sloop ever sent on so long a voyage.

In March of 1790 there appeared an article in the Newport 'Mercury," "On the Utility of Newspapers":—

"Of every species of printing, that of newspapers is of the greatest utility. From hence we learn the circumstances of our country, its various interests and relations. Here, too, public men and public measures are scrutinized. Should any man, or body of men, dare to form a system against our interests; by this means it will be unfolded to

the great body of the people, and the alarm instantly spread through every part of the Continent. In this way only can we know how far our public servants perform the duties of their respective stations. The detection of guilt and the vindication of innocence cannot by any other means be with such facility and so extensively propagated. Hence is curiosity, that source of knowledge, roused, and the faculties of the mind rendered generously active."

In August of that year (1790) the Newport "Herald" treated its readers to a lecture on widows, the writer opening the subject with the query: "Are all widows alike? If not, how many species of them are there?" But there is but little of the facetious in these old newspapers. Occasionally there is an anecdote or two that perhaps would better have been omitted, and the witticisms are almost always too broad to be repeated. The earliest attempt at anything like the present custom of collecting a few amusing paragraphs under the head of "Waifs," "Chit-Chat," and the like, I have found in the "Massachusetts Centinel" of May 16, 1789, under the heading "English Newspaporials." Here is one of the paragraphs:—

"*A Curious Fact.* — The mate of the "Kitty," Capt. Hudson, arrived Liverpool from Virginia, informs that on Saturday, the 20th Sept., 1788, being in lat. 30.2 N. a passenger on board, having his watch in his pocket, went to the head, and lost it overboard. On the Friday following, being in lat. 26.40 N. they catched three dolphins, the largest of which was 5 feet 4 inches long, 2 feet 6 inches round, and weighed 42 pounds; in the belly of which was found, to the astonishment of the whole ship's crew, the passenger's watch. The distance run per log was 380 miles."

But in 1790 the wits amused themselves with the efforts of Congress to find an abiding place, and when that body left New York they sang:—

"Must Congress go? Corinna cry'd,
And I not yet fifteen?
Julia's a Congressman's sweet bride,
So should I soon have been.

"How old are you? Fourteen last May.
Oh, then feel no chagrin;
An even bet one safe may lay,
They 're back ere you 're fifteen."

But when Congress, in turn, turned its back on Princeton, N. J., an old farmer in that neighborhood took a more gloomy view of its departure, and gave vent to his feelings in the prayer:

"Loard, make them like unto a wheel; may they still be rouling from Beersheba to Dan, and from Dan to Beersheba, and find no rest on this side of Jordan."

THE BULL HOUSE, 1639.

IX.

OLD TIME FROLICS.

THE recent demolition of the Queen's Bench Prison in England — the old Marshalsea — calls to mind an incident connected with the King's Bench Prison in Newport in colonial times. In 1752 the successful captains sailing out of Newport organized the Fellowship Club, which in 1754 was incorporated by the General Assembly. It was composed in great part of followers of the sea, who in this way bound themselves to each other; and merry were their gatherings when they came home from sea and talked over their adventures. But these merry-makings were brought to a close by the Stamp Act, an obnoxious measure which reduced many of these old sea-dogs to penury.

The Stamp Act told heavily on every seaport in New England, but on none more heavily than on Newport; for nearly all its capital was invested in commerce. The port at that time had nearly two hundred vessels in the foreign trade, a regular line

of London packets, and between three and four hundred coasting vessels. All this tended to affluence; but when the non-importation agreement was signed it put an end to all trade; and what with a depreciated currency, and vessels almost without number lying idle at the docks, many of the inhabitants found themselves without the means of subsistence. Worse than that, the prisons were filled with insolvent debtors.

It was at this time, 1769, that the members of the club who were not crippled by their losses gave an elegant entertainment at the King's Bench Prison to their friends who were confined there. To this entertainment many persons outside of the prison walls, friends and acquaintances, were invited, and altogether it was a spirited affair. That in sentiment it was strongly opposed to the policy of the Crown can be seen from the toasts that were drunk.

The first toast, as in duty bound, was "The King and the Royal Family." This was followed by "The Governor and Company of the Colony of Rhode Island." In toasting "The Infant College in this Colony" the hope was expressed that it would "forever espouse the sacred cause of liberty." This was followed by "Success to the trade of the colony and a speedy downfall to those who endeavor to burden or obstruct it." After that the leaders of the opposition and the friends of America were toasted — the Earl of Chatham, Lord Camden, General Conway, the Marquis of Rockingham, Sir George Saville, Colonel Barré, Edmund Burke, the brave General Paoli, the supporters of the Bill of Rights, the House of Burgesses of Virginia, James Otis, &c., concluding with the following toasts: —

"May we always meet our friends in a more agreeable situation."

"A speedy passage to Governor B — n — d, that he may meet his rewards at T — b — n."

"May J. R — b — n, one of the C — m — ers, be rewarded with a halter."

Scarcely a month had elapsed since the departure of Governor Bernard, who had been recalled, and the denunciation of John Robinson, the newly appointed Commissioner to enforce the Acts of Trade, grew out of an affray at the British Coffee House, in Boston, between James Otis and Robinson, on the 10th of September, only a week before the dinner.

Otis had published some strictures on the Commissioners in the Boston "Gazette," under his own signature, and when he and Robinson met in the coffee house they had some words which led to blows. Robinson struck Otis with his cane, and Otis returned it. It was plain that the matter could not be settled then and there, and Otis offered to give Robinson satisfaction in a more retired place, which was declined; he then offered to go with him to a private room on the premises and there settle their differences, a challenge which Robinson appeared to accept; but before they could reach the door he suddenly turned and tried to take Otis by the nose. In this he failed, and the scuffle began again, but it was no longer confined to the two with whom it originated, for all the officers of the army, navy, and revenue service who were present took sides with Robinson. Swords were drawn and sharp blows were given.

At this juncture a young gentleman named Gridley came to the assistance of Mr. Otis, only to be attacked in the same manner. The two kept together and fought their way to the rear door and finally escaped, but badly cut up. Gridley had to be carried off. Otis, failing to obtain satisfaction in the usual way among gentlemen at that day, brought a suit against Robinson and was awarded damages to the amount of £2,000; but having won the case he refused to receive the award, and would only allow his opponent to meet the cost of the trial and other expenses growing out of the affair.

One of the members of the Fellowship Club present at the dinner in the King's Bench Prison was Captain George Croswell, whose friends had given up all hopes of seeing him again, he having been so long absent as to make it almost certain that he and all who were with him had been lost at sea. He had been trading in the West Indies, and not finding the market to his mind had run over to the Spanish Main, trading from point to point, till he reached what is now New Orleans, and there he got into trouble. The country had been distracted for years when in 1762 the eastern side of the Mississippi was ceded to Great Britain, with the exception of the peninsula on which New Orleans stands; which, with all the western side of the river, was ceded to the Spaniards by a secret treaty. This last cession was first made known by a proclamation from Governor d' Abbadie, in 1764. In 1766 Don Antonio Ulloa, who had made himself famous by accompanying the French mathematicians to measure a degree of longitude in Peru, and by a book of travels, from which Jefferson quotes in the original Spanish in his notes on Virginia, arrived at New Orleans with a body of troops, which was increased in 1767 by a reinforcement of two thousand men from Havana. It was just at this time that Croswell reached New Orleans, where his vessel was detained. It was a scene of turmoil, from which he would gladly have escaped. The people discredited the cession, and the governor issued a decree compelling Don Ulloa and the principal Spanish officers to leave the territory. This was looked upon as a revolt, and in 1769 General O'Reilly arrived with about five thousand men, a force which put the province under martial law, sentenced the Attorney-General and some of the principal inhabitants to be shot, and sent others to Morro Castle. It was in the midst of this excitement, which ended in the complete mastery of the Spaniards over the French, that Croswell managed to get safely away.

The Fellowship Club gave up its charter in 1785, when it received a new charter as the Marine Society; that society has come down to the present day. It has now a capital of $25,000.

There were no entertainments at the time of which I am writing — the middle of the last century — more popular than turtle parties. It was the custom with captains sailing to the West Indies to bring home a turtle on the return voyage; and if perchance a captain was only to touch at the West Indies and then push on to some more distant mart, he tried to send home a turtle by some vessel up for Newport. With the turtle there usually came a keg of limes, the juice of which, combined with old Barbadoes rum and other excellent materials, was highly esteemed as a beverage. Punch was never out of season and never out of place. The mixing of the ingredients, the rum, the sugar, the lime-juice and the arrack, was an art that few possessed, and to be called a good punch-brewer was praise indeed. The same may be said of cooks; for it was not every cook, in the estimation of epicures, who could dress a turtle as it should be.

It was in 1752 that Mr. George Bresett (this name should not be confounded with that of the Rev. George Bisset, who did not come to Newport till 1767) sailed for the West Indies for pleasure or on business. While there he sent a fine turtle and a keg of limes to Samuel Freebody, in a vessel commanded by Freebody's brother Thomas. The voyage proved too long for the limes, but the turtle came in good order, and was at once handed over to Cuffy Cockroach. (This was a veritable name.) Cuff was a noted turtle cook. He had been brought from the coast of Guinea in his youth, and on his arrival "in a land where he could have the benefit of a Gospel dispensation" he was assigned a place in the kitchen of Jahleel Brenton, where his natural aptitude and close attention to the precepts of his elders made him in time a successful cook. The day came when he stood alone in his profes-

sion. To say that Cuff had had a hand in a dinner was to awaken the keenest expectations.

Freebody, known among his kinsfolk and acquaintance as Sammy Freebody, asked and obtained permission to have the party at Fort George, on Goat Island, opposite the town. The colonies were then at peace, and the garrison was disbanded. A few men were retained on the island, whose only duty it was to look after the property of the colony. The invitations were sent out without delay for December 23; for Christmas was near at hand, and no one wished to encroach upon the holidays. When the day came it was thought best to send the guests over in a sloop rather than in open boats, then the usual way of passing to and from the island.

The party was made up of forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen, and when they landed at the fort the flag was hoisted and saluted with a discharge of cannon. Then the company gathered in the quarters of the commandant, and at two o'clock they went in to dinner. Mrs. Philip Wilkinson was seated at the head of the table, and on her right sat Deputy Governor Whipple. Mrs. Wilkinson was well fitted to preside, for she was fascinating in her manners; and she must have been very handsome, judging from her portrait, which has recently been taken to San Francisco.

The dinner was not served in the old blue and white India ware, of which almost every family had a set, but on Liverpool ware of novel patterns and mixed colors — blue and brown with cream-colored edges. The covers of the vegetable dishes were moulded into the form of pies and tarts and other devices, and the tureens, curiously enough, were made to resemble a roast turkey. I have not been able to learn that a single specimen of these tureens has been preserved; but as late as 1797 they were in use and were then occasionally imported.

At five o'clock tea was brought in and served in china cups,

enamelled in colors, scarcely any two of the same pattern. They were then obtained through European houses, for at that time the colonies had no direct trade with China. As soon as tea was over the musicians were called, and sets for dancing were formed. "Pea Straw," the "Faithful Shepherd," "Arcadian Nuptials," and other favorite dances followed in succession till ten o'clock, when the ladies began to look for their wrappings. But before bidding adieu to the scene of their festivities the company gathered around a smoking bowl of toddy, brought in at the last moment. Then they left the island, taking with them the musicians. It was a superb night, clear but not cold, and the moon was at the full. When they landed it was eleven o'clock, but, instead of at once separating, every man going to his own home, they kept together and went the rounds, leaving one of the company at this door and one at that, serenading in every instance. In this way the whole company in succession were honored, and then the musicians sought their own quarters. The next day, in a letter to Bresett describing the party, Freebody closed with these words: —

> Upon the whole the entertainment had the preference over all turtle frolics before it, and Mr. George Bresett's health, with "honest George," was freely drank in a cheerful glass by every person; and at the request of the company I return you their compliments for the foundation of so agreeable an entertainment. George, I conclude in hopes of seeing you soon, and so sincerely wish you health and prosperity, and remain your assured friend and most humble servant,
>
> SAMUEL FREEBODY.

X.

THE LAST COLORED UNDERTAKER.

AT one period in the colonial history of Newport, nearly or quite all the domestic servants were slaves, bound to their masters, who either owned them outright or hired them for a term of years. In either case the servants had no choice in the matter. Ownership was thought best, where the means of the head of the house warranted it; for the influence of the master was greater, it was thought, and the tie between the two was strengthened by the connection. The New Englanders, at the worst, were not hard task-masters, and it is well known that, as a general thing, they took a lively interest in the welfare of their dependents. When the purchase was made it was ratified by a bill of sale. This system was in force up to the time of emancipation in 1784. Few were the complaints of the servitude exacted, and probably in no section of the country were the chains of slavery less galling than in Rhode Island. That emancipation was timely and productive of good no one will question. But while we admit that the principle on which slaves were held — chattels — was wrong, and that we cannot and should not look upon slavery with the eyes of the old elder, who, invariably, the Sunday following the arrival of a slaver from the Coast, thanked God "that another cargo of benighted beings had been brought to a land where they could have the benefit of a Gospel dispensation;" still, if we look at the rela-

tion of master and slave at that time, we must own that the attachment between them was stronger, and the interest manifested in the welfare of each other was far greater than anything in our days between employer and employee. The children of the two grew up together. The ties thus formed were often stronger than life. The loss sustained by the master was felt by the slave, and the disappointment of the one was a matter of regret with the other. And frequently the slave, rather than see his master turned out of doors, placed at his disposal the little that he had saved of his earnings. The servant expected to work for his master as long as he was able, and when he grew old and infirm, he relied on being cared for by some member of the family. In this he was rarely mistaken. I might show how faithfully this, in many instances, was done; but one illustration will do as well as many. There was an old negro living here, old, worn-out, and past service of any kind. He had not a friend in the world, for the members of his old master's family were all dead, with one exception, and he had been long absent. Gibbs and Channing took pity on Cudjo — for that was his name — and allowed him a weekly stipend, which was regularly paid. At last, learning the residence of the survivor of the family, they wrote to him setting forth the claims of Cudjo, which were recognized, and they were authorized to make the old man comfortable for the rest of his days.

Those persons who can call to mind the kitchens of a former generation will remember the old pensioners who gathered in them — forms bent with infirmities and gray with age, but happy and contented, having no care. There were the Jim Samsons, the Pomp Overings and others, whose names I have only to mention, to awaken pleasing recollections.

The slaves took the names of their masters, and were so designated — Quarko Malbone, Sam Collins, Ritter (Henrietta)

Ellery, Phillis Champlin, and Dinah Ayrault. When they were ill the family physician attended them. When the girl, who first played with her young mistress and then became her maid, was about to be married, she had a becoming outfit, and the clergyman who united the daughter united the maid. And when, at last, death claimed a victim, black and white mingled their tears at the open grave. Do we see any such feeling now-a-days? any such attachment between master and servant? any service extending over a period of a lifetime?

From what I have said it may be inferred that all the members of a household, white and black, were of one persuasion. This was usually the case. If the head of the family was a Baptist, the presiding Elder was called upon when a marriage or a funeral was about to be solemnized. If he was a Quaker, an Episcopalian, or any other denomination, the rule held good; but there was but one colored undertaker, and he had charge of all the funerals of his race.

The last one to fill this office bore the euphonious name of Mintus. He was tall, spare, and angular, with grizzly locks, full on the sides of his head but wanting on the scalp. But this last defect was not observed when he was on the street, conducting a funeral, for then he wore a bell-crowned hat that seemed older than himself. A stiff stock threw his head well back, and the erect collar of his shirt crowded hard up under his ears. The other features of his dress have escaped my memory, save and except that he wore on state occasions — albeit a funeral was a state occasion — a long, blue, swallow-tail coat, with brass buttons; and when he stepped, in long strides, the coat-tails nearly touched the ground, till his lank figure came up for another stride. Gloves he never wore, and with scarfs and flowers and ribbons he was not familiar.

It took Mintus some time to organize a funeral; but when

everything was ready, he gave the signal to move, by walking ahead of the hearse in the middle of the street, one hand under his coat-tail, and taking long strides which carried him some distance ahead of his charge; then he turned his head, and, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Come along with that corpse!" This was repeated from time to time till they reached the grave, where Mintus sought to do everything "decently and in order;" which meant with him as much pomp and ceremony as he could muster. But he too, in time, was gathered to his fathers, and a white man bore him to his grave; for there was no one to fill the vacancy caused by his death, — no one who could or would wear the bell-crowned hat and the blue swallow-tail.

In a common burial-ground, the spot that was used by all the inhabitants of Newport before the Island Cemetery was laid out, the briers and the ivy creep through the grass and cling to stones so moss-grown and crumbling that one often finds it difficult to decipher them; and, in the still more neglected parts, no hand has sought to plant the lily and the rose over the graves of the humble dead. Here lie the remains of many faithful servants, whose worth is recorded in some simple line. Here Mintus found a resting-place, and for him there can be no more fitting epitaph than these words: "He was a good man, respected by all who knew him."

XI.

POLITICS EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

IN the life of Albert Gallatin, by Henry Adams, recently published, there is this passage in a letter from Mr. Gallatin to Mrs. Gallatin, dated Philadelphia, May 6, 1800:

"Last Saturday evening the Federal members of Congress had a large meeting, in which it was agreed there was no chance of carrying Mr. Adams, but that he must still be supported, ostensibly in order to carry the votes in New England; but that the only chance was to take up — ostensibly as vice-president, but really as president — a man from South Carolina, who, being carried everywhere, except in his own State, along with Mr. Jefferson, would then be elected. And for that purpose, abandoning Thomas Pinckney, they have selected General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. I think they will succeed neither in South Carolina in getting votes for him, nor in New England in making the people jilt Adams."

This calls to mind a number of old letters on the same subject, which I have now in my possession. In giving extracts from them the italics and other peculiarities of the original letters have been followed. There was probably never a more exciting time in politics in Rhode Island (the Dorr rebellion excepted) than when Mr. Jefferson was nominated as President of the United States in opposition to Mr. Adams. For months it was the one question that agitated men's minds, and traces of it are to be found in the business as well as the political letters of that period.

Whatever the subject of the letter, it was pretty sure to have connected with it some allusion to the coming election; and when the time drew near, and it was found how close the candidates were running, the excitement became intense. Every question that came before the people was weighed, to see what influence it might have, directly or indirectly, on the election. In this way a handle was made of the Jay treaty and other prominent measures.

One of the Federalists, writing from Philadelphia in February, 1800, said: —

"The Federalists are reconciled to the measures which have been taken by President Adams to open a negotiation with France, and he will, I think, be unanimously supported by them at the next election. The Anti-Federalists, however, are making every possible exertion to prevent his re-election; but I am decidedly of the opinion that he will be re-elected in spite of all their exertions. I hope that great care will be taken to obtain for him *all* the votes of our little State. I do think his re-election will be of immense importance to the honor, the interests, and happiness of the people of the United States."

Up to the last moment it was an open question who would carry off the honors. Oliver Wolcott wrote to Jedediah Morse, Nov. 28: —

"The issue of the election of a President is at this time as uncertain as ever; all depends on the vote of South Carolina, and this is claimed and expected by both parties."

A few days later, December 6, the member of Congress from Newport wrote to one of his constituents from Washington: —

"The ten electors of Maryland are *equally* divided. The electors of Pennsylvania were chosen by the Senate and House of Representatives of that State, in the manner it was said in New York they would be. *Four* of the electors of North Carolina are in favor of Mr. Adams, and *eight* in favor of Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Adams, it is certain, has not

obtained a vote in Tennessee; in short, the conclusion drawn *from the best information that can possibly be obtained here* is, that *exclusive* of the votes of South Carolina, Mr. Jefferson will have *sixty-five* votes, and Mr. Adams will have exactly the same number. The decision, therefore, of the great question depends entirely upon the votes of South Carolina. This clearly shows the good policy of the measures adopted by the Federalists at the famous meeting which was held at Philadelphia before the close of the last session of Congress.

"In relation to South Carolina, I am sorry to say that the accounts received here from a number of respectable men in the State are very contradictory; and from this I infer that the members of the Legislature of that State are nearly equally divided. In this situation of things I tremble lest a vote may have been thrown away in New England; for, should that have been the case, and the Legislature of South Carolina be *Anti-federal*, Mr. Jefferson will undoubtedly be chosen President. Whether *Federal* or *Anti-federal*, General Pinckney will certainly have the votes of that State, and if he has been equally supported with Mr. Adams elsewhere, will have as many votes in any event as Mr. Jefferson. Should South Carolina be Federal, Mr. Adams will be *re-elected;* for should General Pinckney have an *equal* number of votes with him, the House of Representatives would make choice of Mr. Adams by an almost unanimous vote. You may rely upon the information contained in this letter, anything you may find in a newspaper to the contrary notwithstanding."

On the 10th of the same month he again wrote from Washington: —

"General Marshall has received a letter from *General Charles C. Pinckney*, dated at the seat of government of South Carolina, the 29th ultimo, in which he says, 'The electors of this State *are not yet chosen*, but they will be such as will vote for Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Burr.' This news has excited the most painful sensation in the breast of every Federalist here. It is barely possible that General Pinckney might be mistaken. God grant that events may not justify his predictions."

Two days later he wrote from Washington as follows: —

"A letter was received here last evening from a gentleman of great respectability, dated at *Columbus*, in South Carolina, the 2d instant. *Anti-federal* electors were chosen on that day by the Legislature of that State. In one branch of it there are 124 members, & in the other 37 members, making in the whole 161. The electors were chosen by *a joint vote*, & the *Anti-federal* candidates had a majority of 13 votes — that is to say, the candidate on the *Anti-federal* ticket who had the smallest number of votes had 13 more than the candidate on the Federal ticket who had the greatest number of votes among the Federal candidates.

"It seems two or three Federal Parishes lost their votes by *double* returns — that is to say: Gen. Pinckney was chosen to represent 2 or 3 different Parishes — six or seven votes were lost by the absence of Federal members. Had, however, no vote been lost, there would still have been a small *Anti-federal* majority. Thus it appears the present result, so far as it respects Mr. Adams, could not have been avoided. A proposition was made to General Pinckney and his friends for a compromise, which should exclude Mr. Adams and give all the votes of South Carolina to General Pinckney and Mr. Jefferson. This was rejected with disdain by General Pinckney, who said he chose rather to stand or fall with Mr. Adams. This circumstance ought to be made public in New England. Mr. Jefferson is, without doubt, in my opinion, elected President of the United States, and Colonel Burr, it is probable, Vice-President. General Marshall, Mr. Dexter, Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Wolcott, the *heads* of the *four* great departments, will CERTAINLY resign their offices."

Growing out of this election there were some hard feelings in this little State. Among other things there was a report in circulation that Governor Fenner had said that at the previous election, 1796, the elector from Newport expressed a wish to vote for General Pinckney, but that Governor Fenner told him if he did so he (Fenner) would vote for Mr. Jefferson, which brought out this reply:

"I cannot believe Gov. Fenner has made that assertion; if he has I declare it is without foundation. So far from my ever contemplating to vote for Mr. Pinckney, I wrote my vote, before I left home, for Mr.

Adams & Mr. Ellsworth, & to the best of my recollection Mr. Pinckney's name was not mentioned by either of the electors. Governor Fenner said he could wish that Mr. Adams should be the President & Mr. Jefferson the Vice President. I observed, as we could not designate, I would not vote for Mr. Adams & Mr. Jefferson, as it might put in Mr. Jefferson the President, & then laid my vote on the table for Mr. Adams & Ellsworth. Governor Greene requested me to write him the same vote, & so did Governor Potter, & then Governor Fenner wrote his vote in the same manner."

This was satisfactory to Governor Fenner, who took occasion, in a letter dated Dec. 14, 1800, to define his position and give his reason for voting against his party:

"I will now give you my reason why I was in sentiment against the Adams ticket, so called, which, in my opinion, might more properly be called the Pinckney ticket.

"Some time in the summer past, I believe in July, General Hamilton, an entire stranger to me further than the knowledge of him from his public character, came to my house in company with Colonels Christopher & Jeremiah Olney, General Barton, & Colonel Ogdon. General Hamilton was very familiar, open, & candid. He at once began the election of the President, supposing, as he said, that I should be one of the electors, to which no reply was made by me at that moment respecting my not being one. He observed that he had been to the eastward upon the business, & that it was concluded upon to run for Adams & C. C. Pinckney; that all New England would vote for them, and that the electors to the southward that voted for Adams would vote for Pinckney, & a number to the southward that voted for Jefferson would also vote for Pinckney, by which Mr. Pinckney would certainly succeed.

"I then asked him what Mr. Adams had done that he should be tipped out of the tail of the cart. He answered, that Mr. Adams could not succeed, & that it was better to lose the man than the measures. I replied that my attachment for Mr. Adams was much greater now than it was before when I gave him my vote; that he had sent envoys to France to endeavor to reconcile the two countries, & that there were great prospects of a happy issue; that he had disbanded an unneces-

sary army, & dismissed his secretaries who were opposed to his pacific measures, & that his eyes were now opened & he saw the danger he had run by being led by a set of men who were, in my opinion, under the influence of the British, & that it was my opinion Mr. Pinckney was too much attached to the British interest to be our chief magistrate, &c., &c., too much to write in a letter. He observed that as I had no acquaintance with Mr. Pinckney he would inform me that he was *all* before Mr. Jefferson for President. Mr. Jefferson was a man of no judgment; he could write a pretty book, it was true, & gave some hard words; that if I should hear the two converse together he was sure of my judgment coinciding with his. My reply was that I had said nothing respecting Jefferson: all that I had said was in favor of Adams. He replied, Adams is out of the question, it is Pinckney & Jefferson. I asked him if that was really the case: he answered in the affirmative; my reply was that if that was really the case, if I was an elector, if a hundred votes were my proportion to give, they would all be given for Jefferson in preference to Pinckney, for the British yoke I abhorred.

"I had considerable further conversation with [General Hamilton] respecting his knowledge of the votes in New England, and especially the votes in this State. He seemed very sanguine. I told him he could not tell who they would be, of course could not tell how they would vote. If the State was divided into districts, in my opinion the counties of Newport & Washington would give Jefferson their votes, but as it was a general ticket I had my doubts.

"This conversation was not divulged by me, as it took place in my house. I expected some of the gentlemen who heard it would first mention it; and so it was that Colonel Christopher Olney made it known at Hudson; through that channel it got into the Albany papers.

"This conversation lay heavy on my mind. Information was given me in the morning of the day the President arrived, that he was expected here in the course of the day. I immediately left home, went into the town, made such preparations as was by the gentlemen thought proper, waited in town until one o'clock, the President not arriving, returned home much unwell. The President arrived toward night. Soon after his arrival he inquired after me, my health, &c., & manifested a wish to see me. A gentleman came in the evening & informed me of it: I went; the President very politely received me, a number of

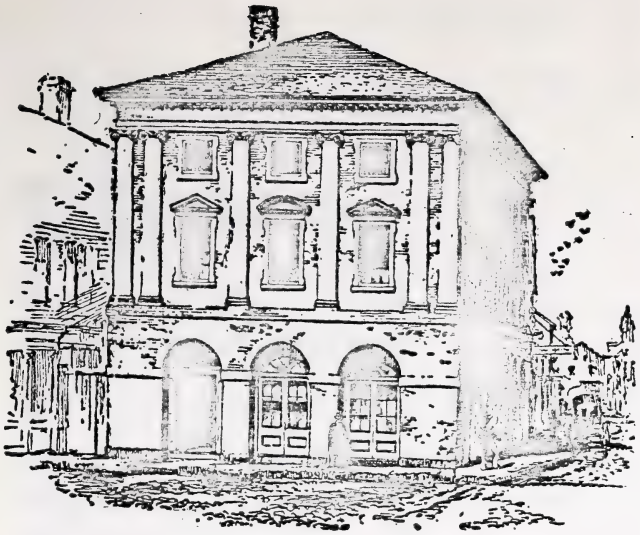
gentlemen being in the room : to wit, Theo. Foster, Judge *Dorrance*, &c. My chair was next to the President's. But very little more than the usual compliments passed between the President & me; the President answered those who spoke to him, it appeared to the gentlemen, I suppose, that he was fatigued; they arose, & it was my intention to have gone with them; but I had reason to believe he did not wish it. As soon as the gentlemen were gone he ordered Aldrich to shut the door, no person with him but myself. He began the conversation; it was upon Hamilton's tour to the eastward & his plan. He had seen by the papers that Hamilton had paid me a visit, & the issue of it in part, which led me to relate some more than was published, & to contradict part of what was published. He then went fully into Hamilton's plan, & informed me that Hamilton was the man that brought Thos. Pinckney forward, when he was first a candidate for the presidency. I replied that at that time I had not the most distant idea that it was intended Th's. Pinckney should be the President, but had my fears that if all New England run for Pinckney it might endanger *him;* therefore exerted myself to prevent a vote in this State from being given for him, which was effected. He informed me there was more danger now than then, or words that conveyed that meaning, & that Hamilton was disappointed & would exert himself to get him out, &c.

"From that time my fears were confirmed respecting the plan for bringing Pinckney in President. I made it known whenever opportunity offered, tho' not very often, being out of the *latitude*, and have frequently, when I mentioned it, said I conceived it my duty to give every information that was given me in my official capacity, that in any manner or degree might affect the interest of the citizens of this State, as a centinal or watchman upon the walls of the city. These expressions I know I have made, & it is very likely that upon a similar occasion should make them again; but you can clearly see that they were not made as falsely insinuated to you, as may be inferred by your letter, as intended for you or any other individual. You was not appointed an elector, nor could it have reference by any means to an individual.

"From what took place at the Assembly I was led to believe that the gentlemen named in the Adams ticket — so called — would give their votes for Adams & Pinckney, which I considered, & am sure that President Adams would consider, as eventually voting against him. There

fore, as before said, my wish was that the other ticket might prevail, as I supposed the gentlemen named on that ticket would give their support for Adams & Jefferson; or, at any rate, not for Pinckney, & my wish is that Jefferson should be elected in preference to Pinckney, & it is my opinion that fifteen-sixteenths of the citizens of this State are of my opinion in that respect."

The excitement growing out of this contest lasted for some time, and had an influence on the State election the following year; but Arthur Fenner, who was first elected Governor in 1790, continued to fill the office up to the time of his death in 1805.

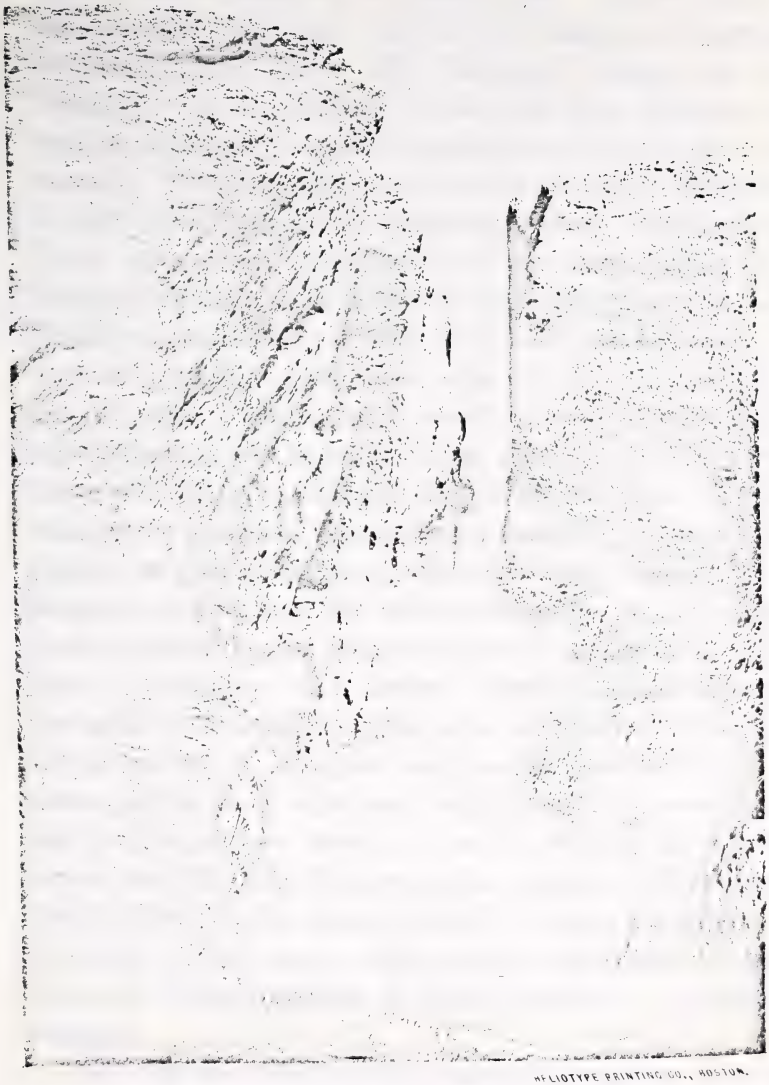


CITY HALL.

XII.

THE CITY HALL.

IN 1760 the erection of a handsome building at the head of Long Wharf was agitated, and, February 10, the proprietors of the wharf decided to set apart a lot with a frontage of thirty feet on Thames Street, and fifty-three feet deep, to be granted to the town for the erection of a fine structure, "the lower part to be used for a market, and for no other use whatsoever, unless it should be found convenient to appropriate some part of it for a watch-house." The upper part was to be made into stores for the sale of dry goods. All the rents and profits derived from the building were to be paid into the town treasury, as a fund for the purpose of supplying a public granary. The building was to be erected after plans to be agreed upon, and at a cost of $4,000,



HELIOTYPE PRINTING CO., BOSTON.

PURGATORY.

which money was to be raised by means of a lottery, and a committee was appointed to petition the General Assembly for the right to have a lottery of the fourth class. By the 10th of July the movement had taken a more definite shape, and a committee — Henry Collins, Joseph Bell, Augustus Johnson, and Joseph Lyndon, — were appointed to confer with Peter Harrison, architect, in regard to plans, with instructions to report at a future meeting. The committee found that the lot was not large enough for such a building as they proposed to erect. Seeing this, Mr. Gould, who owned the property on the south, agreed to give enough of his land to make the lot thirty-three feet wide, and the proprietors extended the bounds on the west to a point that gave a depth of sixty-eight feet. Soon after this the building was put up. It marks a well defined period in early colonial architecture, and stands out in bold relief as a noble protest against the shams and affectations too prevalent in modern work. The outer walls, which combine a simple podium sustaining an order of Ionic pilasters of good proportions, and screen walls pierced with well-designed windows, are still sound and good. As an example of simple construction, its influence is good; as a work of architecture — art building — it is better. Harrison, who stood high in the ranks of his contemporaries as an architect of the Georgian school, has left to us a pure and graceful example of the Free Classic of the early eighteenth century; and its generous mass and grouping of parts show us where he received his early training — under Sir John Vanbruge, the architect of Blenheim and Castle Howard. The details have all the vigor and general characteristics of that master, while recalling the central pavilion of Wanstead House, designed by Colin Campbell, a contemporary architect.

The town was called upon to accept the granary in January, 1762; but the buildings had not been fully paid for, and there was

a strong opposition to supplying means to wipe out the debt that had been incurred. A long address appeared in the "Mercury," in which the writer claimed that, the committee having entered upon their work before a sufficient sum to complete the building had been raised, they should meet the liability themselves, and urged the freemen to have nothing to do with it. The difficulty was finally settled, and the town, from the time that the building came into its possession, has made it available. In 1793 the upper part was leased to Amanda Placide, who converted it into a theatre, and for many years it was used by strolling companies that from time to time came to Newport. It is now wholly used for city offices.

XIII.

THE OLD THEATRE.

THE earliest mention of a theatrical performance in the colonies is found in Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," where it is asserted that a company, which had previously appeared at Williamsburg, Va., gave an entertainment of the kind in Philadelphia in 1749. Dr. J. W. Francis, in his entertaining "Old New York," says that the introduction of the drama into the colonies was in a building in Nassau Street, New York, Feb. 26, 1750, when "Richard III.," altered by Colley Cibber, was brought out under the management of Lewis Hallam, who is known to history as the "father of the American stage." Dunlap, who devoted a great deal of time to the history of the stage in America, gives a different version, and fortifies it with documentary evidence. The Hallams — William and Lewis — formed a company in England to come to the colonies, and, having organized it, they gave to each member his part of the twenty-four plays that had been selected, and which were rehearsed before leaving England. William Hallam was to remain at home. The company, under the management of Lewis Hallam, who took his young son with him, sailed for Yorktown, Va., where they arrived in June, 1752. This was the "Old American Company," as it was called for many years. The performance spoken of by Watson as having been given in 1749 was not worthy to be called theatrical; the actors, few in number, were inexperienced, and, having no knowledge of the stage, their efforts were unsuccessful. The point of destina-

tion of Hallam's Company was Williamsburg; but, before going there, two of the actors, with one or two other persons who probably had some knowledge of the stage, went to Annapolis and performed the "Beaux Stratagem" and the "Virgin Unmasked," July 13, 1752. This may be said to have been the first theatrical performance in America.

Hallam obtained permission to bring his company before the public at Williamsburg, and on the 5th of September of the same year Rigby, Clarkson, Singleton, Herbert, Winnel, Hallam, Malone, and Adock, with Mrs. Hallam and Miss Palmer, appeared before the American public. The prologue, written by Singleton and delivered by Rigby, opened with these lines: —

> "To this new world, from famed Britannia's shore,
> Through boisterous seas, where foaming billows roar,
> The Muse who Britons charmed for many an age,
> Now sends her servants forth to tread your stage,
> Britain's own race, though far removed, to show
> Patterns of every virtue they should know."

Governor Dinwiddie, probably at the solicitation of the manager, gave the company a certificate at their departure, in which it was affirmed that they had conducted themselves with propriety and that their performance was in no way objectionable. With this letter of approval they travelled north, and next appeared in a building put up for the purpose in Nassau Street, New York, on what was afterwards the site of the old Dutch Church. Here they performed for the first time Sept. 17, 1753. From New York they went to Philadelphia, where in April, 1754, they brought out "The Fair Penitent" and "Miss in her Teens." After that they went to the West Indies, where Lewis Hallam died. His widow married David Douglass, who was a prominent member of the company. In 1759 they were again performing in Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass and Misses Cheer and Morris taking the leading parts.

In 1761 the company visited Newport. Douglass took pains to show the selectmen the certificate from the governor of Virginia, which had already done so good service. A license was granted for a limited time, and a temporary building was put up, but of so slight a character that it blew over in a storm, to the great danger of some of the actors. Here they performed for two months. Occasionally one of Shakespeare's plays was brought out; but as a general thing the selections were not of so high an order. Preference was given to such plays as "Theodosius," "The Fair Penitent," "The Iron Chest," "The Spectre Bridegroom," "George Barnwell," Steele's "Conscious Lover," "Douglass," and "The Stranger," with such farces as "The Lying Valet," "The Mock Doctor," and "The Devil to Pay." Many persons came from Boston to see the performance, although it involved a journey of two days each way. At the close of the engagement the following notice was published:—

"On Friday of last week the company of comedians finished their performance in this town by enacting the tragedy of 'Douglass' for the benefit of the poor. This *second* charity is undoubtedly meant as an expression of gratitude for the countenance and favor the town has shown them, and it cannot, without an uncommon degree of malevolence, be ascribed to an interested or selfish view, because it is given at a time when the company are just leaving the place, and consequently can have neither fear nor hope from the public. . . . The character they brought from the governor of Virginia has been fully verified, and therefore we shall run no risk in pronouncing that they are capable of entertaining a sensible and polished audience."

There was one curious custom at that day. Such a thing as selling reserved seats was unknown, and to meet the difficulty the following notice made a part of the advertisement and playbills: "Ladies will please send their servants to keep their places at 4 o'clock." The servants were sent at the time appointed, and

sat and talked and enjoyed looking at the drop scene and at each other till 6 o'clock, the hour for the performance to begin, when their masters and mistresses arrived to claim the seats that had thus been secured for them. It is true it took a little time to hunt up one's servant, and find in what part of the house a seat had been secured; but in time order came out of chaos, and then the play began.

From Newport, Douglass went to Providence with the company, where a license was granted, but they were not allowed to follow their calling undisturbed; for a petition was put in circulation asking the General Assembly to suppress all theatrical performances on the ground "that they occasioned great and unnecessary expense, discouraged industry and frugality, and tended to increase immorality, impiety, and contempt for religion." The friends of the drama, on the other hand, urged that the time already conceded to the company might be extended, as appears by a petition with the following heading, the original of which is in my possession. It is addressed to two of the deputies of the General Assembly: "Gentlemen: We take the liberty to desire you will use your influence with the General Assembly, that the players may be permitted to act some time longer, as we and a number of our friends in Boston are very desirous of enjoying these entertainments." Signed at Providence, Aug. 24, 1762.

Of the actresses the most popular were Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Metchler, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Hogg. At one time there was an actor connected with the company by the name of Storer, with his four daughters. Coming from the West Indies in 1767, the vessel was burnt at sea, and one of the daughters was lost. The other passengers and the crew arrived at Newport. The three remaining sisters became, respectively, Mrs. Metchler, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Hogg.

In 1771 the town granted a further license to a company "to act plays." After that the Old American Company again went south; but the trouble between the colonies and England coming on, Peyton Randolph of Virginia advised Hallam and Henry, the managers, to leave the country till the independence of America was secured and acknowledged; they accordingly sailed for Jamaica, where they remained for ten years, playing to good houses. July 26, 1785, they landed at Annapolis, Md., from which place they gradually worked their way north, playing in the larger towns and cities.

In May, 1793, the General Assembly allowed theatrical performances in Newport, with the understanding that they were to be under the supervision of the Town Council. That year Harper & Placide, of the Boston Theatre, leased the upper part of the building called the Granary, now the City Hall, and opened it for the first time June 24 of that year, with the tragedy of "Jane Shore," and tight-rope dancing by Placide and Tronch. Mr. Henry, who had long been associated with Harper, died on board a packet, coming to Newport from New York, in 1794, and was buried on Fisher's Island.

Oct. 3, 1793, there was a dramatic *fête* in Newport, which opened with the comic opera "Love in a Village." When it was announced, the public was informed that it had been represented more than two thousand nights; that in the cities of New York and Philadelphia it was performed every season to crowded houses, and as it had never been played in Newport it was right and proper to observe that, "from the elegance of the language, aided by the harmony of the music and its genuine humor, it was universally allowed to be the most pleasing opera extant." Before the opera there was an address "by the little youth who acted the Duke of York in King Richard." In the course of the performance there was a eulogy of Freemasonry, by Brother

Moore, a Master Mason (for whose benefit the play was given), and after the second act a "ballette," called "The Two Philosophers," Madame Placide appearing in it and dancing a hornpipe. At the close of the performance there was an "Epilogue of Thanks," written for the occasion and delivered by Mrs. Moore. Then there was a French duet, and finally the whole concluded with a "Monody on the Chiefs who fell in the Cause of American Liberty," and "An Honorable Panegyric of his Excellency the President of the United States," written by Alexander Dallas, and presented at the theatre in Philadelphia and New York several times, "with a grand roundelay celebrating our independence." All of this could be seen and heard by paying six shillings for a seat in one of the stage boxes, or three shillings in the pit.

May 1, 1794, the theatre was opened by Harper & Placide, with "the tragedy of Douglass, or the Noble Shepherd," Mr. Kenna of the Old American Company taking the part of *Ola Norval.* Before the play, "a new address, written by a gentleman at Newport," was spoken by Mr. Harper.

On the 29th of May a benefit was given for "the unfortunate Americans who were in bondage in Algiers." The selection for the occasion was very appropriate — "Barbarossa the Tyrant" — which appears to have been very popular in New York and elsewhere at that time. It was followed by the farce, "Thomas and Sally." The gross receipts of the little theatre were £61 17s. 6d., the expenses amounted to £26 1s. 2d., leaving a balance of £35 16s. 4d. for the fund. I have before me the original returns, and as they show the expense of bringing out a play at that time, I here give the items: Printing, advertising, and certificate, £1 7s.; candles and oil, £0 18s. 8d.; constable and doorkeepers, £0 19s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Solomon, £2 14s.; Mr. and Mrs. Watts, £2 2s.; Mrs. Metchler and Miss Smith, each, £1 10s.; Mr. Kenna, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Redfield, each, £1 4s.; Miss Brown, 6s.; car-

penter, painter, and one attendant, each, £1 4s.; two attendants and for work, £3 3s.; Mons. Adancourt, for keeping the box-book, 12s.; musicians, £3 12s.; two drums, 3s., — making in all the sum above named.

William Adancourt was Rochambeau's commissary, and was with the French troops in Newport. When the time came for the French troops to return to France, he decided to remain in America. He was not the only officer in the French army who was tempted to throw up his commission that he might reside permanently in this country.

When Adancourt first settled in Newport, or how long he remained here, it would now be difficult to say. In 1790 he advertised that he had opened a school in the house on Spring Street, known as "The White Stone," nearly opposite the residence of John G. Wanton, son of Gideon Wanton.

Adancourt soon became very much reduced. In 1793 he advertised that he was prepared to open his "evening school for teaching the French language, at his Coffee House, near the Theatre, at the entrance of the Long Wharf." The house was the Wanton house, on the west side of Thames Street, and now numbered 153 and 155.

The entrance fee to this school was two dollars, and pupils were expected to pay one dollar each per month for instruction. The school, it was stated, "would not interfere with his usual school in the daytime." He also announced, Oct. 3d of that year, that the musicians of the play-house (who had come to Newport to furnish the music for the opera of "Love in a Village") would perform that evening at the Assembly Room concert, and that after the concert they were to furnish the music for the ball that was to follow. Tickets were to be had of Mons. Adancourt, who was also the doorkeeper of the theatre whenever it was opened for a performance.

XIV.

THE STORY OF AN OPAL.

THE "Sugar Act," of 1765 was a source of great annoyance to the people of New England. Newport was then actively engaged in commercial pursuits, and here, if anywhere, the officers of the Crown felt that a vigilant eye should be kept on all incoming and outgoing vessels. To this end Lord Coville, Rear Admiral of the White, stationed here the frigates "Squirrel" and "Maidstone," and the schooner "St. John," but the officers of these vessels, so far from pouring oil on the troubled waves, adopted measures that added fuel to the flames, until at length the people, stung to the quick, gave vent to their feelings in acts of violence. The guns of Fort George were turned upon the schooner "St. John," the sloop "Liberty" was burnt by a number of excited seamen, and a boat belonging to the "Maidstone" was wrested from the officer and men who had her in charge and openly burnt in one of the streets of Newport.

The "Maidstone," a frigate of twenty-eight guns, was manned with a crew of one hundred and ninety men under the command of Captain Antrobus. The purser was W. Mortimer, and his clerk bore the name of John Bell, Jr. And here my story begins. Bell, the purser's clerk, was the son of a prosperous merchant in London, who had given him a liberal education. The young man had taken his position for the sake of seeing something of the world, and particularly of America. He was

fond of travelling, and he knew of no way in which he could so easily indulge a love of adventure. As purser's clerk he had frequently to go on shore, and while here he made friends with the Brenton family, who were loyalists. Under their roof he became acquainted with Mary Anthony, a maiden of little more than sixteen years, and the daughter of a Quaker who was an uncompromising opponent of the Sugar Act. To know her was to love her. Enraptured by her presence he begged her to become his wife. His hand she promised to accept, her heart was already his own, and but for parental restraint they would have been married. But her father was made of sterner stuff. Loyal he had been and loyal he wished to be, but the decree of Parliament had well-nigh ruined his trade; the officers of the Crown were identified in his eyes with the act which they were required to enforce, and his ire knew no bounds when he understood how matters stood between his daughter and the clerk. Bell was no longer permitted to come to the house, and but for the kindly office of friends the lovers would have seen but little of each other. As it was, they were frequently separated by the departure of the ship on a cruise or a mission. In July, 1765, the "Maidstone" was here, but in September she was in Halifax. In December she returned to Newport harbor, was here again for a few days in March, 1766, and also in June and July.

So matters stood when orders were received in July for the ship to sail for England. The parting was a sad one, and it proved to be the last meeting of the young people. At the last moment he pressed her lips and then hurried away, bearing with him but one favor — a knot of ribbon that but a moment before had rested upon her bosom. His gift to her was an opal ring which had once belonged to his mother, who had some association with it that made it precious in her eyes,

and, dying, she had left it to her only child, who, after he had come to man's estate, always kept it by him. Mary could not wear it openly, but, suspended from a ribbon around her neck, it was hid from observation under her kerchief. Years rolled on, and the overt acts in the days of the Sugar Act grew into open rebellion in 1775. Bell remained on board the "Maidstone," hoping that a turn in the tide would take him back to America. In 1778 the wished-for change came, and the frigate, under the command of Captain Alan Gardner (who was later raised to the peerage) was ordered to the West Indies. When off the Chesapeake, on November 8, he fell in with the French ship "Lyon," of forty guns, and after a desperate fight, once broken off and then resumed, he took her. Among the dead was Bell, who had taken an active part in the engagement.

The "Maidstone" sailed away for Antigua with her prize; but a dispatch boat brought news of the capture to Newport, still in the hands of the enemy, where it was received with acclamation by the troops. But it fell with a crushing weight on one heart. From that blow the girl never recovered, and soon it was evident that her days were numbered. The ring, no longer hidden beneath the folds of her kerchief, found a place on her finger, where it alone claimed her attention. So matters continued through the winter. By spring her form had wasted, and a cough and a hectic flush told that the end was nigh.

At that time one of her most intimate friends was to marry Henry Goldsmith, of Westmeath, Ireland, a young man of four-and-twenty, who had found his way to Newport, and, liking the place, had made his abode here. In this wedding Mary took an interest, and insisted that the marriage should take place at her bedside; and there, amid tears rather than smiles of happiness, the ceremony was performed, by the Rev. George Bisset, on the 29th of March, 1779. Then Mary drew

the opal from her finger, and as she handed it to the bride, who stooped and kissed her, said in a voice but little above a whisper: "Keep it for my sake, and if Heaven should bless you with a daughter, give it to her, with the name of Mary."

When peace was declared, the Goldsmiths, not feeling themselves comfortable in Newport, for Mr. Goldsmith had been conspicuous for his loyalty, removed to St. Andrews, N. B., then to Annapolis Royal; from there to Halifax, and finally, in 1800, to England. They had fourteen children in all. The firstborn bore the name of Mary; but the spell of the opal was upon her, and she died in Annapolis Royal at the close of 1799, before she had completed her twentieth year. Another child was born to them in 1800—a daughter, to whom they gave the favorite name of Mary; and she too found an early grave. What became of the ring I cannot say; possibly after the death of the mother it may have passed to one of the other daughters.

XV.

THE FRIGATE "GENERAL GREENE."

DURING the closing years of the last century, the government made strenuous efforts to increase the number of vessels belonging to the American navy. Ships were wanted, and speedily; and as there were no navy yards, recourse was had to buying merchant vessels of the largest class, and fitting them to meet the wants of the navy. It was at this time that the following letter from Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, was addressed to George Champlin, who had long been engaged in mercantile and commercial affairs in Newport: —

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, June 8, 1798.

SIR, — I have received the directions of the President of the United States, to provide, by purchase, or contract for building, a ship, to be commanded by Christopher Raymond Perry, who has been appointed a captain in the navy. Being entirely confident that in the present critical state of the country, you will readily afford any aid in your power to promote the good of the service, the execution of the agency is hereby committed to you.

No ship to be purchased which is not capable of carrying effectively at least sixteen six-pounders, nor of a size above what would be proper for mounting twenty-two twelve-pounders. If a ship within the description before mentioned can be procured, to the acceptance of Captain Perry, and of qualities in respect to strength, durability, and swiftness of sailing, suitable for the naval service, and on terms which you judge reasonable, it may be procured without delay, and put in a course of immediate equipment. It may be important for you to know that the guns

must be purchased with the vessel, or otherwise procured, as they cannot be sent from this quarter. Particular care in proving any guns which may be purchased is recommended.

As it would be superfluous for me to attempt a particular description of the vessel proper for the service, I will only observe that what is now done will, perhaps, permanently influence the interests of our establishment, upon which the security and importance of the United States are deemed essentially to depend.

If a ship is purchased, you will be pleased to procure a bill of sale to the United States, reciting her register, according to law; also an inventory of her tackle, stores, and apparatus, with the receipt of Captain Perry; on receiving which papers I will cause an immediate payment to be made to the seller, agreeable to such contract as you may make. And if a suitable vessel cannot be purchased, you are authorized to contract for building a ship of not more than twenty-two guns, having regard to the following principles: —

1. That the materials be of the best live oak or red cedar, except the floor timbers and lower futtocks, or of the best seasoned white oak, to be determined by inspection. No timber inferior to seasoned white oak to be used.

2. The public to furnish the copper sheathing, copper bolts, and spikes. The iron work to be contracted for separately, by the pound, and delivered under check of an agent, the whole of the material to be, however, placed in the ship at the expense of the contractor.

3. The dimensions to be ninety-three feet keel, thirty-one feet beam and thirteen and a half feet hold, to be pierced for twenty guns, exclusive of the bridle ports on the main gun deck, and two on the quarter-deck; to have an orlop deck, and to be of sufficient strength and in all respects complete for a ship of war, permission to be reserved to vary the dimensions, but without injury or expense to the contractor.

4. The proposal to specify the lowest price per ton of carpenters' measurement, according to the rule in Philadelphia, and the shortest time for launching and completing the ship.

5. A bond, with sureties, to be required, to secure the execution of the contract, and a due settlement at the Treasury for all allowances.

6. No after bills to be admitted.

It will be important to dispose of this business in such a manner that it will proceed with despatch and order, and without frequent application to the Treasury. Of course the contract will be entrusted to none but a man of skill and responsible character.

I make no apology for addressing you on this subject without obtaining your previous consent, being confident that the importance of the object will justify the liberty I have taken.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

OLIVER WOLCOTT.

This was entrusting a good deal to the judgment of one man, and it showed an amount of confidence in his skill and integrity only equalled by the trust reposed in him by his fellow-townsmen. The expectations of the Secretary of the Treasury were not disappointed. Mr. Champlin, though in failing health, at once gave the subject attention. No vessel of the proper size and build could be found; but at that time Gibbs & Channing, of Newport, and James De Wolf, of Bristol, were jointly building at Warren a large ship for their own use. The wishes of the Secretary of the Treasury were made known to them, and they were asked on what terms they would sell. Their answer was reduced to writing. This paper made it binding on them to launch the vessel with despatch and completely fit her for sea; the work to be done in a thorough manner with due regard to economy; the government to pay the bill and allow the sellers a commission of five per cent. At this point the negotiation was handed over to the Secretary of the Navy, who replied to Mr. Champlin as follows: —

NAVY DEPARTMENT, June 27, 1798.

SIR, — Your letter to Mr. Wolcott, of 19th inst., is now before me. It gives me pain that the situation of your health will not permit you to render those services to the public to which you are so competent.

The ship building at Warren by Messrs. Gibbs & Channing appears from her dimensions and their description to be such an one as will suit

the public, and their terms, except the commission of five per cent, reasonable. But it is right that some gentleman of competent knowledge on the subject, and of character to be relied on, should first examine her, before she is purchased for the public. Your relation in Congress [Christopher Grant Champlin] encourages me to expect that you will take this trouble; and if, upon a view of her, she meets your approbation, then the letter enclosed to Messrs. Gibbs & Channing, closing with their offer except in the simple instance of the five per cent commission, may be delivered to them.

Captain Christopher Raymond Perry will command this ship. It is desirable that the captain should like his ship; if he also approves of her, it will be an agreeable circumstance.

I must solicit the favor of you to drop a line to Captain Perry on this subject. You may know how to direct to him; I do not; no answer having been received to a letter written him the 9th inst.

I have the honor to be, with great esteem, your obedient servant,

BEN. STODDERT.

Mr. Champlin went to Bristol and found the ship to be all that had been said of her. But Gibbs & Channing could not acceed to the demand of Mr. Stoddert. They had a right to exact the five per cent, and it was not reasonable to expect them to relinquish the profit they might hope to make on the ship, if employed in their own trade, and then give all their time to complete her, without compensation. This having been put in the proper light, the Secretary of the Navy yielded the point, so far as to make the commission on the hull five per cent and two per cent on the outfit. On these terms the bargain was closed.

The negotiation with the Government having been completed, it was arranged that Mr. D'Wolf, who resided at Bristol, and who had charge of the building of the ship, should continue to superintend her construction, and he was to have one-half of the five per cent, the other half going to Gibbs & Channing.

The latter were to have the two per cent on her outfit at Newport. Captain Perry was at once ordered to Warren, where he remained till the ship was launched. The ship was of the burden of six hundred and forty-five tons. She was pierced for twenty four twelve-pounders, and carried in all thirty-two guns and two hundred and fifty men. Her anchors, three in number, weighed each thirty-three hundred pounds, and were forged by Elihu and Christopher Greene; the guns were cast at the Hope Foundry, under the supervision of Brown & Ives, and were tested by Col. John Carlile, an experienced artillery officer. Her round shot, double-headers, and grape also came from the Hope Foundry, and it was required that at least a portion of them should be cast in iron moulds, to insure their being more spherical than was possible with shot run in sand.

The ship was not named till the 15th of October, and when the Secretary of the Navy decided to call her the "General Greene," an order was sent to New York to have a figure-head carved for her — a full length of General Greene, nine feet in height, after the portrait of that distinguished officer in Peale's Museum. When finished, it was thought to be an excellent likeness.

The Secretary of the Navy was very anxious to have the ship afloat, and every exertion was made to forward the work. Jan. 7, 1799, was the day set for launching her; but when the day came, Warren harbor was closed with ice, and it was not till the 22d of the month that the ship left the stocks. Two days later she was towed to Newport, where every provision had been made for her outfit. February 2d her masts were in and her shrouds were on. April 3d her standing rigging was all in place and her ballast was on board. April 25, she hauled into the stream, where she took in water, shingle ballast, guns, and military stores. She was provisioned for six months, but there was some difficulty in getting the full complement of men. Finally, when

she was ready for sea, there was a calm, then adverse winds, followed by a gale. On the 2d of June, 1799, the ship weighed anchor and put to sea, under the command of Captain Perry. One of her midshipmen was Oliver Hazard Perry, who had just entered the navy.

Reaching her point of destination in the West Indies, the "General Greene" was detailed to convoy a number of vessels to northern ports. Six of the number belonged in Rhode Island. With this fleet of merchant vessels she sailed on the home voyage, but soon after weighing anchor "a malignant fever" (probably the yellow fever), broke out on board, and by the time that she entered Newport harbor she had lost twenty men, with about as many more down with the fever. The ship was at once put into quarantine, and the sick were landed on Coaster's Harbor Island. Efforts were immediately made to cleanse the ship, but owing to the number of men on board it was found difficult to do it properly, and with the sanction of the Navy Department the crew were landed on Rose Island, and sheltered in tents while the ship was cleaned and fumigated.

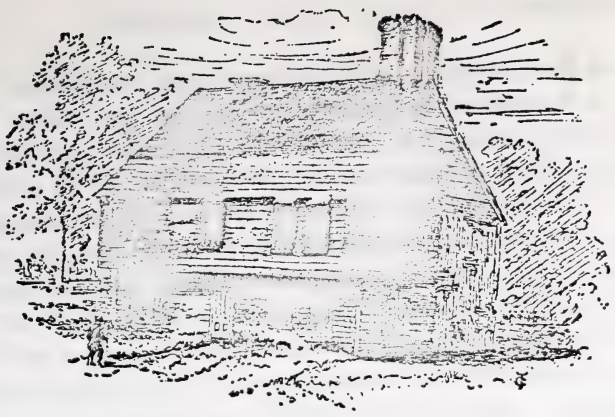
On the 30th of July the Health Office reported there were no new cases. August 3d all restrictions were removed, and on the 10th the Secretary wrote that he hoped the ship would shortly be ready for sea, for her presence at Havana at that time was of great importance. But Captain Perry had complained of the sailing qualities of the ship, and he called for eighty additional tons of ballast, which could only be obtained by sending to New York for it. After a number of delays she put to sea, September 24th, and sailed for her station in the West Indies. In January, 1800, it was reported that she had been captured, but it proved that she had captured a number of vessels, which found their way into port, one after another, under prize masters. One of the prizes, the brig "Industry," was sent into Newport, a schooner was

sent to Salem, the schooner "Weymouth" went into a Southern port, and the "Flying Fish" also came in. She was taken by two frigates, the "General Greene" and the "Boston." The schooner "Bachelor," also taken, was let go, for she had the yellow fever on board.

March 18, 1800, a letter was received from New Providence, stating that the "General Greene" had recaptured a schooner which had been sent into that port, condemned and sold for £5,000 sterling. May 27 she recaptured one of Toussaint's vessels (which had been taken by one of Rigaud's boats) and restored her to her owner. In July she turned her prow homeward. On the 12th of that month she put into Chesapeake Bay to land General Wilkinson and family and Mr. Charles Ross, of Philadelphia, and then continued on to Rhode Island, reaching here on the 21st. Just before entering Newport harbor, the fever broke out on board again. She was at once quarantined, and as there was some difficulty in providing for the sick, permission was given to hire a vessel to be anchored in the stream and used as a hospital. This was followed by an order to land the guns and stores. While in port, a larger mainmast was put in, some changes were made in her bowsprit, and a false keel was put on. After hauling into the dock, several of her crew living in the town sickened and died, as did two or three of the laborers who worked on board of her. The same malignant fever showed itself in Providence, and was traced directly to the "General Greene." The people became excited, and the Town Council gave orders that the ship should be hauled into the stream. Even then the plague was not stayed, for as late as the 30th of the following March there were other cases in the town, traced directly to a heap of rubbish that had come out of the ship and had been left lying on the dock — probably cast-off woollen garments, which

had so retained the germs of the fever that even the frost of winter had not killed them.

The "General Greene" did but little service after that date. In Emmons's "History of the Navy" a single line is given to her, in which she is spoken of as "a sheer hulk," in 1805, in the Eastern Branch, D. C., and in 1814 she was burnt, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, to prevent her falling into the hands of the enemy.



GOVERNOR CODDINGTON'S HOUSE, 1641.

XVI.

PROPOSED NAVY YARD IN NEWPORT. — ACTION TAKEN IN 1800. — THE COVE TENDERED TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT FOR A DOCKYARD.

IN the winter of 1798–9, the subject of a dockyard somewhere on the southern coast of New England was discussed in Congress, and as it was an open question where the dock would be located, in case the government should decide to build one, a number of citizens of Newport drew up a memorial, setting forth the advantages offered by this port for a naval station, and in connection with the above, Gibbs & Channing, then acting as naval agents, addressed the following letter to Hon. Benjamin Stoddert, Secretary of the Navy: —

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 9, 1799.

SIR, — A number of the principal inhabitants of the town, observing by a resolution of Congress that a dockyard was to be established in one of the eastern States, and being impressed with the opinion that this harbor has superior advantages for such an object, and presuming that it would be acceptable to you to have these advantages detailed

and pointed out, have requested some gentlemen well acquainted with the harbor, etc., to draw up a statement to forward to you. In the interim they desire us to advise you of the same, and to offer you an opinion on the subject. We therefore take the liberty to observe that at all seasons of the year the entrance to and passage out of the harbor is easy, safe, and subject to no detention by contrary winds; and when the strong northwest winds prevail, this is the only harbor to the eastward of the Capes of Virginia that can be entered. The anchorage is good, and the harbor so well land-locked, that with ground-tackling vessels ride with safety in the strongest gales of wind from that quarter. There is no ice that forms here that obstructs or injures. The island on which Fort Wolcott is erected we consider very advantageously situated for naval arsenals. Wharves may be built at a small expense to where the water is nineteen feet deep at low tide, and a soft, muddy bottom. On it there is a commodious place for building ships, and within a short distance of the island is a cove, secure on all sides, sufficiently large for docking timber. There is the best water on the island, which is only a short distance from the present wharf, and may be conveyed by troughs to fill the casks in the boats. There are several islands or places contiguous to the above that appear to be very eligibly situated for the establishment of a marine hospital. Considerable quantities of the best timber which grows in the eastern States may be procured from the various parts of the country lying on the bay or river, and from some of the islands at the entrance of the Sound; and we are of the opinion that timber from Georgia could generally be brought here at a less freight than to Philadelphia or New York, from the facility of coming to this port and the number of coasting vessels that belong to all the ports on this bay that are obliged to go to the southern ports for employ. Supplies of provisions may always be collected here on as good terms as at almost any port, by having seasonable notice. The health of the crew of a ship after long cruises would derive great advantage from the salubrity of the air and the abundance of vegetables that may always be had here. Fresh provisions and vegetables are cheaper here than at any of the capitals in the middle States.

At the time that the above was written, vessels belonging to the navy were frequently sent here for stores, and it was not

always an easy matter to find storage for the supplies that were brought together for this purpose. Seeing this, and not losing sight of the contemplated dockyard, the same merchants again wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, under date of April 25, 1799:

If it is the intention of the government that the ships of war should come to this port for provisions, &c. [ships had been ordered here for that purpose], we should recommend a store being built on the harbor side of the island on which Fort Wolcott is erected. As this island belongs to government, and is most conveniently situated for the landing and delivery of goods, and has a garrison on it, the store would be safe from fire and pillage, and would be a saving of storage. We are of the opinion that a good frame building for this purpose might be built for $2,000.

There was some talk of building the dockyard in the neighborhood of Warwick, and our representative in Congress wrote to George Champlin on the subject, which letter elicited the following reply:—

You wish my opinion respecting the place in the river that has been proposed for a dockyard, &c. I have not been at that particular place, and my ideas of a dockyard are imperfect, as I never saw one, therefore am not competent to determine on a proper place; but from the best information I have obtained, the place in the river is not as proper and convenient for that purpose as the place that has been mentioned to the Secretary on the Fort Island. The tide flows as much at the latter place as at the former, and the deep water, say twenty-two or twenty-four feet, runs higher at the shore of Fort Island than it does to the place on the river, and it will be at all times much more convenient and easy to dock a ship at the island than to take her up the river into a cove, which in the winter is generally obstructed by ice. And as respects security against an attack of the enemy, I think a dock at Fort Island will have greatly the advantage. Protected as it is by the forts erected and those contemplated, ships will not attempt to destroy it, and land forces cannot, unless the island of Rhode Island is possessed by the enemy. But it

will not be difficult for two or three ships to pass up the west passage in the night and land on Warwick Neck, within a short distance of the dock, march and destroy it. That can be prevented, however, by keeping a body of men there to protect it. I do not mention these circumstances because I am anxious to have the dock in Newport, for I am confident the advantages that would result to the town in an interested point of view would be overbalanced by the many disagreeable circumstances that would attend it. It is the opinion of many who are much better informed than I am that Fall River has greatly the preference to either of the other places for a dockyard and navy yard, on account of the fine stream that runs into the bay, which can be used to float a ship in and out of a dock, and also very useful in the yard for sawing by water, smith work, &c. And besides, the back country and up and down the bay on that side abounds with good ship timber.

I presume the honorable Secretary, before he determines on any place for a dock, will cause a full examination to be made by some persons who are acquainted with the business, and who have no interest in it except for the public good.

General Humphrey, in behalf of the government, wrote to Gibbs & Channing, making inquiry in regard to the "Mill Pond" for a dockyard, and asking on what terms it could be had. The "Mill Pond" was the cove north of Long Wharf. To this letter they replied, March 29, 1800:—

Sir, — We received your favor of the 28th inst., and in reply advise that the Mill Pond is the property of ye Town, but are confident it would readily grant it to the United States on their own terms if a navy yard should be established here. We have conversed with some of our most influential characters, and they are of the same opinion. We have therefore not deemed it necessary to convene the Town specially for this purpose, which must be done for their determination. Should this port be concluded on for a dockyard, we will apply to the Town for the grant of the pond, and doubt not in obtaining it to satisfaction.

A survey of the island on which Fort Wolcott is erected was taken by Major Tousard and sent to the War Office; also one was

given to Mr. Sayer when he was here. If you will inquire at the War Office the survey will doubtless be found, but if not, we will have one taken immediately on your advice.

The above met with a favorable reply, but nothing conclusive was reported. General Humphreys stopped in Newport for a short time and made a hurried visit to the proposed site of the dockyard. After his departure George Champlin wrote to our Representative in Congress: —

Mr. Humphreys, on his return to Philadelphia, was at Newport for a few hours; but it was by accident that he stopped here. I am confident that his report will not be favorable for a dock in this town, as he is impressed with the opinion that the harbor is not defensible. His observations, I thought, were more to that point than to the convenience for a dock; but I presume the Secretary will not rely so much on his own opinion, as respects the defence of our harbor, as upon the judgment of those more competent in the business of fortifications, and Mr. Humphreys, I believe, thinks a dock would be more secure up the Bay; but if the harbor is possessed by an enemy, of what use can a dock be in any part of the Bay?

There has been here, a few days past, a Mr. Semore, from the eastward, sounding our harbor. He says Brenton's Cove is by far the best place he has seen. He has visited the place up the river. Mr. Semore is the person lately from Europe, who is casting shot for the navy. He has examined all the docks in Europe.

April 26th, 1800, Gibbs & Channing wrote to General Humphreys: —

Sir, — We have received your favor of ye 9th, and, agreeable to your request, we have made application to the town for the pond you referred to, and we now have the pleasure to enclose their vote granting the same, which we presume will be satisfactory. The committee to whom the application was referred informs us that there is about 12 acres of the Cove belonging to the town. The conditions in the vote, that the flowing and ebbing of the tide should not be obstructed,

was inserted in consequence of the water being stagnant and offensive to the inhabitance in that part of the town adjacent to it, when dammed up.

Previous to the receipt of your favor, Major Tousard was here; we inquired of him respecting a plan of the island and harbor; he informed us that he had deposited one copy with the Secretary of the Navy, and that he had one; that if you will apply to him he will furnish it, and can give you every information, as it was taken by surveys made by him.

The following was the resolution adopted at a town meeting held at the State House, April 21st, 1800, per warrant:—

"Upon the verbal report of the committee appointed to consider of the propriety of conveying to the United States the right and title the Town have in and to the Cove, so called, it is voted and resolved that the Town hereby grant to the United States, on their establishing a dock at this port, and so long as said dockyard shall be continued, the free use of all that part of the Cove for the purpose of docking timber, on the condition that the flowing and ebbing of the tide shall not be obstructed."

With the exception of the above vote, from the Town Records, there is no evidence or record of what I have stated, other than the original letters in my possession, or in the letter-books of Gibbs & Channing, and I have therefore thought it worth while to bring the facts together as a matter of history.

XVII.

SARAH WILSON.

IT was a common practice in some of the American colonies to sell white persons into slavery for a limited number of years; but it was not common to term this sort of servitude slavery, although it was such to all intents and purposes. The person sold was called a servant, and the indenture that bound him or her during the period of servitude gave the master complete control over his servant, with the right to punish him severely for any offence, or to hunt him down if he attempted to escape from bondage. Some of the old laws of Virginia under this head were harsh in the extreme, and if they were rigidly enforced, as we may presume was the case, hard indeed must have been the lot of any bond-servant who incurred the displeasure of his master.

The source from which many servants of this kind were obtained was the courts of England, where it was customary to transport to America prisoners who had been convicted of offences not punishable by death, but who were too great offenders to be kept at home in overcrowded jails. They were accordingly shipped to the colonies and were sold for a limited number of years, usually seven. An announcement like that which follows, which appeared in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" as late as July 28, 1784, was at one time very common:—

"Just arrived from Londonderry, in the brig 'Peggy,' Captain Stewart, a number of fine, healthy men and women servants, and some small boys, whose times are to be disposed of to the best bidders by the captain, on board, or by Campall & Kingston, on the wharf."

A convict sent to this country in 1771 created a sensation for a time, and so extraordinary was her career that her name has found a place in history. It is true that where it appears in the records of the times it is but a bare mention; but the dozen or twenty lines given to her in "Doran's Lives of the Queens of England, of the House of Hanover," shows that her adventures in America were the subject of discussion, perhaps of mirth, in the drawing-rooms of Queen Charlotte. In that brief outline there are a few errors. The story, as I have been able to gather it from different sources, is as follows:—

In August, 1770, a woman who had no business there found her way, by means of the private stairs, into the apartments of Queen Charlotte. Entering the room in which the Queen and the Duchess of Ancaster were sitting, she took a survey of everything there with the greatest composure. The Queen and the Duchess were too much alarmed to expel her; but at length the Duchess had the presence of mind to ring the bell, which brought a page, who with difficulty forced the intruder to retire. But little more was thought of this piece of presumption; but a short time after the affair the Queen's apartments were again entered, and this time a cabinet was broken open and robbed of valuable jewels and a miniature of the Queen. The thief proved to be a woman named Sarah Wilson, the maid of the Hon. Miss Vernon, sister of Lady Grosvenor, and who was probably the same woman who had previously entered the apartments. She was apprehended, tried, and condemned to death, but through the influence of her mistress the sentence was commuted to transportation to America, there to be sold

for a period of seven years — a step that created some stir in London, for there were persons who complained that in this way the gallows had been cheated.

In 1771 Sarah Wilson, sent out in a convict ship, landed in Maryland, where she was exposed for sale, and was bought by William Duvall, of Bush Creek, Frederick county, to whom she was legally bound for the stipulated term of years. Duvall took her to his residence, where she remained in his service, apparently contented, till an opportunity offered to make good her escape. From Bush Creek she found her way into Virginia, and passed through North Carolina to South Carolina, where she felt that she had put too wide a strip of country between herself and her master to render a return to slavery probable. With no fear of arrest to haunt her, she assumed the title of the Princess Susanna Caroline Matilda, and asserted that she was a sister of the Queen. The richness of some of her apparel, her jewels, and the miniature of the Queen, gave color to her statement, which was generally believed. Having gained a footing she travelled from plantation to plantation, assuming the air of royalty, and with so much dignity that many persons thought they were honored when they were permitted to kiss her hand. To all persons who found their way into her presence she was gracious, and she was liberal in the promise of favors from her own hand and from that of her royal sister. One woman was to have a place near her person; a man was to be at the head of a regiment; some persons were to be honored with preferments in the Treasury, while others were to be assigned to prominent positions in the army and navy. There was no end to her liberality, and her newly-found friends were equally obliging; for they placed considerable sums at her disposal. For a season she lacked nothing — nothing till her fame reached the more northern colonies, where Duvall, who had heard

these remarkable stories, recognized in the description of the Princess Matilda his runaway bondwoman, and forthwith sought to recover her. The first step was to advertise her, which he did in the following manner:—

Bush Creek, Frederick county, Maryland,
October 11th, 1771.

Ran away from the subscriber, a Convict Servant, named SARAH WILSON, but has changed her name to Lady Susanna Caroline Matilda, which made the public believe that she was her Majesty's sister. She has a blemish in her right eye, black roll'd hair, stoops in the shoulders, and makes a common practice of writing and marking her clothes with a crown and B. Whoever secures the said servant woman, or will take her home, shall receive 5 pistoles, besides all cost of charges.

WM. DUVALL.

I entitle Michael Dalton to search the city of Philadelphia, and from there to Charleston, for the said woman.

With a document like that in circulation, backed by the efforts of her master to run her down, Sarah Wilson could make no longer continuing in any one place. She went "from pillar to post," here to-day and there to-morrow, still finding some one credulous enough not only to believe her story, but also to lend her money and help her on. But the field was becoming more and more circumscribed. Realizing this, and with the certainty that if she remained longer where she was she would soon be arrested, she made a bold push for New York, where she hoped that she would be lost in a crowd. But New York proved to be equally dangerous ground, and she took passage for Newport in one of the packets then plying on the Sound. Here, too, she found that her fame preceded her, for her arrival was thus announced in the newspaper of the day, under date of November 29, 1773:—

"Last Tuesday arrived here from New York the lady who has passed through several of the southern colonies under the name and character of Caroline Matilda, Marchioness de Waldegrave, &c."

This was almost the last move of Sarah Wilson, for before the year was out she was again in the hands of Duvall, who took her back to Maryland to serve out not only the remainder of her time, but also an additional number of years, which was always a part of the penalty for attempting to run away. Before her days of bondage were over the storm of the Revolution broke over the country, and in the whirlwind that followed we lose all trace of the woman and her history.

Remarkable as were her adventures, they appear more so when we are told that she was wanting in personal attraction, that she had a blemish in her right eye and stooped in the shoulders; but the curious part of it all is that a convict was able, after her conviction, not only to retain in her possession the jewels and the miniature she had stolen, but also to bring away dresses that were in keeping with her assumed position; and yet the story that she did so can scarcely be questioned. The jewels, when they passed from her hands, were soon lost sight of, but what became of the miniature? That is a conundrum that the most indefatigable of *bric-à-brac* collectors would find it difficult to solve.

XVIII.

COMMERCE OF NEWPORT EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

IT is a difficult matter to form a just estimate of the commercial relations of Newport during the closing years of the last, and the opening years of the present century. But something may be gathered from the facts occasionally brought to the surface by the antiquarian; and to aid in this work, I have linked together the following incidents, hoping that others may add to them from time to time, until we have a full record of the commercial enterprise of that period.

On the 22d of October, 1798, the schooner "Charming Nancy" arrived at Newport, which vessel, on her way from St. Kitts for New York, had been recaptured by the "Merrimac," after having been eleven days in the hands of the French. The same day arrived the "George and Mary," Captain Samuel Lawton, a vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, from Russia, and owned by Gibbs & Channing. During the following twelve months the arrivals numbered fourteen ships and thirty-three brigs. Of the schooners and sloops I have made no account; and yet vessels of this class were employed to a greater extent than at the present time. These ships and brigs were nearly all from foreign ports.

The ship "Rebecca," Captain Thayer, belonged to Providence. On entering Newport harbor, March 24th, 1799, with a cargo from Havana, she struck on the rock a little south of Beaver-Tail light, and it was feared for a time that she would be lost, but was got off, and the greater part of the cargo was saved. June 9th

the ship "Semiramis," Captain Jacob Smith, came in from Canton, and brought the news of the loss of the ship "Ontario," of New York, on a coral reef in the Straits of Billiton. The ship was valued at $300,000. June 17th, the brig "Experience," of Charleston, arrived. She had been taken by a British ship of war, and a prize crew was put on board. Two of her own crew with a boy were left on board to help the navigator, and these three, watching their opportunity, got possession of the vessel and brought her in safely. Sept. 1, the brig "Hannah," Captain Norris, from Cadiz, brought the news that the French and Spanish fleets were blockaded at Carthagena by the British fleet, under Earl St. Vincent.

Oct. 26, 1799, orders were received to fit out the frigate "United States," then in this harbor, and put on board of her the necessary stores for the use of the commissioners who were going out to France in her. Permission was given George Gibbs, Jr., to go out in the ship. She sailed the 3d of November. The same day the U. S. ship "George Washington" arrived, and was reported in such bad condition that orders were sent on to take out her guns and stores, and have her thoroughly inspected. It was found that she needed extensive repairs, and the government was advised to sell her; but the Navy Department finally concluded to put her in thorough order.

This required months of labor and a large outlay. On the 2d of July, 1800, she went to sea, commanded by Patrick Fletcher, of whom it was said by the naval agents in their letter to the Secretary: "He has made every exertion to promote despatch, and has aimed at economy in expenditures." The "George Washington" was a vessel of six hundred and twenty-five tons, and carried twenty-four guns. She was built and originally owned by John Brown, of Providence, and was bought by the United States at a cost of $69,025, including fitting her for the service.

This ship was the first man-of-war that displayed the American flag in the Mediterranean, and was then commanded by Captain Fletcher.

Feb. 14, 1800, arrived the ship "Two Eagles," a prize to the frigate "Boston." She was a coppered vessel, "corvette build," loaded with coffee, and had been taken sixteen days before. From here she sailed to Boston, to which port she had been ordered.

The same day the "United States" sailed the "Essex" arrived. The "Congress" had come in nine days before. These two vessels were detailed to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to Batavia, and what stores they needed were furnished here. The "Constitution" was then on the coast, and touched at Newport from time to time. June 4, 1800, the ship "Hope," Captain Donaldson, arrived from Canton, bringing news from the "Essex," which had touched at Cape of Good Hope, and sailed again. July 27 arrived the brig "John," Captain Rathburn, from the East Indies; and on the 16th of August, the ship "Russell," William Wood, master, came in. The ship was owned by Gibbs & Channing, George Champlin, Caleb Gardner, Peleg Clark, James Robinson, and the captain. She had sailed from this port March 10, 1799, for Batavia. On the 8th of the following August, while at anchor off Anjer Point, on the island of Java, and under the guns of the fort, she was captured by the French privateer "Harard." All on board, with the exception of the captain, supercargo, and two boys, were put on shore at Batavia. The ship was then carried to the Isle of France, and after several trials in the courts she was released. The captain then endeavored to get a crew to enable him to take her back to Batavia; but failing in this, he decided to come home. He had expended about $13,000 to obtain his release, and the balance of the returns from the sale of the outward cargo he invested in coffee, cotton, pepper, &c. But when he arrived in these waters he found that he had

infringed an act to suspend the commercial intercourse between the United States and France and the dependencies thereof. Of this act the captain could have had no knowledge at the time that he made his purchases, and the proper representations having been made to the government she was allowed to enter.

August 17, the day after the arrival of the "Russell," the ship "Ann and Hope" came in from Canton, with a very valuable cargo of teas, silks, and other India goods. She was owned by Brown & Ives, John Innis, Clark & Munroe, and Munroe, Snow, & Munroe, of Providence, and Gibbs & Channing, of Newport. This was her second voyage. She was a copper-bottomed ship, of five hundred and fifty tons, mounted twelve nine-pounders, and carried from fifty to sixty men. On her return voyage, in lat. 30°, long. 61°, July 30, she was attacked by a French privateer of eighteen guns, which she fought for three-quarters of an hour, when the privateer drew off. The rigging of the "Ann and Hope" was somewhat cut, but otherwise she was not materially injured. The voyage was a very profitable one, and the ship was at once fitted for the same destination.

Nov. 24, 1800, the ship "Hercules Courtney" sailed for Malaga, Barcelona, and Leghorn, loaded with codfish and sugar. She was coppered, pierced for twenty guns, and had the appearance of a ship of war. Henry Hudson was master, and Audley Clarke supercargo. Her owners were Gibbs & Channing, who bought her in Baltimore, and thought more highly of her than of any other of their vessels. But she was unfortunate. News was received April 7, 1801, that she had been taken by a French privateer and Spanish gunboats, near the Barbary coast, and carried into Algeria. The exertions made by the supercargo at Algeria and then at Madrid to have her released were finally successful. The skill and persistency he had shown raised him very high in the estimation of his owners. Before she was released,

foreseeing the great loss on the cargo and the heavy expense of the suit, the owners abandoned her to the underwriters. She was insured in the Newport Company, the Marine of Boston, and the Fire and Marine of New York, for what amount I could not say without a long search; but in response to the first call on the Boston company it paid down $30,000, leaving a balance to be adjusted. After many difficulties Captain Hudson reached home. It was estimated that the whole property saved did not amount to more than twenty-five or thirty per cent of the value when she sailed.

Then there was the "Mount Hope," built at Newport for Gibbs & Channing, a ship of five hundred and seventy tons, carrying ten guns, six and nine pounders, and forty-five men. She sailed for Batavia in July, 1801, under command of Captain John Boit, and Francis Malbone went out as supercargo. This ship was very successful. Oct. 12, 1806, she entered from the Isle of Bourbon, having completed her fifth voyage to the East Indies without, in any instance, having lost a man, although her crew at no time was less than forty men; nor had she been detained or interfered with in any way by wars between other countries. Francis Malbone was again her supercargo. He went out on this voyage for his health, and came back quite restored. On his arrival he was welcomed by the Newport Artillery, which company paraded on the occasion, and gave him a formal reception.

The ship "Semiramis," of which I have already made mention, was not so fortunate; for on her return from the East Indies, March 2, 1804, she struck on the Long Shoal at the east end of the Vineyard Sound, having on board a valuable cargo of teas, sugars, nankeens, silks, &c. In thirty hours she bilged, and only a part of her cargo between decks was saved. The crew got off, with the exception of one man. The loss was computed to be not less than from $300,000 to $400,000. The Newport Company had insurance on her to the amount of $30,000. This ship had been absent nearly three years.

XIX.

NEWPORT GARDNER.

OF Newport's early years we know nothing. It has always been understood that he was brought here directly from the coast of Africa when about fourteen years of age, and that he was entrusted to the captain of the vessel, who, having pledged himself to see that the boy was properly instructed, sold him into slavery. He was still a savage and unable to speak other than the language of his tribe when he became the property of Caleb Gardner, a prominent merchant in Newport; but, quick to learn and docile in his ways, he soon acquired a recognized place in the house of his master. But while learning English, he never relinquished his hold on his native tongue, which he could speak fluently when he had attained to his eightieth year; at which time he declared that when light dawned on his intellect, he felt that the day might come when he should return to his native country to convert many there who were still in darkness. It has been said that he taught himself to read after receiving a few lessons in the elements of written language, and having mastered the rudiments of music, he became very proficient, and ultimately a skilful leader. Mrs. Gardner took great interest in him, and helped to further his wishes. There was a singing-master named Law who occasionally came to Newport to give lessons, and it was Newport's ambition to join one of his classes. Through the indulgence of Mrs. Gardner this wish was gratified, and soon the pupil showed him-

self to be more than the equal of his teacher. He read and wrote music with ease, and his voice was remarkably strong and clear. Sacred music alone claimed his attention. He never essayed to master any instrument, but as a leader of the little band of singers that gathered around him, he started the tune with a pitch pipe. Soon he was able to teach men and women who had had better schooling, and had enjoyed more advantages in musical training. A strict disciplinarian and of staid demeanor, no one even thought of taking liberties with him. One of his pupils recently said of him: "He carried a cane with an ivory head. I have often seen him rap some of his pupils over the head with it when they broke the rules of the school." But I judge from the remarks of others that he seldom had occasion to enforce authority in this way, for all were ready to be guided by him. He was very companionable, and nothing pleased him more than to have one say, "Come, Uncle Newport, let us try Coronation," or some other of the tunes that were then most popular. With his family he lived in Pope Street, but he had a room in the Bella "Bouse" house (probably a corruption of Bours, often so pronounced, the name of a Newport family of the last century), on High Street, and but a short distance from the residence of Dr. Hopkins, who lived on Division Street. There, "in an upper chamber," he gathered his pupils and gave instruction, — and here I must digress for a moment.

In 1770 Dr. Hopkins was settled over the Congregational Church in Newport. Here he was brought into closer relations with colored people than ever before — with men and women and children fresh from the wilds of Africa, and among them he discovered many who not only made good, faithful servants, but were also consistent Christians. The bond between the master and slave was strong, and the latter felt and believed that he was a part of the household. The interest of his owner was his

interest, and, aside from other considerations, it was the interest of the owner to see that those who served him were properly cared for. The boys and girls had some schooling, at least during a portion of the year, and when a man's allotted work was done, whether in the field or in the shop, the remainder of the day or week was his own, to employ as he pleased. As a class they were religiously inclined, and loved to come together to sing and pray. Dr. Hopkins found them ready and apt scholars. As early as 1776 he published a work on emancipation. On this, as on other subjects that gained his attention, he had clear and settled views. It was a part of his plan that the Africans in America, when properly qualified to teach others, should return to their own country. And it was a strange state of things that, while Dr. Hopkins was thus discoursing, the presiding elder in another place of worship was giving thanks in prayer on the Sunday morning after the arrival of every slaver from the coast of Africa, "that another cargo of benighted beings had been brought to a land where they might have the benefit of a gospel dispensation!"

Newport attended the Congregational church, and had come to man's estate when Dr. Hopkins took charge of the society. All that he heard was new to him, and he early became an attentive listener. The seed fell on good ground, and soon he was an earnest worker. His fine voice and attentive manner at once attracted the attention of the Doctor, who, finding of what material he was made, learned to place great confidence in him, and in mapping out a plan for colonizing Africa, assigned him an important position. In a letter on this missionary enterprise, he writes:

"Bristol Yamma is the first black on my list for a missionary; Salmar Nubia, alias Jack Mason, has been thought of for another by Dr. Stiles and me. He is sufficiently zealous to go. Newport Gardner

is, in my view, next to Bristol, and in some things excels him. He is a discerning, judicious, steady, good man, and feels greatly interested in promoting a Christian settlement in Africa, and promoting Christianity there. . . . Newport's master offers to free him, his wife, and all his children but one, on condition he will live with him two years from the first of this month, and receive three dollars per month during that time. This offer is beyond our expectation, and we hope he will give up the consideration last mentioned."

This was as late as 1791. The same year, while Newport was looking for the ways and means to return to Africa, he with nine others in bondage bought a lottery ticket — a thing then common enough with all classes — which was so fortunate as to draw two thousand dollars. This helped him on, but it did not suffice to buy the freedom of all the family, and it is related that while praying for their liberation, he was overheard by his master, who sent for him and placed in his hands a paper manumitting him, his wife, and children. Newport, in speaking of this, said, "the all-wise Disposer had signally answered his request before he had finished his supplication." He was now free to go, but the project lagged for want of proper support, and it was not till many years after the death of the Doctor that it was carried into effect. Newport meanwhile found that his pastor was becoming infirm, and it was to him alike a duty and a privilege to aid him with his arm in his walk to and from the church. In those walks they were always in earnest conversation, and we know from the character of the men what subject was ever uppermost in their thoughts.

With the death of Dr. Hopkins, Newport's zeal did not abate. There was work at home, and at the front of it he was always to be found. Opposite the house where the doctor lived on Division Street there was an old building, roomy enough, but low, and poorly adapted for public gatherings. It was called "the salt box" for some reason it is hardly worth while to inquire about.

Through the exertions of Newport, this building was purchased, renovated, and fitted up as a place of worship; and here he gathered many of his race and organized the Colored Union Church and Society in Newport. Newport was a leading spirit, and his memory is there kept green. The society, now known as the Union Congregational Church, is in a prosperous condition, and on the site of the old "salt box" there is a commodious and comely church edifice, presided over by the Rev. Mahlon Van Horne, a graduate from Princeton. How it would have gladdened Newport's heart could he have foreseen all this, and have known that the seed he planted would so grow and expand in the fulness of time.

Newport was now advanced in years, and his wish to return to his native land was still ungratified. He had won the confidence and merited the respect of every one, and about the year 1823 he was ordained a deacon in the Congregational Church in Newport. During all these years of struggle, means had been gathered little by little to pave the way, and at last a sum sufficiently large to take the colonists to Africa had been raised. Then Newport and Salmar gathered their little band and prepared to go. Newport was eighty years of age and Salmar seventy. Newport's wife was dead, but his son, a good bass singer, was of the party. They all assembled in Boston, sixteen in number, and organized a church previous to their departure. Newport and Salmar were chosen deacons, and were ordained by the Rev. Samuel Greene. Newport had years before composed an anthem. The words were taken from the Bible, but the music was his own composition. His friends in Boston procured a copy of it, which they placed in the hands of the choir to practise, and at the conclusion of the ceremony it was sung. For this Newport was wholly unprepared, and it moved him to tears. One week from that day, the last of December, 1825, the brotherhood set sail

from Boston in the brig "Vine," for Liberia. Ferguson, in his memoir, says:

"One aged black was among the number, who seemed to be filled with almost youthful enthusiasm for the cause. 'I go!' he exclaimed, 'to set an example to the youth of my race; I go to encourage the young. They can never be elevated here; I have tried it for sixty years — it is vain.'"

The brig arrived at her place of destination Feb. 6, 1826; but ere six months had fled, Newport and Salmar had passed away — not dying of the coast fever, but of a rapid decline. Soon they were joined by Newport's son, who died of the same disease.

XX.

A LOVE STORY.

IN an old seaport town like Newport one may often listen to tales of painful vicissitudes, — tales of privation and suffering; of ships that went down to the sea, never to return; of the sad, heartrending suspense that grows out of an uncertainty, whether the loved ones who went out into the world are still alive, may yet return, or have gone down unwept into the great deep. Here is a case in point: —

One of the southern families that early came to Newport to enjoy the advantages of its climate was that of Colonel Thomas Pollock. He was not the Pollock to whom reference was made by Mr. Burke, in his speech before the House of Commons in 1781, as having formerly lived in Rhode Island, and as having been stripped by the British at the taking of St. Eustatius; but he came from North Carolina, where his grandfather, who had been a deputy of Lord Carteret for a period of twenty years, was elected governor of the colony in 1712.

Colonel Pollock, who had frequent business relations with the merchants of Newport and Boston, and who passed much of his time in Newport, became involved in 1771 or 1772, when John Scollay of Boston sued him in the courts of Rhode Island, and recovered judgment to the amount of more than five hundred pounds sterling. Walter Chaloner, then sheriff, went bail for Pollock, who took himself off, and was never after seen in New-

port. When the time of payment came round Chaloner was thrown into jail, and there remained till the British took possession of the island, when, learning that the sheriff was a royalist, they released him.

Colonel Pollock left a son and daughter in Newport, the latter being the eldest. Dr. Olyphant was the family physician, and the interest the doctor had taken in the father led him to be kind and fatherly to the children, particularly to the son, who had shown a love for reading. One of the places of resort for the young man was a book-store and circulating library kept by Joseph J. Todd near the postoffice. This was in 1797. Todd's library contained about eight hundred volumes. There was more than one circulating library in the place; but the only one that Todd had to contend with was kept by Jacob Richardson, the postmaster, who asserted that his library contained more than a thousand volumes. Todd, not to be outdone, promised to increase his collection to two thousand volumes, and, in a spirit of enterprise, issued proposals for publishing the poems of Ossian. In this shop young Pollock almost lived, so fond was he of reading, devouring books not only in his own language but also in French; for, after the arrival of the frigate "Medusa" in 1795, with a number of distinguished Frenchmen on board, he applied himself to learning the French language under M. Bonnemot, who taught classes alternately in Newport and Providence.

The shops of booksellers in those days were like reading-rooms, and were frequented by both old and young readers; and it was in Todd's library that young Pollock met Ethel Fergurson, the pride and solace of her widowed mother. Ethel was the only daughter of John Fergurson. Adam and John Fergurson were snuffmakers, who came to America from Scotland and settled in Newport. Dr. Moffat, another Scotchman, had previously carried on the business of snuffmaking in Rhode

Island, and for a time was very successful. John Fergurson had a shop on Long Wharf in 1774, and his brother had one on Spring Street. Almost every one took snuff in those days, and the Fergursons had the satisfaction of knowing that they could sell an article "equal to anything imported from England" at a less price than the imported article bore. John died here, and Adam, when he closed the business, found there was little to go to the widow and orphan. With care and prudence Mrs. Fergurson and Ethel could just live on their small income. Ethel was fond of reading, and, as I have said, she and young Pollock met frequently in Todd's book-shop. Pollock, from long familiarity with the library, aided Todd in his duties, and thus it was that he and Ethel had long talks over their favorite authors. Is it to be wondered at that they soon began to love each other? But this was not of long duration, for, as soon as it was known, Ethel was not permitted to go again to the library, and Pollock was told that it would be time enough to look for a wife when he was in a position to support one. In a moment he took it all in, and knowing there was no opening for him at home he determined to push out into the world, and at once shipped on board the "Russell," a fine ship then up for Batavia. This was in March, 1799.

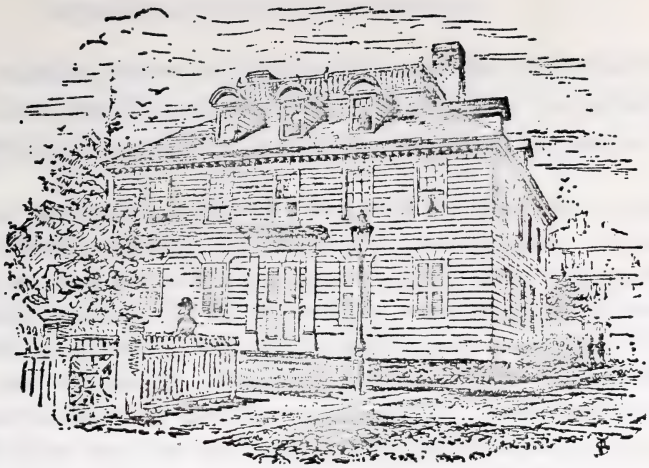
The "Russell" sailed in a few days, and on the 8th of the following August, while lying at anchor off Anjer Point, on the island of Java, under the guns of the fort, she was captured by the French privateer "La Harard." All on board the ship, with the exception of the captain, supercargo, and two boys, were put on shore at Batavia, and the ship was carried to the Isle of France. The long story of the difficulties that beset the captain, and how he finally obtained the release of his vessel, I need not here relate. He brought her home, reaching Newport in August, 1800. The blow to Ethel, when it was known to her what had

befallen the crew, was painful indeed; hard as had been her trials, this was the hardest of them all.

Pollock was stripped of everything but the clothes in which he stood when he stepped ashore in Batavia, but it was something to know that he had reached the port for which he had sailed. His willingness to work, his good address, and his knowledge of English and French, soon gained employment for him, and, saving little by little, he had with him quite a respectable sum when he sailed for England. But the vessel was captured by Spanish gunboats and sent into Algeria, where everything was taken from all on board, who were then reduced to slavery. Pollock at length escaped and found himself on board an English vessel, bound for Liverpool. Till then he knew nothing of the war between the United States and England, and he had scarcely learned the particulars, when the vessel which was bearing him from slavery was taken, close in under the Irish coast, by the American privateer "Yankee," of Bristol. This was a lucky turn in the affairs of Pollock, who at once signed the schooner's papers, and fought as bravely as any one on board when the opportunity offered. After a cruise lasting three months she returned to Rhode Island in August, 1813, "as deep as she could swim" with valuable goods on board, and she had also sent in seven prizes.

Pollock rowed in the first boat that came on shore, and it was with fear and agitation that he asked for Ethel. Fourteen years had elapsed, and no one could tell him anything about her. At last he learned that, finding their income inadequate to their support, they had gone to New York, and from there to Long Island. Nor was this his only disappointment: his sister Elizabeth had died in 1801, and his kind friend — one who had been to him a father — Dr. Olyphant, had gone to rest in 1805. Over the grave of his sister in Trinity churchyard, where there is a slab to her memory, he gave vent to his tears and then sailed for

Long Island. There, after a persistent search, for he had nothing to guide him, he found the object of his affections living with her mother in straitened circumstances. The meeting was as happy as it was unexpected to Ethel, and when the first excitement was over they had much to say to each other and a tale to tell of suffering and painful disappointments. To Newport they never returned, but when their hands, as well as their hearts, were joined, they left for North Carolina, where Pollock hoped to recover some of the property that had once belonged to his ancestors.



VERNON HOUSE.

XXI.

THE VERNON PICTURES.

THIS collection of pictures was made in France at the time of the French Revolution, and brought to this country soon after that event. For years these pictures hung on the walls of the owner's house in Newport almost unknown, except to his intimate friends; and when at length they were sold under the hammer, hardly a record was made of the event. The collection was made by William H. Vernon, son of William Vernon of Newport, Rhode Island. William Vernon resided in the house, at the corner of Mary and Clarke streets. William H. Vernon was born in Newport. He graduated at Princeton College in the class of 1776, and in 1777 or 1778 sailed for France under the patronage of John Adams, who was one of his father's friends. It is understood in the family that he took with him letters to Franklin, who had received favors at the hand of his grandfather. He had

also other valuable letters of introduction, and on his arrival in Paris he at once found his way into the best society of the capital. Dec. 28, 1778, his father wrote to him from Boston as follows:—

"I cannot express the happiness I feel when you inform me of the polite and friendly treatment you meet with at every place; yet be assured, my son, it is not your being connected with those that sustain posts of honor, &c., that will fix and establish your character with men of understanding and reputation. It is essential and absolutely necessary that your behavior in all respects should coincide — that will increase your friends and make them permanent. . . . I have the honor to give this letter into the hands of the Marquis de la Fayette, who desires the pleasure (as he expresses it) of delivering a letter from me to you. He is a nobleman of France, of an eminent ancient family, highly esteemed by Congress as a zealous and able friend of the United States; has served as major-general in our army these two years with great reputation; he is beloved by officers and soldiers, by all ranks of people, as one of the most amiable characters on earth. Too much cannot be said in his praise. Lest I should not say enough, I will say nothing more than that I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing him whose affability is an example of human excellence."

At the time that this letter was received Mr. Vernon was residing at Montauban for the purpose of perfecting his knowledge of the language, while he made himself fully acquainted with the manufactures carried on there. In a subsequent letter his father writes to him:—

"I have obtained from Mr. King the portrait of General Washington, which he copied from a picture taken by Peele of Philadelphia, in the possession of Mr. Hancock, and is confessed by all good judges and connoisseurs in painting to exceed the original piece, which is esteemed a striking likeness of the general. I send it a present to you in the Continental frigate "Alliance," Peter Landoise, Esq., commander, under the care of the Marquis de la Fayette, but suppose he may charge Captain Landoise with the delivery of it. You may make what use you

please of the picture. I have no objection to your presenting it to any of the nobility of France. The commission from the United States have one, sent them by Mr. Hancock, of Mr. King's drawing. Perhaps it may be acceptable even to Majesty; however, you may use your own pleasure and discretion in presenting it to whom you please. I don't doubt but you will bestow it judiciously."

Samuel King, the portrait-painter above alluded to, resided at Newport, and eked out a scanty living by combining with his art the manufacture of mathematical instruments, at which he was an adept. It was under his guidance that Washington Allston and Malbone, the miniature painter, received their first lessons in art in his humble studio (then styled "shop") in Newport. What became of the portrait of Washington sent to France it would now be as difficult to tell as it would be to trace the history of many of the pictures brought to this country by Mr. Vernon. But to return to my subject.

Mr. Vernon resided in France during the years that preceded and followed the Revolution. Living in an atmosphere of art, and possessed of a fine taste, it is not surprising that, with means at his command, he bought liberally when the finest pictures from the most celebrated galleries were thrown on the market for whatever might be offered for them. They were brought to America and were hung on the walls of the family mansion, which during the absence of the son had been honored as the headquarters of Rochambeau and his staff. They were generally small in size, easel pictures, for the house was low-studded, as was usual with the New England houses of that day, and there was not height enough to hang anything larger than an ordinary half-length. On the death of Mr. Vernon the pictures were advertised for sale, and the following is the heading of the catalogue — a broad sheet in double line: —

CATALOGUE

of Ancient Paintings,

BY THE FIRST MASTERS,

COLLECTED BY THE LATE WM. H. VERNON,

During his residence in France at the period of the French Revolution.

NEWPORT, July 1, 1835.

They had previously been exhibited in Boston, in compliance with the wish of a number of gentlemen who made application to Mr. Vernon through the Rev. Dr. Channing.

BOSTON, March 12, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR, — The committee for the arrangements for the annual exhibition of pictures in the Athenæum have suggested to me that a line from me might aid their application to you, which will accompany this. I dare not flatter myself that I have the influence which they ascribe to me; but if I had I would cheerfully exert it in their favor. I recollect the pleasure I have received from your pictures. I wish my fellow-citizens here to share it. I feel, too, that we all owe it to our country to spread as far as we can a taste for the fine arts, and I do not know how, with your strong patriotic feelings, you can escape the obligation. The gentlemen who apply to you are among our first citizens, and I am confident that your pictures will nowhere draw greater attention and admiration than in this place. Very truly yours,

WM. E. CHANNING.

The application from the Boston Athenæum was made Feb. 20, 1830, and was signed by William H. Eliot, William P. Mason, Robert Trueman, Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., I. P. Davis, and J. A. Harwood.

In the printed catalogue of the Athenæum exhibition for that year there were some flattering notices of the pictures, like the following, — speaking of some pictures by Salvator: —

"A COMPANY OF GIPSIES PREPARING TO DECAMP. — There can be no doubt that these pictures are correctly ascribed to Salvator, and we

find in all of them his admirable taste in grouping his figures, as well as the wonderful vigor of his execution."

"THREE VIEWS IN VENICE, BY CANALLETTI. — Unquestionably originals by that master."

"A LAUGHING BOY, BY GUARDO DELLE NOTTI. — It cannot be examined without astonishment at the boldness of the coloring and the exquisite effect produced by it, &c., &c.

After the death of Mr. Vernon, and when it was decided to dispose of the pictures by auction, no particular pains were taken to make the sale known, except in the immediate neighborhood of Newport; it never having occurred to the administrator that works of art would sell to better advantage in some one of the large centres — New York or Boston. The pictures, if they were anything like what was claimed for them (and some of them are within reach of those who are curious in such matters), changed hands for a mere song. Some of the pictures were sold on the spot; others were bid in, and were subsequently disposed of at private sale, while a number were retained by the family. These last, with one or two exceptions, have all changed hands.

The catalogue embraces fifty-five lots. It was evidently made by some one not familiar with the artists' names, and who made numerous mistakes in transcribing them; as, for example, Vernit for Vernet, and Vandermenter for Vandermeulen. But in an old manuscript catalogue, which has been preserved, we get at the names of the pictures, with the prices, in francs, paid for many of them. In some instances there is a slight description of each picture; but it is not always easy to decipher, for it is in pencil, much rubbed, and in some places quite illegible. It would hardly be profitable to recall all these pictures, but of some of them we may well make mention.

There were two small sketches by Salvator Rosa, full of spirit

and every way characteristic of that master, representing "The Prodigal eating Husks" and "The Return of the Prodigal," and three views of Venice by Canaletto; the Salvators are marked four thousand francs for the pair, and the Canalettos one thousand francs, probably each, for they were finished pictures, and of the usual size of that master's works. The five were sold under the hammer to Mr. John H. Gilliat for five hundred dollars, and long hung on his walls, where I have often seen them.

One picture was said to be by Murillo — "a shepherd, with the skin of some animal thrown over his shoulders, and playing on his pipe." No price is named, and no further history of it is given. It was purchased by Mr. Ball of South Carolina, who spent his summers in Newport and married a Newport lady. He was subsequently lost in the "Pulaski." Several other pictures were bought by him at this sale; one, "The Lake of Trasimene," by Vernet, came from the collection of the Count du Barry, and was knocked down for the pitiful sum of ninety dollars. A pair of small pictures, "The Flight into Egypt" and "The Repose in Egypt," said to be by Sebastian Bourdon, and marked four thousand francs, were sold for little more than the value of the frames. A pair of battle scenes, by Charles Breydel, better known as "the Chevalier," were bought in, but what subsequently became of them is not known. There was also a small battle piece by Vandermeulen — a master whose works were frequently imitated by Breydel. Another picture, a kindred subject, is described in the printed catalogue as "a battle with a castle on a hill," by Le Brun. In the manuscript against the picture is this note: "I will not hazard the name of the artist to whom it is assigned, but the picture would do honor to the greatest of battle painters."

No. 12 in the collection was said to be by Leonardo da Vinci. Of this picture I would here pause to speak. It is the counter-

part, in every respect, of the celebrated "Mona Lisa" in the Louvre. It was said to have been given to Mr. Vernon by Marie Antoinette as an original. This picture the old gentleman kept in his chamber, and he was often seen by members of his family on his knees before it. Some years ago it was taken to Paris and compared with the picture in the Louvre. Eastlake, who saw it at the time, said there was no perceptible difference between the two, but that he did not believe Da Vinci painted two pictures of the same subject, and that he thought the Vernon "Mona Lisa" was by Luini, a pupil of Leonardo. This picture was bid in for three hundred and five dollars. Fifteen hundred were subsequently offered for it. It is still in the family, being owned by Misses Sarah B. and Alma E. Vernon, and is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

A picture of "Diana and her Maids in the Bath," was attributed to Boullongue, but whether the elder or one of the younger does not appear. Two cavalry pictures, artist unknown, and marked six thousand francs, were sold to Mr. Howell. A small pair, a "Bacchus and Silenus" and a "Bacchus," by Jacques Jordaens, were followed by a fruit piece, by Ernst Stuven, a pupil of Mignon, and a painter of note, for which fifteen hundred francs had been paid. This last fell to Mr. Gilliat, for one hundred dollars. "Lot and His Daughters," by Boullongue (probably the Chevalier), cost six thousand francs, and was bid in. A "Madonna and Child," the work of Bon Boullongue, for which five hundred francs had been paid, was bought by Mr. Middleton of South Carolina, with one other small picture, for one hundred dollars. These were followed by a pair by John Baptist Oudry — one an architectural subject, with field sports in the background, and the other a dog dashing through a sedgy pool after water-fowl. Oudry was at one time professor of the Academy at Paris, and died at Beau-

vais in 1755. No. 30 was a marine view, by Vandervelde, for which four thousand francs had been paid. No. 34 was a "Dying Seneca," bought at an outlay of six thousand francs, and ascribed to Vandyck. It was knocked down to Mr. Thomas R. Hazard for three hundred and ten dollars. It is still owned by Mr. Hazard, who prizes it highly. "The Octogenarian," a picture by Luis Morales, the Spanish painter, was bought by the late Nathaniel S. Ruggles, and is now owned by Mr. George A. Richmond.

One of the most important pictures in the collection was that of "St. Roche and his Dog," said to have been presented by one of the popes to the cathedral at Toulouse. The artist's name has been lost, and all that is known of its history is this vague outline. It was purchased by Thomas R. Hazard for ninety-one dollars, and it may still be seen, with the "Dying Seneca," at Vaucluse, a few miles from Newport. The "St. Roche" has been pronounced "the work of a Spanish artist of great merit;" but, as already stated, it is not possible now to identify it. A picture of "Leda and Jupiter," by Mignard (whether Pierre or Andrew it does not appear), was bid in; and also the "Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Paul Veronese; the latter for three hundred and five dollars. A picture of the "Presentation of St. John in the Temple," which cost two thousand francs, said to be by Jacques Jordaens, was sold for seventy-one dollars. A saint, ascribed to Titian, and bought for three thousand francs, does not appear in any of the printed catalogues, and the same may be said of a portrait of Le Brun, and a number of other pictures.

While it is more than probable that many of these pictures were but indifferent works of art, there were evidently among them really good and valuable paintings, as instance the "Mona Lisa," the "St. Roche," and the "Dying Seneca." The price

paid for them in France was no criterion, for at the time that they were thrown upon the market there was no standard of value, and an article was sold for whatever was offered at the moment of sale. Nor was the price paid for them under the hammer in 1835 any better guide, for the bidding was confined almost exclusively to the residents of a town of less than ten thousand inhabitants, and of that number but few, comparatively, could either appreciate art or afford to indulge a taste for pictures.

XXII.

THE NEWPORT INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE Newport Insurance Company was incorporated in February, 1799, Dr. Senter, Colonel Lyman, Dr. Olyphant, and a number of others having petitioned the General Assembly for that purpose. The subscription books were opened in the State House on the twenty-fifth day of March, at 3 P. M., under the superintendence of Archibald Crary, John L. Boss, Ethan Clarke, Robert N. Auchmuty, and William Hunter. The capital stock was limited to $200,000, and was not to be less than $100,000, divided into shares of $100, but this was changed to $60 a share. The following is a list of the original subscribers:—

"We, the Subscribers, hereby engage to become underwriters in the Insurance Office opened by Samuel Sanford, on a plan that shall be hereafter mutually agreed upon by us."

GEO. HAZARD.	CALEB GARDNER.
SAM. FOWLER.	GEORGE CHAMPLIN.
FRAN. MALBONE.	WILLIAM MINTURN.
JOHN SLOCUM.	PELEG CLARKE.
HENRY HUNTER.	JAMES ROBINSON.
CHRIS. CHAMPLIN.	SAMUEL VERNON, JR.
OLIVER R. WARNER.	SAM. VERNON, SEN'R.
GEORGE GIBBS.	MASON & MALBONE.

NEWPORT, May 12, 1784.

This organization of 1784 did not hold together long, and at best it was but a simple compact, to act in certain cases as

underwriters. Out of it grew the company of 1799, of which company the following were the original subscribers: —

Isaac Senter, Daniel Lyman, David Olyphant, Francis Brinley, Henry Sherburne, William Littlefield, Robert N. Auchmuty, Archibald Crary, Ethan Clarke, William Hunter, John L. Boss, John Robinson, Junr., Thomas Dennis, Ebenezer Burrill, Seth Dean, William Wood, John Handy, Christopher Fowler, William Cooke, Thomas Handy, William R. Robinson, John Bours, Robert Rogers, Joseph Rogers, John Bours, Junr., Robert Stevens, Joseph Huntington, Samuel F. Gardiner, Frederick Crary, Joshua Rathbone, John Cooke, James D'Wolf, Elisha R. Potter, Nathaniel Briggs, Asher Robbins, William Arnold & Son, Nicholas Taylor, and John T. Child.

The "Rules and Regulations" of the Company were very lengthy, and from them I take the following: —

The Rules, Regulations, and Subscription List of the Insurance Company Established in Newport, Jan. 5, 1799.

We, the Subscribers, agree to establish an Insurance Office in Newport, for the purpose of insuring Vessels, Cargoes, Freights, Adventures and Profits, as may be presented, on the following conditions: —

1. The said Insurance Office shall be kept by Mr. Samuel Sanford, who shall make and keep a Register of all the policies which shall be written in said Office, and shall also keep an account of the adjustment of premiums and of losses.

2. Each Subscriber shall be responsible only for the sum by him on his authority written on any policy or policies.

3. On all policies from two to eight thousand dollars, each one of us shall have a right to claim a dividend of the risk in a relative proportion to the largest sum we have severally engaged to underwrite.

4. We will each one in person or by an attorney appear at the Insurance Office every day between the hours of
for the purpose aforesaid, and in case of non-appearance at the time assigned, all policies above two thousand dollars may be filled and the absentee excluded.

5. It is agreed that Mr. Samuel Sanford, Keeper of the said Insurance Office, be and he is hereby authorized to write, on all policies not exceeding two thousand dollars, in the name of each one of the Subscribers, a sum proportioned to the largest sum we severally have engaged to write upon the most considerable policies; the premiums for such policies being first fixed and agreed upon by three Subscribers. And we do hereby promise and agree that we will severally bear the risk of all such sums written in our behalf by Mr. Samuel Sanford aforesaid.

6. When the signatures shall amount to twelve this instrument shall be irrevocably closed and delivered up to Mr. Sanford, Keeper of the Offices.

In witness of the preceding agreement we have hereto signed our names and affixed our seals, the fifth day of January, A. D. 1799.

For Gibbs and Channing, the largest sum they will write, two thousand dollars. W. CHANNING and GEORGE GIBBS.

For George Gibbs, Junr., the largest sum he will write, five hundred dollars. GEO. GIBBS, for G. GIBBS, JUNR.

For Christopher Champlin, the largest sum he will write, six hundred dollars. CHRIS. CHAMPLIN.

For Christopher Grant Champlin, the largest sum he will write, three hundred dollars. CHRIS. CHAMPLIN for CHRIS. G. CHAMPLIN.

For George Champlin, the largest sum he will write, one thousand dollars. GEO. CHAMPLIN.

For James Robinson, the largest sum he will write, one thousand dollars. JAMES ROBINSON.

For Caleb Gardner, the largest sum he will write, fifteen hundred dollars. CALEB GARDNER.

For Christ. Fowler & Co., the largest sum they will write, four hundred dollars. SILAS DEAN, CHRIST. FOWLER.

For John Robinson, Junr., the largest sum he will write, four hundred dollars. JOHN ROBINSON, JUNR.

For Simeon Martin, the largest sum he will write, eight hundred dollars. SIMEON MARTIN.

For Peleg Clarke, the largest sum he will write, one thousand dollars. PELEG CLARKE.

For Samuel and W. H. Vernon, the largest sum they will write, fifteen hundred dollars. SAM. VERNON, JUNR., W. H. VERNON.

Each subscriber deposited $1,000 in the bank, as a fund to pay losses, which fund was placed under the control of the "office keeper." Should the fund, with the premiums received, prove inadequate to meet any losses that might occur, then each member was to pay his proportion of the deficiency; but the members were not jointly or severally held to each other beyond the amount they had funded. The office keeper received two and a half per cent upon all premiums, and one per cent on all losses; he was also to receive one dollar for filling out a policy. He kept regular accounts of all the doings of the company, collected all premiums, paid losses, and settled with the underwriters once a year. The company was in active operation for five years, when its affairs were ended, it having been found that the earnings had paid but five per cent on the capital for the whole period. In that time property to the amount of $3,373,940.33 had been insured, and losses to the amount of $145,243.13 had been paid.

XXIII.

OLD SIGNS.

SWINGING signs over the doors of shops, warehouses, and inns were once as common and distinctive, particularly in old seaports, as are trademarks to-day in a thriving community. If one wanted to know where a certain class of goods could be found he was directed to the "Red Lion," or the "Golden Calf," as the case might be, and not to the shop of such and such an one. The owners of shops were, to a certain extent, impersonal. One bought a pair of gloves at the "Buck," and not of John Skinner; a plaster at the "Golden Mortar," and not of Peter Pestle. The painting of these signs was a distinct business, and those who followed it were well qualified for the work, for they also painted portraits when an opportunity offered, and coats-of-arms. A man named Halpin made it known in 1773 that he had taken a room in the Brick Market, where he solicited a share of patronage as "portrait, herald, and sign painter." Rarely are these old signs now to be met with, and if found at all it is in some old garret, where what was left of them when they were taken down has nearly or quite faded out.

Newport had formerly many of these old swinging and other emblematic signs, but the present generation knows little more of them than their names. There was the "Black Horse," the "White Horse," and the "Unicorn." The "Black Horse" was a popular coffee-house, where now stands Carry's fruit store, on

Thames Street, kept by Thomas Webber prior to 1767, at which time it was taken by Abigail Stoneman, and it was then known as the Merchants' Coffee-House, at the sign of the "King's Arms." Abigail was either "a rolling stone," or else her business was widely extended; for in 1773 she had the "King's Arms," on the Point Bridge, where she had also a good dancing-room, "which any civil and polite person could have, with music and lights, on the payment of a quarter of a dollar for each gentleman," the evening hours being from six to nine. The same year she made it known that she kept the "British Coffee-House" on Thames Street, "near the New Lane" — Mary Street — and in Middletown, on the west road, she had a tea house.

At the time that the Webber house was known as the "King's Arms," John Roach and John Trecher, "from London," soap-boilers and candle-makers, hung out the "Bunch of Grapes" over the store on the opposite side of Thames Street. They prided themselves on their "candles with three wicks," which candles were highly recommended "for the use of tradespeople, as they showed a double light."

The "White Horse" was a noted inn on the corner of Marlborough and Farewell streets, kept by Jonathan Nichols in 1739. It was in his coffee-room that the project of building the Long Wharf, begun that year, was discussed; and there the proprietors of the wharf, after their frequent meetings, had a good time at the table spread by Nichols. In 1782 Walter Nichols succeeded his father in the management of the house, and his descendants still reside there. Walter Nichols was a cabinet-maker, and had his shop in the small building to the west of the house, and a part of the same premises. When the Long Wharf was so far completed that it could be used for business purposes, shops were erected, from which a variety of signs were suspended. The "Leather Breeches" marked the shop of Martha Leuby, who in

1773 occupied herself in "making, mending, and washing leather breeches," then quite a calling, for the wearing of such garments was very common. James Anthony had a store on the wharf, at the sign of the "Hat." Near by there was a swinging sign that came down to my early days. It hung over the portal of a sailor's boarding-house, and under a huge block were these lines:

> "Come, brother sailor, make a stop,
> And lend a hand to strap the block;
> And if the work is neatly done,
> You shall have a glass of rum."

What is now the City Wharf was formerly known as Gravelly Point. Here there was once a number of shops, a market, &c. One of the shops, known from its sign as the "Trysail," was owned by William Treby, sailmaker. In 1771 Treby was robbed by a man named Cunningham, who had only a few weeks before been tarred and feathered in New York for some rascality. Escaping from his tormentors, he came to Newport in a small sloop, and applied to Treby for a suit of sails, about which he promised to call the next day. That night he robbed the sail-loft of half a dozen bolts of Russia duck, stole a boat alongside, and started for New York. He was followed, captured in New York, and brought back for trial; but escaped from jail, made his way to New York again, and was soon arrested in that city, in connection with five or six others, for another bold robbery.

The "Roebuck" was the sign of Thomas Greene, who dealt in "English goods," in a shop on Thames Street, where now stands the Bateman building. In 1773 the "Golden Lion" was swinging over the shop of William Ladd, in what was subsequently known as the Horsefield estate, now Denman's; and where now Mr. Southwick has his store, a few doors north of the latter premises, the "Golden Eagle" marked the place where John (Johnny) Bours sold dry goods.

There was a "Golden Mortar" on the Parade in 1769, and there is a mortar there now, but it has served only two generations, and it is not golden. At the "Freemasons' Arms" John Rogers, tailor, could be found, and in 1790 William Adancourt, who had been Rochambeau's commissary, and of whom I have made mention, kept school at the "White Stone," where one could also obtain board and lodging.

Mrs. Cowley kept a coffee-house and assembly-room on Church Street. When the British took possession of the island she hung out a "crown," and after that it was known as the "Crown Coffee House." She lost nothing by this change of colors, for her rooms were a popular place of amusement while the British were here; and when the French came it was still Mrs. Cowley's assembly-room that was selected for balls and other entertainments. Evidently Mrs. Cowley understood her business. The "Bakers' Arms" was near the Point Ferry, and "Pitt's Head" stood on the site now occupied by Odd Fellows' Hall, on the north side of the Parade. In 1759 the "Pitt's Head" was run by James Brooks, who made a specialty of Madeira and Vidonia wines; and in 1773 it was kept by Robert Lillibridge, Jr., who informed the public that year that he had procured a new coach for pleasure driving, with a good coachman and a pair of horses. The coach was large enough, to carry four persons comfortably and the expense to each person would be little more than riding in a chaise.

The people at that time had the greatest admiration for Mr. Pitt — "Sublimity Pitt," as he was called by Lord Bolingbroke — and looked upon him as one of the benefactors of the colonies. To him they ascribed the triumph over the French at Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Quebec, and they watched with admiration every movement of the power behind the throne. "Pitt's Head" became the favorite sign for inns in New England. The house

over whose door such a sign hung might change hands, but the sign was never taken down; it was a part of the goodwill of the establishment. And when "the great commoner" became a peer they did not lose faith in him, but still allowed his head to swing over their inns. In Charleston, S. C., he was honored with a statue, which was raised with ceremony on the 3d of July 1770, and placed on a pedestal on Broad Street, opposite St. Michael's Church and the State House. This done, the health of Lord Chatham was drunk, cannon were discharged, and the bells of St. Michael's rang out a merry peal. On the pedestal there was placed this inscription: —

"In grateful memory of his services to his country in general and to America in particular, the Commons House of Assembly of South Carolina unanimously voted this statue to the Right Honorable William Pitt, Esq., who gloriously exerted himself in defending the Freedom of Americans, the true sons of England, by promoting a repeal of the Stamp Act in the year 1766.

"Time shall sooner destroy this mark of their esteem than erase from their minds their just sense of his patriotic virtues."

Robert Lillibridge died in 1785, aged fifty-six years, and Alice, his widow, died in 1813, then seventy-nine years of age. Their sons, Robert and Hampton, had a shop on Thames Street, where Erastus P. Allen is now located. Hampton removed to Charleston, S. C., and died on a plantation in 1801.

"Pitt's Head" was the stopping-place of itinerants of all kinds. It was at this noted inn that "Mr. Brown, surgeon and dentist from Denmark," offered to our great-grandparents a dentifrice after "an infallible secret, for cleansing teeth and rendering them as white as alabaster, even if as black as coals." In 1777 Edward Cole had a recruiting office at "Pitt's Head." He had shown himself to be a good soldier and a brave officer at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, in command of a regiment before

Quebec, and at the taking of Havana. A loyalist, he left Newport with the British troops, settled at St. John, N. B., and died there in 1793. At the time that Cole had a recruiting office at "Pitt's Head," Archibald McKendrick had another at the "White Horse," on Marlborough Street.

The "Locust Stump," as early as 1769, was improved by John Channing, whose father, John, was the founder of the Channing family in Newport. Later, the "Locust Stump" was occupied by Joseph Belcher, brass founder, who made many of the andirons and fenders that are now sought by the collectors of old furniture. The same year the "Marquis of Granby" hung over the door of a tavern kept by John Fry — a stone house owned by Job Almy, and situated "a little to the north of the Court House, on a street leading to the hay-scales." Connected with the "Marquis of Granby" there is this story: —

In 1762 the privateer "Diana," Captain Sweet, then owned by Metcalf Bowler, Solomon Townsend, and Thomas Wickham, Jr., sent in to Newport, in connection with the privateers "King George" and "General Monkton," five prizes. One of the prizes was a polacca, richly laden, and another was the sloop "Kipple," which had on board a German family — her captain, Carl Hegel, and his wife and daughter, the latter a girl of ten or twelve years of age. When they landed they were thrown on their own resources, and were glad of any employment. Hegel shipped at once as a common sailor; and his wife went to service, with her daughter Gertrude, at the "Marquis of Granby," the inn at which they had taken lodging when they first came on shore. Under this roof Gertrude rapidly picked up the English language, and soon made herself invaluable to Fry, who trusted to her many things about the establishment. The tavern was popular with the farmers who had dealings at the hay-market. Among those who occasionally frequented it was Judge William Taggart, who had a

kind word for the maid-of-all-work employed in the coffee-room, whose duty it was to see that all who entered were cared for. But when the British took possession of the island the farmers who remained by their possessions kept away from the town as much as possible. A Hessian colonel and his retinue were quartered on Judge Taggart, the colonel having taken possession of the place for his own use, and a number of the other Hessian officers were lodged at the "Marquis of Granby." Judge Taggart and two of his sons were allowed to remain on the farm, more to wait upon the officers quartered there than for any other reason; but another son, William Taggart, Jr., went over to the main land and joined the forces under Colonel Stanton.

Judge Taggart was too good a patriot to remain idle, and for a time he kept up a communication with the rebel forces without being suspected by the enemy. The farmers were required to send in the products of their farms for the use of the troops, and if there was any falling off in the supply they were sharply looked after by Deputy Commissary Morrison, who knew them all, for he had married a Rhode Island woman — Polly Wanton, eldest daughter of Colonel Wanton, and grand-daughter of Governor Joseph Wanton. The little that was spared on Taggart's farm by the locusts under his own roof was sent to town by Cudjo (his real name is lost), a negro man of all work, who was bright enough to keep his ears open. He rarely went to town when he was not the bearer of notes to the officers at the "Marquis of Granby," where he picked up bits of news through Gertrude, who found in him a willing listener, and who retailed all she heard in the coffee-room. Her opportunities for playing the gossip were great; for among the officers who frequented the house was Captain Klingender, of the Hessian Fusileers, while Captains D'Aübant and Maltzburg were quartered there. They were all great talkers, great smokers, and great lovers of beer; and they were withal warm friends.

Frequent were the talks they had in their own tongue, never suspecting that the attentive maid, who kept them well supplied with tobacco and beer, understood what was said. A number of assemblies at the Crown Coffee-House was decided upon, of which D'Aübant and Maltzburg were the recognized masters of ceremony. In Fry's little sitting-room, adjoining the coffee-room, the details were arranged, and there whatever was going on among the troops was freely discussed. Through Gertrude and Cudjo much of it found its way to the Judge's ear.

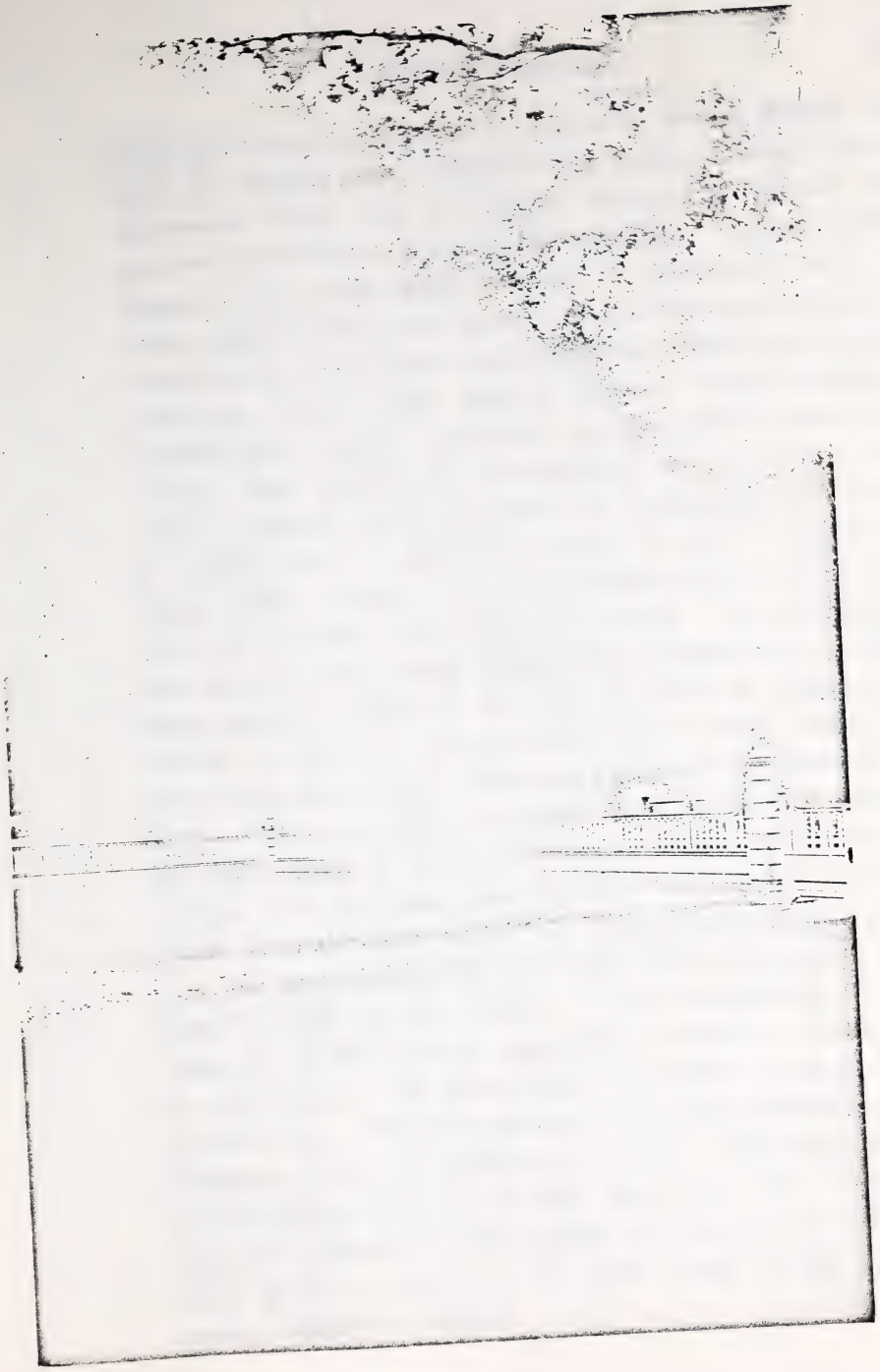
So it went on for months. In the autumn General Spencer planned an attack on the British forces on the island. Then it became necessary for some one to enter the British lines, and that duty was assigned to young Taggart, for whom a pass was obtained to visit his father. The information gathered at the farm was what was wanted, and when he returned to the American camp the details of the proposed attack were completed. Young Taggart, with a few trusty companions, was to lead in a number of boats, and he successfully landed at Black Point; but the rest of the flotilla failed to move, for want of a sufficient number of boats. Taggart and his men made good their escape after they were discovered, and the British, out of revenge, burnt the Judge's house and barns, and then tried to capture his son. In this last they failed for some time; but in July, 1779, a party of refugees went over to the main land in a boat and surprised the Taggarts, who were then living in Little Compton. William Taggart, Jr., tried to make good his escape, but was run through with a bayonet and killed. A few weeks later the British left the island, and Gertrude, who had played her part so well, probably never knew that in so doing she had really served the rebels.

XXIV.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

IN the grounds of the Redwood Library, quite near to the fence — so near to it that its branches spread half across Bellevue Avenue, there is a superb specimen of the fern-leaf beech, which in summer attracts the attention of every one who passes that much frequented spot. The tree has a history of its own, for it was planted by the late Robert Johnston, a benefactor of the Library, one of whom I am often reminded, and to whom this institution, which had no claim on him other than that it was planted by men of culture, was greatly indebted.

Robert Johnston was born at Murray Hill, in the Parish of St. Ann's, Jamaica, Dec. 16, 1783, and came of a long line of Scotch ancestors. He was schooled in Scotland, graduated with honors at the college in Aberdeen, and then travelled on the continent. He was at Moscow immediately after the burning of that city to check Napoleon, and subsequently made a pedestrian tour through the greater part of Denmark and some portions of Norway, everywhere gathering information. That he was a man of taste is shown by the fact that near an old monastery in the immediate neighborhood of Dumfries there is a handsome monument, erected to the Duke of Wellington and to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, designed by Mr. Johnston



FERN-LEAF BEECH
REDWOOD LIBRARY.

(who also wrote the inscription) soon after leaving college. In 1818 he married Miss Catharine Cole Taylor, a young lady of uncommon worth, born in Jamaica, schooled in Newport, and sent out to Scotland to complete her education. He then went to Jamaica, where he was made a member of the Privy Council. In 1822, children having been born to him, he removed to England, intending to educate them there, but the climate not agreeing with Mrs. Johnston, they went to Scotland. While residing in England Mr. Johnston originated and perfected a plan for a railway from London to Southampton, but before he could bring it properly before the public the threatened emancipation in Jamaica made it necessary for him to sail at once for the West Indies. During his absence other parties availed themselves of his labors and reaped the reward. The emancipation that soon followed greatly impaired his property, and in compliance with the wishes of his wife he came to America and settled in Newport, a spot made dear to Mrs. Johnston by many early associations. Here he purchased an estate of fifty acres — the Easton farm, near the beach, which now embraces the fine estates of Messrs. Peterson, Chanler, Woodworth and others. The old house, now a part of the Chanler estate, and which formerly stood where Mr. Peterson's house now stands, was the head-quarters of Lord Percy when in command of the British troops on this island. It was surrounded by noble trees, but in the general destruction of trees, to furnish fuel for the troops, Lord Percy would not allow a limb to be cut on the place. When the property come into the hands of Mr. Johnston there were seventy of the old buttonwood, or sycamores, still standing, all of which have since died. This property Mr. Johnston at once began to improve, but before he could settle his affairs in the West Indies he had to make several voyages to Jamaica.

The interest that Mr. Johnston took in Newport centred in the Redwood Library. At his suggestion the directors, in 1833, elected the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Lyndhurst, A. Agar Ellis, T. C. Cooper, Baron Hottinger and Dr. Edwards of Paris, and T. Bland, honorary members. From these gentlemen he expected great benefactions to the Library. The father of the Duke, Lord Percy, had protected the Library in the Revolution, when the British troops were despoiling it. Ellis was Librarian to the British Museum; Cooper, Secretary to the Commissioners of the Public Records of England; Hottinger, the Paris banker, had married a descendant of Abraham Redwood, and Edwards was a member of the Institute of Paris. From these gentlemen, as I have said, he expected substantial benefits to the Library, and he was not mistaken. In this way he secured a gift of eighty-four volumes of the Public Records of England, and fifty volumes of old and scarce works, the whole being valued at not less than fifteen hundred dollars.

At this time a fresh impetus was given to the Library through the exertion and influence of Mr. Johnston, who became not only an active member of the Corporation, but also of the Board of Directors. In response to the above appeal, a number of other volumes were added to the collection, the gift of different persons. Of one of the gifts, a folio copy of the "Bishop's Bible," a notice appeared in the "Mercury" of Oct. 26, 1833, probably written by Mr. Johnston, or his friend Mr. Walker, in which it is stated that it was presented by a gentleman of Newport, who met with it in New York, in a manner as singular as unexpected. The donor's name was withheld, and there is no reference to it in the records of the Library, but I think it more than probable the gentleman was Mr. Johnston himself. A few days later there appeared in the columns of the "Mercury" a copy of an original paper by Judge Scott, a relative of Sir

Walter Scott, and at one time a resident of Newport, giving an account of the origin and formation of the Library, with the names of the original subscribers. To further aid the Library, Mr. Walker, at the suggestion of Mr. Johnston, began the work of preparing a course of lectures, to be delivered in the principal cities of the United States for the benefit of the institution; and it was hoped that by this and other measures which were contemplated the Library building might be materially enlarged. In anticipation of such results Mr. Johnston opened a correspondence with W. S. Rogers, of Boston, the architect of the Tremont House. Nor did his interest in the Library end here. At the request of the Board of Directors, assisted by Mr. Walker, he commenced the work of preparing a new catalogue, with a history of the Library, so far as it was known; but he must have had, as others have had, much difficulty in gathering material for its history, for its old records are singularly deficient, and are meagre and bald to the last degree. The past could not be recalled, nor could omissions be supplied; but it was something to take a new departure, and the interest of later days in the Library is unquestionably but the expansion of thoughts and ideas developed by Mr. Johnston quite fifty years ago. The names of King and Walker and Touro, as well as those of Redwood and Collins, are not forgotten when we speak of the Library; let us also remember that of Mr. Johnston, who in his day and generation did so much to promote its interest.

But there were other ways in which Mr. Johnston sought to benefit Newport. He opened Bath Road, and he gave many farmers valuable instructions in deep ploughing and tile draining. In 1837 he had some of the sketches ready for a book to be called —

"PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

RHODE ISLAND, AND THE TOWN OF NEWPORT,

engraved by the most eminent artists, from drawings made expressly for this work, accompanied by historical descriptive letterpress: forming a complete guide to every object of beauty, interest, and importance on Rhode Island."

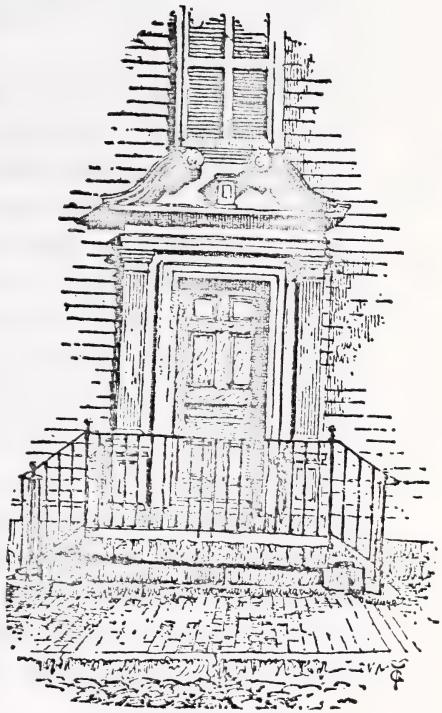
The sketches, made by Lieutenant Harwood, U. S. N., were the same year sent to England, where the engraver stated that his charge for engraving the landscapes in the style of Dr. Beattie's "Caledonia Illustrated," would be thirty guineas each, for each steel plate, twelve shillings, and the lettering five shillings. The portraits, in *relievo*, would average twenty guineas each, exclusive of the plates and the lettering. It is greatly to be regretted that this work was never completed.

In 1838 Mr. Johnston went to Jamaica, intending to manage a large plantation that had fallen wholly into his possession through the death of his brother; and, with high aims for the moral and physical improvement of the negroes, he projected a free church, schools, &c. On his return to Newport he made arrangements to take his family to Jamaica, and soon sailed with them; but on the outward voyage his second daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, died when within three days of land. Mr. Johnston's own health had been greatly impaired, and ten days after her death he followed her to the grave, dying quite as much of grief as of the disease that had undermined his constitution.

XXV.

THE SHIP "FAME" AND SCHOONER "FAME," OF 1745.

IN an effort to get at the history of a vessel that sailed more than a century ago, it is often difficult to trace her for any length of time, and this is usually owing to the want of something distinctive in her name. Two or more vessels of different dimensions and rig, sailing from the same port, have frequently been christened the "Sally Ann" or the "Betsy Jane;" and where a ship and a brig, or a brig and a schooner, so named, were owned by one and the same person, the confusion is very great; for the owner and consignee merely mention in their letters the name of the vessel they had occasion to refer to, without using the prefix of "ship" or "schooner."



KING HOUSE, PELHAM STREET.

They knew well enough what vessel was alluded to, but to us, at this distant day, it is a difficult thing to unravel a history of this kind, and, to do it at all well, one must have ample time and no lack of patience. For years, as opportunity has been afforded me, I have followed in the wake of two vessels that once sailed from Newport, and it was only lately that I succeeded in filling a blank in the history of one of them. The one was a ship, the other a schooner. They were both named the "Fame;" were both "private armed vessels," and were owned at one and the same time by Wilkinson & Ayrault, who were prominent merchants in Newport during the middle of the last century.

The ship "Fame" was a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons, and carried one hundred and fifty men. Her consort, the snow "Cæsar," of one hundred and thirty tons, carried the same number of men. They were both well armed, and were sent to Cape Ann in 1745, where they were to take orders from Governor Shirley, and then proceed to Cape Breton to aid in overthrowing the enemy. The schooner "Fame" was a *letter of marque*, carrying ten carriage guns and fifty men. She made her cruising ground in the West Indies, where she was unfortunate, and, while engaged with a Spanish ship, was lost on the rocks in those waters. Out of this affair there grew a lawsuit which lasted for a number of years, and was not settled till it was brought before the Court of Appeals in England. The particulars are interesting, but it has taken time to draw a line between this vessel and the ship "Fame," the papers of the two having been filed together, often without a line or a note to distinguish them.

The schooner "Fame," under command of Clement Lempriere, whose name often appears in connection with privateering in the last century, sailed for the West Indies in the autumn

of 1743. There she fell in with the sloop "New Exchange," also a *letter of marque*, mounting twelve small carriage guns and twelve swivels, and carrying eighty men. The "New Exchange" was commanded by George Hall and was owned by parties residing in Jamaica. The two captains agreed to consort and to assist each other; the prizes they might take were to be divided between the two vessels, one part going to the owners and the balance to the officers and men, all of which was reduced to writing Dec. 16, 1743, and signed in the presence of witnesses. The "New Exchange" was first ready for sea. The "Fame," having a prize on her hands, had to proceed to Jamaica, where she left it, and then sailed for the cruising ground that had been agreed upon. On the 9th of March, 1744, the two vessels met in the Windward Passage. The "New Exchange" had in the meantime taken a prize, which she sent into New Providence.

The "Fame" and "New Exchange" were now to keep company. For three weeks they sailed together, On the 1st of April, off Sugar Keys, on the north side of Cuba, they prepared to attack a Spanish ship, the "San Francisco, which was coming down before the wind. The action at first was between the "Fame" and the "San Francisco" (the "New Exchange" being out of range), the "Fame" using her bow chasers (for the ship had turned, hoping thereby to escape), and the firing was irregular till the "New Exchange" came up. By that time it was nearly dark, and all three vessels discovered that they were in shallow water. The Spanish ship came to anchor, the "New Exchange" succeeded in working out into the open water, but the "Fame" ran on the rocks and bilged. Lempriere immediately pulled for the "New Exchange," and in a short time the two crews were together on the deck of the latter vessel. They continued the attack on the "San

Francisco" on the 2d, 3d, and 4th, which vessel answered with her guns, but was unable to get out of the bight.

Finding that they could not silence the ship with their guns, Lempriere returned to his vessel and brought off all the small arms, to use in boarding the Spaniard. Early on the 4th, the "New Exchange" fired several broadsides, which were duly returned, and then, perceiving that the ship had run in all her guns to receive the sloop's company in case they attempted to board, the boats were equipped. But this plan was given up, for it was seen that the deck of the Spaniard was covered with men, and Lempriere and Hall thought it more prudent to rely on their guns, so the firing was renewed. At three o'clock the ship cut her cable and tried to escape. No great effort was made to detain her, for all on board the sloop knew that if she kept her course she would soon be aground, which was the case in half an hour. Then the sloop came up prepared to renew the attack, but the ship, seeing that further resistance would be idle, struck her colors.

The Spanish ship was condemned by the Vice Admiralty Court in Jamaica as a lawful prize, the joint claims of Lempriere and Hall, their officers, men, and owners having been recognized by the court. The owners of the "New Exchange" were on the spot, and they joined with Lempriere, the attorney of his owners, in appointing agents for the prize, who turned the same into money in less than four months, to the amount of £68,000 Jamaica currency, clear of charges and commissions. And here the trouble between the parties began. The several officers and crews were paid off, but the owners of the "New Exchange" refused to recognize the claim of the owners of the "Fame" to their moiety of one-third part of the net proceeds, which, as already stated, it had been agreed should be divided between the two vessels.

The litigation that followed was long, and, to the Rhode Island owners, vexatious. Lempriere's copy of the agreement had been lost with his vessel, and Hall failed to produce his copy, but the wording of the contract, as given in court, was admitted to be in the main correct. The defendants resisted the claim of the plaintiff on the ground that after the wreck of the "Fame" her officers and men had no chance or expectation of taking and making a prize of the ship and were not entitled to any part thereof; that Hall had encumbered his vessel and embarrassed his own movements by taking the crew of the "Fame" on board, after the latter vessel had gone on the rocks, and that their presence on the deck of the "New Exchange" did not entitle them or their owners to any part or parcel of the prize. A bill was accordingly filed in the Court of Chancery in Jamaica, and the twenty-third day of February, 1746, was set down for a hearing. The case was heard before His Majesty's Governor, as Chancellor of Jamaica, and the result was made known to the owners in Rhode Island, in a letter from their council, Murray Crymble, Esq., in which he stated that "after a trial of six hours his Excellency was pleased to say he was of the opinion that the affair was not determinable by him as Chancellor, but that if he was sure that it lay properly with him, he would immediately decree it in favor of the owners of Lempriere, and then dismissed the bill. Thereupon, under instructions from the appellants, the necessary papers were prepared and sent to England in Her Majesty's ship "Wager," Oct. 15, 1747, where they were entrusted to John Tomlinson, Esq., who was empowered to employ counsel and bring the case before the Court of Appeals; and on the 30th of April, 1751, at the Court of St. James, "the King's Most Excellent Majesty being present," together with the Archbishop of York, the Lord President, the Lord Chamberlain, the Duke of Devon-

shire, &c., "His Majesty took the said report into consideration, and was pleased, with the advice of the Privy Council, to approve thereof and to order that the decree of the Court of Chancery of the 23d of February, 1746, be and it is hereby confirmed." Thus ended a lawsuit that had lasted between five and six years, and which had been attended with great annoyance and a heavy outlay to the claimants.

XXVI.

CYNTHIA TAGGART.

ON the west road, about four miles from Newport, there is a small, gambrel-roofed cottage — so small and unobtrusive that one might pass it a hundred times and not notice it. Its weather boarding is innocent of paint, and its eaves are so low that they almost rest upon the narrow door and the little windows. In every line it speaks of the past. Its age, how many families have occupied it, and in what way its history is connected with that of the island, I have never sought to learn; but of its inmates during more than fifty years a volume might be written. In that time it was the home of pain, disease, heartrending suffering — borne with patient fortitude and an undying trust in Him who doth not willingly afflict the children of men. This humble house was long the home of Cynthia Taggart, the poet.

William Taggart, the grandfather of Cynthia, was a Revolutionary officer. He had held the office of President of the Town Council of Newport before the war, and was altogether a superior man. His zeal as a patriot exasperated the British troops on the island, who cut down his orchard and destroyed his house and barns. Utterly ruined and broken down in health, the legislature of the State, in recognition of his meritorious service, gave him a confiscated estate; but unfortunately it was in an exposed position, upon a headland, where he was so much annoyed by

the enemy that he had to abandon it. After the war his losses were estimated at twelve thousand dollars.

When the father died, a son, who was also a patriot, and who had taken an active part in the war, found that what was left of the property (the land) was heavily mortgaged. Heroically he sought to remove the debt. This, in ordinary circumstances, would have been uphill work for a man in his position; but it was doubly so with a family made up of females, all delicately constituted; and had it not been that friends came to his aid he could not have borne up as long as he did. His wife lived on in wretched health till 1841, when she died in this little cottage, leaving three daughters, Elizabeth (Betsey), Maria, and Cynthia. Maria early became deranged, and for years was kept in a little room of the half-story of the cottage in close confinement. Cynthia at the same time was desperately ill in another small room on the same floor. Maria was later taken to the Bloomingdale Asylum, and never returned to Rhode Island. Betsey, the eldest, naturally delicate, could not bear up under the labor of continual attendance, night and day, upon her afflicted sisters, and before the death of Cynthia, in 1849, she had become a confirmed invalid, wholly unable to help herself. At the time of her death she was more than ninety-one years of age, and for more than thirty years she had been helpless and bedridden. When moved from room to room she had to be carried in a chair; her sight was nearly or quite gone, and her mind was greatly impaired.

Cynthia, the youngest, early in life became a victim of a wasting disease. For thirty years she was racked with pains in every joint; pains so intense as to deprive her of natural sleep. If by chance sleep came to her after an interval of days and nights, it brought with it horrors that were followed in her waking hours with unspeakable anguish — sufferings so great as

to distort her limbs, which were of no use to her. At the age of thirty-eight years her lower limbs, shrunk to the proportions of a skeleton, were drawn up close to her body; in her hands she could hold nothing, and her hair had become "as white as snow." In a little room in the half-story she had her couch. The remaining space did not permit more than three persons to stand by her bed. In the adjoining room her sister Maria was kept in close confinement, and on the floor below Betsey was cared for. Can one conceive of a more afflicted family? Their suffering and wants were made known in 1833, and many kind and sympathizing friends came to see them. On one of these visits a clergyman asked Cynthia's father how she occupied her mind when comparatively free from pain. He replied by handing him a bundle of manuscript verses which he said his daughter had composed during the watches of the night, and which he or her sister had written down from dictation. These verses were found to be full of the most tender feeling, and it was thought best to print them for her benefit. Three editions in all have been published. The first appeared in 1833, and the following year the Rev. J. C. Richmond brought out a little volume, the "Rhode Island Cottage," in which a brief account of Miss Taggart's life was given, with selections from her poems. The volume, dedicated "to the daughters of the late John Jay, who had been eye-witnesses of its truth," was kindly received by the press. The Rev. Dr. Seabury, then editor of the "Churchman," said: "It is a volume that cannot be read without tears by any one not devoid of all human sympathy," and in commending the book to his readers he asked them to compare "The Heart's Desire" with No. 48 of the Rambler, adding, "How tame and spiritless the exquisite polish of the Grecian specimen by the side of this impassioned burst of prayer, the touches so true to life, the descriptions so intensely powerful, wrought by na-

ture, as it were, in the obscure inmate of the Rhode Island cottage."

Many beautiful passages might be taken from this book, but I will select but one : —

> "Dear is thy dreary gloom, O Night ! to me,
> Though rest hath vanished from thy lingering hours,
> And griefs augmenting cause convulsive starts
> That make me quickly turn from side to side,
> Fatigued and fainting with the frequent task.
> Yet thou art welcome still, and thy deep tones,
> That sigh congenial sadness from the wind,
> Whether in whispers soft it moans around,
> Or fiercer breathe its strong, impetuous power,
> When the fair moon her aspect mild displays
> Amid the silence of the twinkling stars,
> Or when obscured by thick and sombre clouds ;
> Night, still thou even art more dear to me
> Than all the glories of the rising day."

So afflicted and so unable to help herself, Miss Taggart found it impossible to read ; but she loved to have her books by her bedside for the use of her friends, who were frequently asked to read to her. Many of the passages are marked, and one of her favorite hymns, beginning with the lines —

> "When pining sickness wastes the frame,
> Acute disease and weakening pain" —

was read to her, at her request, when she was dying.

In 1849 Cynthia Taggart, who had been so long bound to her couch, found a quiet resting-place in the yard of the little Church of the Holy Cross in Middletown. When life was extinct, but not till then, her distorted features came back to their natural shape. For the first time for years did her face wear the calm repose of sleep. A neat stone marks her resting-place, but the constant dripping from the branches of a deciduous cypress that

hangs over it has so disintegrated the stone that already a part of the inscription is obliterated, and soon the stone will be destroyed if the tree is not removed. Betsey, her sister, whose pilgrimage had been so long, lived on in the cottage, where for years she was cared for and tenderly watched over by her relatives. In the little low-studded sitting-room, scarce ten by fourteen feet, the sun streamed through the small panes — the only ray of cheerfulness that was known there for half a century — while on the wall there hung one little print in a neat frame — Ary Scheffer's *Consolator.* Could anything be more appropriate?

XXVII.

OLD INVITATIONS.

IN an old bureau I have found many links that bind the present with the past. Although but little of its history is known, that little may be clearly told. In 1762 Christopher Champlin, a young merchant, actively engaged in business in Newport, and on the eve of his marriage, showed signs of pulmonary disease, which made it necessary for him to seek a warmer climate; and, wisely taking the advice of his physician, he deferred his marriage and sailed for the West Indies, where, during the winter, he employed his time in trading. When spring came round, feeling stronger and better, he came home, bringing with him several logs of mahogany, which were made into this bureau, and several other articles of furniture. He bought the house on Thames Street, now No. 187, which was built by Samuel Brenton. This house he enlarged, and when it was ready, and the furniture had come from the cabinet-maker's, the marriage, which had been deferred a year, was consummated. The bride was Margaret, daughter of Sueton and Temperance Grant. In time the bureau was set apart for the use of their daughter, "Miss Peggy;" but when she, in turn, was married and became the wife of Dr. Mason, it was left in her room in the homestead. Later it became the property of her brother, Christopher Grant Champlin, who, with his wife, Martha Redwood Ellery, used it for many years; and while in their house its little drawers and cupboards were filled with papers. Still later, when this fine specimen of antique furniture

had become worn and knocked, and the scrolls of the brass handles and escutcheons were tarnished, through want of the accustomed rubbing, it was hidden away in an out-of-the-way place, where for years it remained neglected, if not forgotten. Thinking that if its little drawers were ransacked something pleasant and interesting might be brought to light, I took a rainy day to open its dusty packages, with ample room to strew the worthless fragments on the floor around me. The task, a pleasant one, brought its own reward. Many were the old papers that I scanned; but there were none that interested me more than the little notes, in the form of invitations and acceptances to sleigh-rides, dinners, teas, and other entertainments, that were given nearly a century ago; for in many cases the names attached to these missives have become historical, either in connection with the Revolution, or the early sessions of Congress in New York and Philadelphia; while here and there a line was found that called to mind some of the distinguished men and women of Newport and Boston. To classify them would be impossible; to refer to them all would be equally impracticable; but I have sorted out a few of the many heaped upon my table, and will begin with this note from a distinguished Quaker: —

Miers Fisher presents his respects to Christopher Champlin, Esq.: he sends his Son to know whether 6th day of this week will be convenient to him to attend Martha [Champlin's wife] to a dinner at M. F.'s. If she shall be engaged at my lady Presidentesse's Coterie, or to go to the Play-house in the evening, M. F.'s intention of a sociable visit will be frustrated, and he will appoint the next day for it. He sends his Son, therefore, to the Hall, that he may have timely notice of Engagement to ask a few Friends whose company he is sure will be agreeable to them.

3d day, 12 mo. 17th, 1799.

Could anything be more cordial? Fisher was a distinguished lawyer and Quaker, and, with others of his sect, was banished to

Winchester, Va., during the war, on account of an unwillingness to do military duty. In time he was allowed to return to his family in Philadelphia, where his hospitable mansion was again opened to the public. While residing on Second Street Mrs. Fisher was robbed, as appears by an advertisement offering a reward for the recovery of a white satin petticoat quilted with flowers; a rich pearl-colored satin gown, lined with cream-colored Persian, with several yards of the same pearl-colored satin; a white mantua gown; a blossom-colored cloak, lined with mantua; a baby's cloak of purple and yellow changeable mantua, also lined with white mantua; a gold watch, and other articles. The watch had attached to it a steel chain and crystal seal set in gold, with engraved arms. Mrs. Fisher was the daughter of William Logan, a descendant of the warm and steadfast friend of William Penn; and while there is evidence that she and her husband adhered to the faith of the Quakers, there was but little of the simplicity of her sect in her wardrobe. De Warville said of the Philadelphia Quakers of 1788: "Elegant fans played between their fingers, and Oriental luxury would not have disdained the linen they wore."

In a letter from Mr. Fisher, in 1801, introducing his son, Samuel W. Fisher, to Christ. Grant Champlin, he thus writes:—

"I cannot omit the opportunity of renewing through him the affectionate intercourse which I have always wished to keep up with my old friend, and the connection of the house of Redwood, which I hold is a common tie between us."

The Fishers, Whartons, and Redwoods were connected. William Wharton, a grandson of William Redwood, of Philadelphia, and a son of Hannah Wharton, was brought to the notice of Mr. Champlin, June, 1811, by Lewis G. Clarke, as "a young man of Quaker parentage, of fine address and cultivated manners," who would attend the yearly meeting in Newport."

One of the invitations before me is from Lieutenant-Colonel Wharton, to a half-past-three o'clock dinner.

Colonel Pickering's invitation to a "fish dinner" on Saturday must have been a ceremonious affair, for it was dated nearly a week ahead. What kind of fish could he have served in mid-winter? Not cod, for that was too common; not tautog or bass, highly as they were esteemed, for they were out of season; this reduces the variety to pickerel or salmon. If salmon, it was a rarity indeed. Colonel Pickering lived to the age of sixty-four years, and died in 1829, in Salem, his native place. It was said by Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York": "The idols of Cheatham," the editor of the 'American Citizen,' "were Jefferson and George Clinton;" "the idols of Coleman," the editor of the 'Evening Post,' "were Hamilton and Timothy Pickering."

A note from Dr. Shippen, accepting an invitation to dinner, calls to mind a long and honored line in the annals of Philadelphia. The first mayor of that city, Edward Shippen, was his ancestor. Dr. Shippen, senior, was a practising physician when his son, the above-named William, Junior, returned from his studies in Europe, and gave a course of anatomical lectures in Philadelphia in 1762, the first of the kind in America, with the exception of the course given in Newport, in 1756, by Dr. William Hunter. The year following the Shippen course, a course was given in New York by Dr. Clossy. Dr. Shippen died in Germantown, in 1808. The story is told that in demolishing an old building in the suburbs of Philadelphia which had long been used as a lecture and dissecting room, the laborers were amazed at the quantity of bones found while digging the cellar.

Dr & Mrs Thornton request
the favor of Mr & Champlin's
Company to Tea on Monday
next

Friday

This invitation, the full size of the original, on a tiny sheet of note-paper, is from Dr. and Mrs. Thornton. Dr. William Thornton came to America from Antigua in 1788. He strongly advocated the colonization of Africa with blacks from America, as the most humane way of treating those who were in bondage. De Warville spoke of him as wedded to the project of Fothergill, as one not only willing to devote his fortune to the cause he had espoused, but also ready, if need be, to lead the colonists to Africa.

The original design for the Capitol at Washington was made by Dr. Thornton. By an act of July, 1790, commissioners were to provide suitable buildings for the use of Congress, to be approved by the President; and in March, 1792, a premium of five hundred dollars, or a gold medal, was offered, by advertisement, for such plans. Among the competitors were Dr. Thornton and James Hoban. After mature deliberation, the premiums were given to these two men, — Thornton for plans for the Capitol, and Hoban for the White House. Dr. Thornton did

not profess to be an architect, but his drawings had attractive qualities, and although they had to be altered and greatly modified in practice, the general arrangement, as carried out, is that of the gifted author.

Four o'clock is the hour named in an invitation to dinner from Mr. and Mrs. McHenry. McHenry was Secretary of War at the time, 1800. Half-past two or three o'clock was the usual hour for a family dinner; half-past three was more formal, and for a ceremonious or state dinner four o'clock was thought to be quite late enough. In the three invitations before me from President Adams, one, in the handwriting of a secretary, names three o'clock; and the others, printed cards, are for four o'clock.

The President of the United States, requests the Pleasure of Mr Champlin's Company to Dine, on Thursday next, at four o'clock.

Jan 10th 1799

An answer is requested.

The simplicity of Madison's invitations is very marked. One of them, in ordinary type, is thus expressed: —

J. Madison requests the favor of Mr. Champlin to dine with him on Tuesday next, at four o'clock.

A blank is left for the name and day to be inserted, and in the same hand the date is added.

Count Pahlen's invitations, printed in the same way, read thus: —

COUNT PAHLEN *requests the honor of Mr. Champlin's company at dinner on Sunday, February 24th, at half-past four.*

He was the Russian Minister, the son of Baron Von der Pahlen, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg under the Czar Paul. The Baron was said to have been aware that the Czar was to be assassinated, if he did not actually have a hand in the murder. The Count lived in a good deal of style in Philadelphia, and on his return to Europe he took an active part in the campaign of 1812–15.

Of invitations and acceptances from Major and Mrs. Tousard there are a number. He was a Frenchman, an officer in the army under Rochambeau, and had lost an arm at the battle of Rhode Island. A man of ability, he was employed by the government after the war, chiefly in the construction of defensive works on the sea coast; and for a time was in charge of Fort Adams, to which fort he gave its present name. In 1805 he was made French Consul at New Orleans. The following letter from him while in Newport was addressed to Mr. Champlin, then in Philadelphia, 1799, and may very properly find a place here. It is dated Feb. 18, 1799. The trees were to be planted at Fort Adams, which work was so nearly completed that it was to be occupied, with formal ceremony, on the Fourth of July of that year. Just at that time a movement was on foot to improve and embellish the Parade, and what is now known as the Mall; the latter, till then, had been left a neglected triangular piece of ground. Funds had been raised, first by a lottery and then by subscription, to improve the place, and by the close of 1800 the work was completed. Around the Mall there was planted at that time a row of these trees.

DEAR SIR, — As I am convinced that amongst the many objects which interest you at this place you do not look with indifference on those which relate to the agreement and embellishment of it, I have the honor of informing you that by this mail I request the Secretary of War to order the Commandant at Fort Mifflin to deliver five hundred poplar trees out of the nursery which I have planted myself, to the person or master of packet which you will fix to receive and take good care of them. It will be sparing a great expense and a great agreement for all the places which are purchased by the United States. The freight will be paid at this place, on the delivery of the trees. I am afraid you will find my request a great addition to the trouble and business which attend usually the end of the session, but having once the Secretary's order, the captain of the packet to whom you will give it may attend to it.

All our ladies are very busy in making great preparations for our Commander-in-Chief's birthday-night next Friday. As to me, I am busy in collecting information for the manner of constructing dry dock yards, and making plans to prove the possibility of making one of Goat Island. We had the pleasure of Mrs. C.'s company at tea last Wednesday. She looks very well and very fat indeed. I found Mrs. T. also very fat, and my children the same.

You are expected with great impatience, and a short time after the session is closed. All your friends, and myself in particular, join in the same wish of seeing you soon in this charming, but this day very snowy, island.

It was late in 1784 that the Lombardy poplar was introduced into the United States by William Hamilton. For a time it was in high repute, and this will explain the interest which Tousard took in the tree, which long ago passed out of notice.

An invitation "to tea and to pass the evening," from Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, at their residence on Broad Street, New York, recalls the fact that what are now the busiest parts of New York were then taken up for private residences; and of this I am again reminded by a note from Nathaniel Prime, the founder of the house of Prime & Ward.

Some business which I expected to settle this evening will prevent your friend Prime's going in the morning stage as he expected; he will therefore have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow.

There was evidently a warm bond of friendship between Mr. Prime and Mr. Champlin, which is continually showing itself in the scores of letters that passed between them. Mr. Prime at one time lived at No. 1 Broadway, which house had previously been occupied by Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, and had, in other respects, quite a history. He also owned a superb country seat at Hell Gate, where he spent much of his time.

A few lines from Captain Jacob Sarley, "Ship 'President Washington,' off New York Lighthouse, 6 P. M., May, 1791," is full of thanks for attentions received while in Newport, and closes with the assurance that "nothing will give me more pleasure than an opportunity to convince you of my gratitude."

The next is an invitation to tea from Mrs. Read, wife of George Read, member of Congress from Delaware, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, — one who hesitated to sign the document, not through any leaning to the Crown, but on the ground that the time had scarcely come for decisive action; but finding that the majority thought otherwise, he no longer withheld his hand. Having once signed the instrument, the cause had no warmer friend or advocate.

A note from Miss Butler reminds one that her own name, with that of her mother and father, Pierce Butler, was on Mrs. Jay's visiting list.

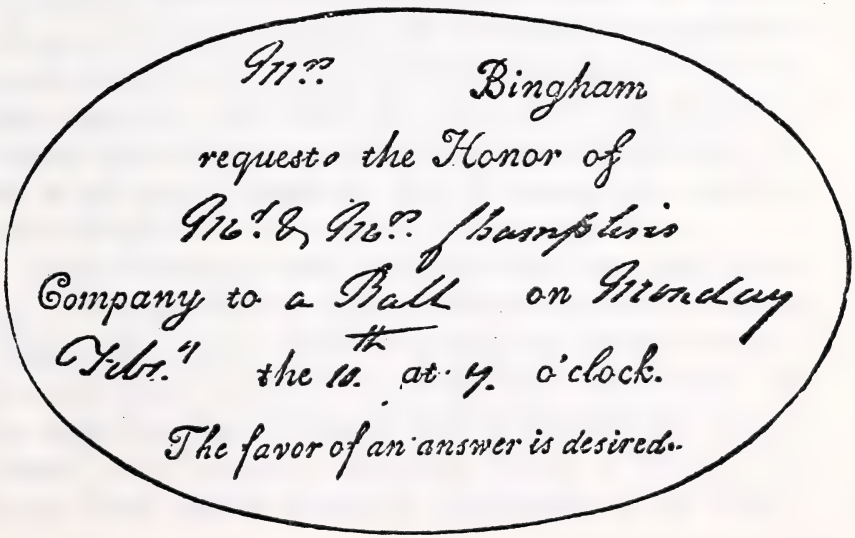
The following is one of many notes from Mr. and Mrs. Liston. Mr. Liston was the British Minister. He arrived in Philadelphia in 1796, and took a house on Arch Street. They were among the few who were at the dinner given by Washington the day before his term of service expired, when the

President said, as he lifted his glass, "This is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man." Mr. Liston was so

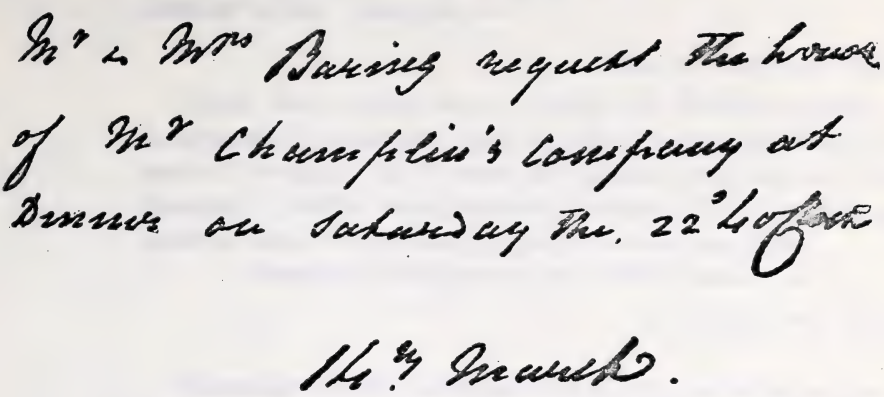
Mr & Mrs Liston request the Honour
of Mr Mrs Champlin's company to dinner
on Thursday the 25th of March, at 4 o'clock.
Arch Street
19 March

unfortunate as to make some remarks derogatory to President Adams in a letter addressed to a friend in Baltimore, which letter found its way to England and then back to this country, where he was confronted with it.

With the Binghams there was a frequent interchange of civilities, many of them less ceremonious than this card:—



Mrs. Baring, the daughter of Mrs. Bingham, was the young wife of Alexander Baring, son of Sir Francis Baring, Bart., to



whom she was married in September, 1798. The charming grace of Mrs. Bingham, who was distinguished as one of the most beautiful and influential women of the Presidential court, has often been dwelt upon. Her daughter was also very beautiful. Their hospitality was unbounded. It was Mr. Bingham who gave the Vicomte De Noailles quarters, and the use of his kitchen and servants, when he found himself in straitened circumstances in this country; and it was to Louis Philippe that he made the reply, when the exile offered to marry one of his daughters, "Should you ever be restored to your hereditary position, you will be too great a match for her; if not, she is too great a match for you."

Another foreigner then in society was Don Josef Wisemann, Vice-Consul to the port of Newport from his Catholic Majesty. He came to Newport in 1795, was warmly received, and here resided up to the time of his death, Aug. 3, 1805. At the same time that Wisemann came to Newport, the Consul-General, John Stoughton, established himself at Boston. Mr. Joseph Maria Leguino Kerblay, a representative of the French

Government, was also settled at Newport at one time. When he came to America he brought with him this letter of introduction to Mr. Champlin:—

PARIS, 28 Feb'y, 1st Ventose.

DEAR SIR:—Permit me to present you Monsieur Kerblay, who is appointed Commercial Agent by the French Government to the port of Newport. As I know the pleasure you have in receiving strangers, I solicit your hospitable attentions for the gentleman in question, who, with his family, is going to reside among you.

I remain, dear sir, your very obedient humble serv't,

C. L. PINCKNEY HORRY.

Monsieur Kerblay, who had also a letter of introduction from Jonathan Mason, then in Georgetown, July, 1802, took up his residence in Newport; here he spent part of the time each year, and died at his farm, Liberty Hill, Edgefield District, S. C., in 1812. Pinckney Horry was well known in Newport society, and was frequently here in summer, then, as now, the fashionable time to visit Newport.

With the Pinckneys of South Carolina there was frequent interchange of civilities, both in Newport and Philadelphia. In September, 1799, the family were here on account of Mrs. Pinckney's health, and from the Champlins they received the attentions they had a right to expect. While they were here, "The Launch of the Constitution," a patriotic play, was brought out at the little theatre. It had had a run of twenty nights in Boston, and was the sensation of the hour. There was the frigate on the stocks ready to be launched; an exact view of Charles River, Jeffrey & Russell's wharf, moving waters, and the passing to and fro of boats; with a distant view of the monument erected to the memory of General Warren on Breed's Hill. The launch was followed by the singing of the popular songs of the day — that of "John

Bull's Description of a Country Church" being one of them. The Pinckneys remained till the latter part of October. In Philadelphia they occupied a house on Arch Street.

From Dr. Isaac Senter there is this note:—

FRIDAY MORNING.

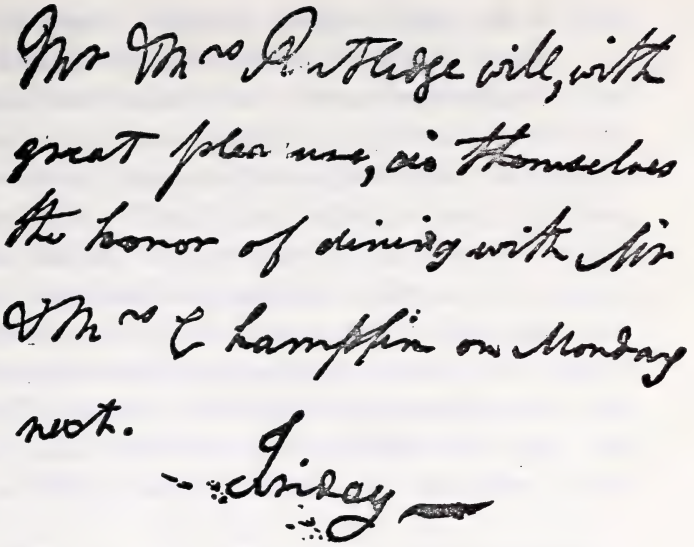
DEAR SIR,—I received your billet to dine on Saturday, this morning, and should be exceedingly happy to embrace the pleasure that your politeness offers on the present occasion; but I find this morning that I have taken too great liberties with my lungs yesterday, and that it will be necessary for me to keep Lent a little time to make amends.

I am, respectfully yours,

I. SENTER.

Dr. Senter was then in rapidly failing health; the exposure he had endured in the Revolution, and the arduous duties of his profession, had told upon him, and he soon passed away, dying in 1799. From his son Horace, who was also a physician, there is an acceptance to dinner. He was a man of cultivated tastes and fine ability. His taste was shown in his selection of prints, etc., enumerated among his effects after his death in 1804. Engravings after Raphael, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Guido, etc. With the above there was a library of two hundred volumes, and statuettes in plaster of the "Moses" of Michael Angelo, the "Dying Gladiator," a Venus, and other subjects. He was killed in a duel with John Rutledge in Savannah.

From the Rutledges there are many notes and letters marking an intimacy with the Champlins which began in 1797 and extended over several years. Among the letters there are a number that throw light on the Rutledge-Senter duel, and reference is had in some of them to the Geffroy papers and the Champlin-Bayard duel. Rutledge was Champlin's second in the latter affair.



From Oliver Wolcott there are notes, invitations, acceptances, and letters; also from Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis; and an acceptance of an invitation to dinner from Andrew Moore, of Rockbridge, senator from Virginia during the administration of Jefferson. At the opening of the Revolution he was governor of Nova Scotia; but he gave up that post and served under Gates and De Kalb. I could hardly expect to find any notes from Mr. Jefferson in the package; for Mr. Champlin, who was one of the most determined politicians, was opposed to him. John Rutledge, whose views in politics coincided with Mr. Champlin's, wrote in 1803: "Should Jefferson be re-elected, virtue will be an emigrant and property a prize long before the circle of revolution is traversed." And Mr. Champlin was not a whit behind him; for in 1800, in conveying to his father the report from Mr. Pinckney that South Carolina would probably vote for Jefferson and Burr, he added: "God grant that events may not justify his prediction."

From Mrs. Erskine there is an invitation to a dance. She

was the wife of Daniel Montague Erskine, eldest son of Lord Erskine, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States.

From General De Noailles I find a letter introducing M. Cottineau, who had served in this country in the Revolution, and who was about to establish a house in Philadelphia under the name of Charles Huger & Co. The Hugers settled in South Carolina; and when news reached Newport, Dec. 1, 1795, that Dr. Francis Kinlock Huger, who had been confined in Vienna for trying to assist Lafayette to escape from confinement in Magdeburg, had been released, congratulations were sent from here to his place of residence near Charleston. Dr. Huger was liberated on the condition that he should leave the empire within five days. He was the son of Major Kinlock Huger, who was killed in the Revolution.

From the following note, written in 1792, it is evident that a sleigh-ride was coming off. It was from Joshua Sands of the firm of Comfort & Joshua Sands, who were well known at that day: —

> Mrs. Smith, being indisposed, sent word that she could not go this afternoon to Branan, so that if you choose you can be accommodated with a seat in the sleigh with Mrs. Boldien and my sister.

"Branan" was the name of a garden, and a place of resort for parties in the suburbs of New York.

From Mr. Walm there is an invitation to dinner on Friday at four o'clock. Mr. Walm (Nicholas) was a lawyer residing in Philadelphia, where he had a good practice, which he gave up to become a Quaker preacher. He was distinguished for his wit, and was fond of company. It was his son who was the author of "The Hermit of Philadelphia," a "Life of Lafayette," and a number of short poems.

An invitation to dinner from Thomas William Moore is dated May 29, 1795. Moore was the British vice-consul, residing at

Newport. His *exequatur* was dated Dec. 5, 1793, and was withdrawn by the President in September, 1795, on the ground that the vice-consul had menaced the government by forwarding to the governor of the State a letter from the captain of the British ship of war "Africa," then in this harbor: which letter was a reply to the demand of the governor for the liberation of impressed seamen known to be on board the "Africa." There was some excitement at the time, but the matter ended in the release of the men.

An acceptance to dinner comes from the late William Hunter, son of Dr. William Hunter. Mr. Hunter, who at one time was minister to Brazil, married Mary Robinson, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of William T. Robinson, of New York. Their eldest son has been for many years, and still is, Assistant Secretary of State at Washington; another son, Thomas R. Hunter, and a daughter, Mrs. James Birckhead, reside at Newport. Another son, Charles, a retired officer of the navy, was lost in the "Ville de Havre," with his wife and one daughter.

Joseph Anthony, Jr., who accepts an invitation to dinner in February, 1798, calls to mind a successful mercantile house, established in Philadelphia by the young man's father, and maintained there for many years.

Under date of August, 1798, there is a note from Nathaniel Russell, who "would dine with Mr. Champlin with great pleasure, but is prevented by a lame leg," — the old enemy of all lovers of good-cheer — the gout. Mr. Russell formerly lived in Bristol, from which place he removed to Charleston, S. C., where he made his home; frequently coming north for a brief season. He was a genial man, and it is a pleasure to read some of his letters. He died at Charleston in 1820.

From Samuel Elam there is a note, dated Portsmouth, Aug. 8, 1795, begging "the favor of C. G. Champlin's company at

dinner on Tuesday next, ½ after two o'clock." It is understood that Mr. Elam was born at Leeds, England, in 1750. The exact time when he came to America is not known, but his name appears as a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce in 1784. He became the owner of a farm on Rhode Island, which he named Vaucluse, and which is so named to this day. Here he lived in affluence, and once a week his house was thrown open to his friends. By persuasion he was a Friend, but his life was that of a *bon vivant* rather than in accord with the tenets of that staid body; and frequently the elders had to admonish him for departing so widely from the stern simplicity of the sect; to all of which he listened with humble submission, promising in the future to lead a more regular life.

In an English journal of 1766 there is a notice of a death at Leeds of Emanuel Elam, aged sixty-four years, of whom it is said that "he was a Quaker, and formerly a considerable American merchant." It then goes on to state that he had retired from business with a fortune of nearly £100,000, and that it was this gentleman, with his brother Samuel, who were the principal purchasers of the valuable estate sold the previous October, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, near Leeds, for £155,000, for which estate the elder Mr. Thelusson offered £150,000, and James Armitage, of Hunslet, also near Leeds, £154,000. From the above it would appear that the Elams had been in America, and had returned to Leeds for a time, where Samuel, the son of Samuel (probably), was born.

From William Channing, attorney general of the State from 1791 to 1794, there is a note reminding Mr. Champlin that he was expected to furnish the printer with an account of the celebration of the President's birthday, and from George Gibbs and Walter Channing there are many invitations and acceptances. These two prominent merchants founded the house of Gibbs &

Channing. George Gibbs died in 1803, having acquired a large fortune. His partner, Walter Channing, died in Boston in 1827, at the age of seventy years, and his remains were brought to Newport.

Governor Bowen requests the favor of Mr. Mason and Mr. Champlin's company to dine to-day; two o'clock.

The above was from Jabez Bowen, who was deputy governor of Rhode Island from 1778 to 1780, and the Mason referred to was Daniel Mason, second son of Benjamin Mason, and brother of Dr. Mason, who died in 1797. At one time he was in business with Francis Malbone. It was to Daniel Mason that the negro made the reply recorded in Thatcher's "Journal of a Tour in America." Some of the shot exchanged between the British ships and those under D'Estaing were thrown into the town. One of them passed through the front door of the Mason house (now the site of the Thames Street Methodist Church), whereupon a negro went and placed his back against the hole. When asked why he did so, he replied, "Massa Dan, no two balls strike in the same place."

An invitation from Dr. Olyphant recalls the Scotch physician who lived for many years in the house on Church Street, now occupied by Rev. Dr. Thayer. In that house one may see some very interesting old colonial mantel-pieces. Dr. Olyphant died in 1802, at the age of eighty-two years. His wife was Ann Vernon, who survived him till 1827. From William H. Vernon there is a note accepting an invitation to dinner. He was known as Count Vernon, he having lived abroad so long as to have almost become a Frenchman. It was his collection of pictures that at one time covered the walls of the mansion house on Mary and Clarke streets, of which collection I have given some account on another page. Count Vernon was the son of William Vernon,

who early in the Revolution was appointed one of the Naval Board, and who devoted himself to the interest of the country at that trying period.

To an invitation from Mrs. Griffiths, to "spend the evening sociably," there is appended this delightfully feminine post-script:—

I took the liberty yesterday to send to you for a sight of your pink sash; if it is loose from your dress, I shall be obliged to you to let me see it for a moment.

This was in 1800. Fashion ruled then as it rules now; but the modes were brought from London and not from Paris. It is worth while to refer to them for a moment, if only by way of contrast. It was the fashion then to wear half the hair combed back and tied in a bunch on the back of the head; the other half was combed forward, and was worn with or without a bandeau. Sometimes the hair was ornamented with beads and white ostrich feathers. Fancy feathers, particularly the imitation of the Indian plume, were very popular. Turbans were worn of crape or muslin, made in the form of a beehive, finished with a bow and end on the side. Caps were also worn. If of buff satin, they were covered with lace, the crown full and confined with white ribbons, and a small rosette found a place on each side. A cap of black lace, trimmed with gold fringe and ornamented with gold trimmings, was finished by placing a white ostrich feather on one side. A Parisian robe of white muslin was trimmed all round with coquilicot and black velvet. The sleeves and bosom were confined with velvet and trimmed with lace. The turban, made to match, was of white muslin, twisted easily and finished with a long end. A London round dress was of pink silk. Over the train a loose dress of black lace was drawn. The sleeves, of black lace, were full, and a kerchief of black lace, crossed over

the bosom, was fastened with a gold clasp. The cap, of pink crape, was ornamented with one long white ostrich feather.

Mrs. Griffith was the wife of Robert Eglesfield Griffith. She was very beautiful. The portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Griffith, by Stuart, are owned by their daughter, Mrs. Edward Coleman, of Philadelphia. The following invitation is from Mr. Griffith: —

MARCH 9, 1800.

DEAR SIR, — Major Lethbridge, who only came for a few hours to Philadelphia, on his way to England, has had a reprieve for a day from Mr. Liston, who informs him the packet will not leave New York till the middle of the week; at a late hour he has promised to dine with us to-day. Will you and Mrs. Champlin, *sans façon*, do us the favor to give him a meeting at half after three o'clock. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

To Mrs. Champlin there is this note. It is without date, but was probably written in 1797, at which time William Bradford resigned as representative, and Mr. Champlin took his seat in Congress: —

Mrs. Bradford's compliments to Mrs. Champlin, and begs to know if it will be agreeable to her to attend the debates in Congress this morning; if it will, Mrs. Bradford will call on Mrs. Champlin.

Wednesday morning.

Many other notes, equally interesting from their association with names once prominent in society, lie before me — from Cleland Kinlock, who spent his summers in Newport; from Miss Hare, of Philadelphia, to a cotillon party; from General Turreau, the Brecks, the Hamiltons and Livingstons, the Gatliffs, Dr. Lloyd, and many others. Mr. Gatliff was an Englishman. His widow became the wife of Colonel Samuel Griffin, the last president of the Continental Congress. Dr. Lloyd was the son of Henry Lloyd, of the Manor of Queen's Village, L. I. At the

time of his death, 1810, a memorial sermon was preached in Trinity Church, New York, by the rector, Rev. Dr Gardiner.

Beneath these missives, which have been so well preserved, there were two scraps of paper, yellow with age, which should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. One is a receipt, dated Dec. 2, 1771, for "Miss Peggy's quarter in dancing;" the other is a receipt for thirteen weeks' schooling in Boston, May 19, 1779, and for "one hundred dollars to be delivered to Miss Peggy for pocket money." Two years later Miss Peggy was a reigning belle — one whose hand was sought in the dance by Washington.

XXVIII.

A YOUTH OF THE WANTON FAMILY.

IN Mr. Bartlett's pamphlet on the "Wanton Family" we have a valuable addition to the history of Rhode Island, and for the careful manner in which it has been prepared we should all feel very grateful to him. In this record, stress has been laid very properly on the services rendered the colony by the four governors, and the courageous acts of the brothers, William and John, who not only merited and received the thanks of the colony for ridding the coast of a pirate, but were also noticed in a flattering manner by Queen Anne when they visited England together.

But while we have admired these greater lights, we have overlooked one of the family, who, had he lived to come to man's estate (he was a mere boy when he died), would probably have made a name as brilliant as that of any of his predecessors. This was Gideon, son of John, and grandson of Governor Gideon.

John, the son of Gideon, was a distinguished merchant in Newport, and during the Revolution his house was frequented by both French and American officers. His son Gideon, who was born July 19, 1766, early showed a fondness for study, and it might almost be said he was a precocious youth, so rapidly did he come forward and take an active part in the business world. He early acquired a knowledge of French, and his letters in boyhood were written quite as much in that language as in his own. When a lad he was sent to Philadelphia, where he found employment with M. Lemaigre, a French merchant of that city,

who, finding how apt he was and how much he could be relied upon, not only entrusted him with his business affairs, but also sent him abroad to transact business that required judgment and discretion to bring it to a successful issue. His letters to his parents and friends, while absent from home, are full of character. July 6, 1782, then but sixteen years of age, he wrote to his father from Philadelphia: —

I received yesterday a ticket from a young worthy friend who is a member of the Law Society. It is composed of six young students of the law, who every Saturday afternoon dispute upon different points of law, and after they have done, it is left to the President to decide. I shall go this afternoon to hear them. The President of Congress is to be there with the Chevalier de la Luzerne, and many other people.

Young as he was, Gideon Wanton was frequently sent to the West Indies as supercargo. After his return from a voyage to Hispaniola, May, 1785, M. Lemaigre offered to put him in charge of a wholesale and retail store in Philadelphia, agreeing to stock it and furnish the necessary capital, and allow young Wanton one-third of the profits. This offer was declined, owing to the unsettled state of the times, and in November he sailed for St. Eustatia and a market, intending, after having sold his outward cargo, to go to Curaçoa and take in a cargo of mules. It was in the previous month that he returned to Philadelphia, after a tempestuous voyage, having barely escaped shipwreck. A letter to his father, dated May 20, 1785, shows how well his character was formed at this time, and how observing he was of men and manners: —

You mention in yours that there was a gentleman at Newport from the Cape [Nicola Môle] who wanted a partner in business, and that you wished it would be my good fortune to fall in with him. To see myself settled in business would be pleasing; but it requires a good share of prudence how one connects himself with strangers,

and especially with such who are scarcely known, and besides, I must see my way clear and a prospect of getting money very fast to induce me to settle in the West Indies; for of all places it is the most pernicious to young men. Those who are, or who have been, settled there, have acquired but little, and have lost in some measure the most valuable good in life — health. It is a country replete with every vice human nature is exposed to, and there are some against which the most insensible stoic would not be proof.

The following year young Wanton had an adventure, which showed of what stuff he was made. In writing from Cape Françoise, March 5, 1786, he says:—

From St. Eustatia, as markets were dull, I proceeded to Curaçoa, a Dutch settlement, near the Spanish Main, where I found them still worse. After remaining there a reasonable space of time, I concluded to run over to Hispaniola and endeavor to smuggle my cargo, which consisted of flour. I happily arrived there, and had disposed of it at the extravagant price of ten dollars a barrel. We were taking the necessary precaution to land it, when there appeared at the mouth of the harbor two guard schooners. How to escape their vigilance employed all my thoughts and rendered me for a moment almost beside myself. The horrors of eighteeen months' imprisonment were presented to my imagination in the liveliest of colors, and determined me to effect an escape, even at the risk of my life. To heighten my distress, our captain was inebriated to such a degree as to deprive him of almost his reason, and the mate was not in a situation to command the vessel. I therefore was called upon by my own interest to act as captain, and although I knew no more about manœuvring a vessel than I did of the principles of shipbuilding, yet I had a distant hope of succeeding, from the alertness of our sailors, who, being all Englishmen, bore a violent enmity to the French, and swore they would rather go down in the brig than strike to them. I accordingly ordered them to pack on all sail and stand for the schooners, with the determination to run them down should they not give me a passage out. Our vessel sailed remarkably well, the wind was large, and we were up with them in an instant. They hailed us and desired us to heave to, as they were

unwilling to shed blood, which they must do if we persisted in our design. I must confess their advice was friendly and perfectly humane; but interested motives do not coincide generally with those of humanity, and the idea of sacrificing a fine vessel and cargo was sufficient to carry me to great lengths. I made no answer, but directed the prow of my vessel amidships of the most formidable schooner. I ordered every man below, and stood upon my knees upon the quarter deck, with the helm in one hand and a spy-glass in the other. From a consciousness of their superior strength they would not give way until they saw us resolutely bent upon our first plan, and within a small distance of them; then they hauled their wind, and, in the fury of their passion, gave us a tremendous broadside. Never before were my ears saluted with a similar peal, the ringing of which still seems there. Our sailors rose, in the true English style, gave them three huzzas, and came up and told me I was the best commander they had ever sailed with. Upon examining the vessel I found they had done no material damage, except a shot through our quarter board, about six inches from where I was standing. They hove about and gave us chase, but as we were before the wind, and an extremely fast sailer, we soon lost sight of them. We then shaped our course for Charleston, where we arrived the sixth day after our departure from Cape Nicola Môle. I disposed of my flour upon pretty good terms, purchased another of rice, and arrived here in ninety days, where I have met with a tolerable market. Thus, by the interposition of Divine Providence, I was happily preserved from immediate danger, and a life spared, which, believe me, I am almost tired of.

His life was almost at its close, although he was apparently in perfect health. August 1st, 1786, he wrote from Port au Prince to one of his connections in Newport:—

Since my last, dated at sea, which I forwarded a few days past by Captain H. Tew, I have the pleasure to inform you of my happy arrival at this city, the 7th inst., after a tedious passage of twenty-eight days from Charleston. Markets here for the cargo I have brought have exceeded my most sanguine expectations, as I have disposed of it at seventy-five per cent advance for cash. This fortunate sale com-

pensates in a measure for the tedious voyage I made last winter, through the Windward and Leeward Islands. I am now about to load with sugar and coffee for France, and expect to sail for Marseilles, from which place I may next address you, should the Algerines let me pass unmolested.

In this letter he refers to one written at sea, and as the letter shows how alive he was to the times, and with what distrust he looked upon the legislation then going on at home, I am tempted to make the following extract: —

In all the dangers through which I have hitherto passed, it has pleased my guardian angel to extend his care for my safety; and the preservation of my health through the various climates I have traversed is a circumstance for which I cannot be too grateful. . . .

After the frequent voyages I have made, I never could see a sailor in want, if it was in my power to relieve him, for they are humane and generous to the last degree. Their principal fault arises out of a mug of grog, for which they have an unconquerable penchant, and over which all care is banished. . . .

I give you joy on the emission of a paper medium in your State, the effect of which, according to the enlightened minds of your present legislature, cannot but be beneficial to the community at large; but according to the knowledge I have of its security, and of the mode by which it is to be put into circulation, I have no great opinion of its value, for depreciation will most assuredly succeed and cause immeasurable evils to your State.

Your law respecting the tender of personal property in discharge of executions is another proof of the wisdom of your legislature. Honesty is the best policy, politically or privately doing. I should imagine that the enactment of those laws were effected by party too much prevailing in the State, and of which I think your principal officers are but mere tools.

At the time that Gideon Wanton wrote the above he was just twenty years of age. Four months later his spirited and active life was brought to a close. He died Nov. 26, 1786, greatly beloved and sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

XXIX.

OLD NOVELS.

IF we could only bring together all the old novels that were read by our grandmothers and great-grandmothers — the romances that followed the lead of Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Fanny Burney, what a delightful collection they would make! What a pity it is that no one ever thought of gathering them up — that no one has attempted to save at least one of a kind from the chandler's shop and the paper mill — that we have to hunt in vain for "St. Ruthen's Abbey," "Ianthe" and "Rosemount Castle;" novels that by their titles excite in us a desire to turn their leaves, although we know of what stuff they are made; could almost tell the plot and follow the hero and heroine till she exclaims: "It is, yes, it is Selfi!" and he: "Yes, I am he; he for whom you shed your tears; he for whom you have cause to shed so many." But these last words are lost on her, for the author is sure to tell us that "she had fainted."

We know all this by heart, and, because we know it, does the reader say it is tiresome to recall it? that the ease with which we anticipate what is coming robs a romance of one great attraction? It is not so. To certain qualities and incidents in every class of novels we become attached, as one does to the spots and stains on a page he loves. What would James's novels be without "the solitary horseman?" and how could we get on with Miss Burney's fainting beauties without the glass

of water that she has ever at hand? Our greatest source of regret should be, not that these old novels are so much alike, but that so few of them have come down to us. We know all about "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" have kept company with St. Aubert when he "gazed earnestly and tenderly upon a portrait [that of a lady, but not of his mother], put it to his lips and then to his heart;" but how many have read "Julia; or, The Clandestine Marriage," or "Grasville Abbey?" And yet these stories were read to shreds; for books were not as common then as they are now, and every volume had many readers. They were nearly all the work of female writers — Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Charlotte Smith, Sophia Lee, and others. Here and there, there is one that still lives to recall the French Revolution (like the "Banished Son"), or recounts the wrongs of Poland (as in the "Adventures of the Baron Lovzinski"), while of Eastern life there are occasional romantic passages. And the English tales, if they have less of the heroic, have rich uncles who come home from India just at the right moment — just in the nick of time to assist alike their nephews and nieces.

Of this class "The Unexpected Discovery" is a fair type. A father and his daughter, Mr. and Miss Bentley, come to their cottage door as a gentleman who is riding by is thrown from his horse. It is easy to divine what follows. Seagrave, the stranger, is delighted with his surroundings in this rustic cottage, and "the charms and artless manners of Henrietta, with the natural sense and goodness of her father, chained him to the spot." But Seagrave is not rich, and his father will not permit him to marry a poor girl; and so, at his wits' end, he goes to his friend Wanley, an East India merchant, who comes to his aid, and who proves in the sequel to be the lost son of Bentley and the brother of the heroine.

"The Mysteries of Udolpho" called forth scores of imitators, who could draw pictures of frowning battlements, high-arched gateways, winding passages, and secret doors, but who failed to give the finer traits that mark the works of Mrs. Radcliffe. What is now known of them? Charlotte Smith is not known to most modern readers even by name, and the mention of "The Old Manor House" or "Ethelina" calls up no smile of recognition. And yet Mrs. Smith had her admirers — readers who extolled George Delmont, Mrs. Crewkherne, and the lovely Madora; to say nothing of "The Banished Man" who came upon the scene beneath the walls of Rosenheim in the stormy days of '89. "Celestina" was one of her popular novels.

Celestina was suddenly lost to Willoughby, who had known her and loved her from childhood. He journeyed in search of her from Lyons to Avignon, and thence along the coast of Bezières and Mirepoix into Roussillon. At last he reached the Pyrenees, and at the Fort of Montlouis he found a young mountaineer, acquainted with the passes, who was to lead him he scarcely knew whither. Ere long he lost his guide and came upon the Castle of Rochemarte. The moat, broad and deep, and half-filled with water and aquatic plants, gave shelter to the wild fowls that lived there undisturbed; and the drawbridge, which led to the court under a high-arched gate, was suspended by massive chains and defended by a double portcullis. Here Willoughby searched, as he had done elsewhere, for Celestina, but found Anzoletta, seated at an embroidery frame, and watched over by an aged woman who seemed to be her governess. Why they were here I need not pause to tell; Anzoletta had her part to play, and the story is a long one. Baffled in his search, Willoughby wandered from castle to castle and from convent to convent till he found at last a nun, Jacquelina, who had known Celestina in childhood and could tell something of her history. He shook the bars of the

gate in his eagerness to learn the secret, and "tears such as angels shed fell from her lovely eyes." At length she found words to say, "Her features resembled those of her father, and on her neck, a little on the left side, there were three diminutive moles." "It is enough," said Willoughby, "these moles are on the lovely neck of Celestina; a thousand times have I kissed them when we played together in infancy, and here, on this portrait of her, they are to be seen." Jacquelina kissed the picture.

In "Granville Abbey," a romance of the highest sort, there is much of the supernatural. One scene shall suffice: "Matilda's spirits were uncommonly low — she wept abundantly. Alas! thought she, could I have known the sorrows, the suffering I was to have experienced, gladly would I have welcomed death and sunk into an early grave."

But Matilda in a little while became composed, and sat at the window watching the changing clouds, till "twice she thought it lightened." Then, as she turned away, "her eye caught the casement in the west tower, and a strong glare of light that moment darted from within. Matilda could not move; she was motionless with surprise and horror, but still kept looking at the object. In about three minutes a hand seemed to wave from one side. At that moment the light vanished and all was again in perfect darkness. Matilda, scarce able to support herself, staggered to the bed, sank upon it, closed her eyes through fear, and after a considerable time fell into a slumber."

Whose hand it was and how the story ends I shall leave the reader to imagine.

The new chapters of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments created a taste for Eastern tales, and many scenes were laid beneath the walls of the Mosque of Cordova and around the Alhambra. "Gonzalo de Cordova; or, Granada Recovered," appeared in 1792, and found favor at once as "an historical

romance." Early in the plot Zulema, a princess and the daughter of Mulei Hassen, saves the life of Gonzalo, adores the God of the Christians, and is called "daughter" by Isabella of Castile, who seeks to effect a union between the hero and the heroine. But Gonzalo, a Christian, kills in battle Alamanzo, a Moor and the brother of Zulema. Moriana, the wife of Alamanzo, coming from the mosque, meets her husband's body as it is borne from the field. Then follows a scene: "Speechless, motionless, she falls on the pavement. Three times her head struck the steps; her blood flowed from the wounds and her lifeless body sank at the feet of Alabez."

Friendly hands took her up and carried her off with Alamanzo, — "pale, bleeding, and disfigured, resembling the hero, who is no more. Their livid countenances touch, their hairs entwine and drag in the sand; their blood mingles and stains their garments. It seems as if both had fallen by the same stroke."

But she at least is not dead, for after a time "she opens her eyes, but not to shed tears." The complications that follow are endless, and one wonders as he reads on how all the threads so finely spun can be brought together at the end. But one difficulty after another is cleared up. It was not Gonzalo who killed Alamanzo, but his friend, who on that day fought in his armor. At length, to offset the saving of Gonzalo's life by Zulema, Gonzalo rescues Zulema, who had been imprisoned by her own people, and leads her to the Alhambra, where Ferdinand and Isabella witnessed their nuptials; when "the greatest of heroes, the most faithful of friends, and the most amiable of consorts began a long series of fortunate and glorious days."

At the time that these romances were read there was a decided taste in England for French and German novels; and what was printed in England found its way to America. Transla-

tions were common. "The Black Veil," from the pen of Veit Weber, an assumed name of a Hamburg novelist, who also wrote over the signature of Sagen der Vorgeit, was of the number. Another translation was that of the "Ghost Seer," from the German of Schiller; and in 1795 "The Dagger," from the German of Groffe, was brought out. "The Genius; or, the Mysterious Adventures of Don Carlos de Grandez," by the Marquis Von Gross, was of the same school. In due time the "Memoirs of Madame de Barneveld," translated by Miss Gunning, appeared; as did also "The Magnanimous Amazon," from the Dutch, which was said to have been the groundwork of the above-mentioned memoirs. The "History of May-Flower," a fairy tale, was from the *Fleur d'Epine* of Count Hamilton, who wrote the memoirs of Grammont. In 1796 a second translation of "Paul and Virginia" was announced. The first was known as "Paul and May," and was published by Dodsley. The last was by Helen Maria Williams, who, while imprisoned in Paris during the Revolution, employed her time in adding to and spinning out the tale. Where to look for a copy now it would be difficult to say. Madame de Genlis had many readers, both in French and English. Her "Knight of the Swan, or the Court of Charlemagne," found a translator. "The Rash Vow," *Le Vœu Téméraire*, appeared in English in 1798, and was ushered in with the announcement that it was a "novel which all young persons might be permitted to read." It was certainly very stupid. Constance, disappointed in love, leads the reader into the dark recesses of a tomb, by "the melancholy light of a lamp," to hear her vow never to form a new tie. In time she thought better of it; but then it was too late, for Saineville, her lover, knowing her vow, had fettered himself at Malta by a similar oath. This was too much for Constance; she sickened and died of a fever.

It has been urged that the old novels of which I am speaking were immoral. That they were often couched in language far from delicate is certain, and their humor was coarse, to put it mildly; but it is clear that the authors really aimed to exalt virtue, and degrade vice. No one can question the motives of Richardson, though we may object to some features in his novels; but his imitators, lacking his skill, pandered to vice while they aimed to curb it. "Unfortunate Sensibility," which should never have been written, was of this stamp. "The History of Miss Lycinda Courtney" was another novel in the style of Richardson: and so was "Ella Powell; or, Trials of Sensibility," in a series of letters. But with all this there are many romances, of which we have only fragments, that we would be glad to recover. "Montford Castle," a tale of the eleventh century, wherein the Knight of the White Rose figured; the "Castle of the Ollado" and the "Abbey of St. Asaph," in which the reader is treated to the old, old story, but which is never told too often — a lover of rank and a maid of unknown parentage, a concealed marriage, an abandoned wife, a ruined and repentant husband, and then a reunion; the scenes being laid in dreadful caverns, lighted by sulphurous flames and peopled by moving skeletons, where one, like the Pilgrim in the "Mysteries of Udolpho," —

> "Still eyes the depth, still shudders on the verge,
> Fears to return, nor dares to venture on."

"What is it to us," says Washington Irving, in speaking of novels, "whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them and enjoy all the charms of reality?"

XXX.

SMALL-POX IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

IN April, 1764, there was a general inspection of the inhabitants of Newport by the selectmen, to ascertain what progress the small-pox had made in the town since the previous January; and it was then found that during the interval thirty-eight persons had taken the disease in a natural way, of whom four had died; and that six hundred and forty persons had been inoculated for small-pox, of whom two had died. The population at that time was about seven thousand. From this it appears that about ten per centum of the inhabitants were inoculated during that period, which shows that the people of Newport had far more enlightened views on this subject than were displayed in many other quarters. The idea of filling one's blood with the virus of a loathsome disease could scarcely fail of being repulsive, and it was not an easy matter to tolerate those persons who advocated the measure. A newspaper suggested that the College of Physicians should give a gold medal to the professor who should prove "that whatever distemper any person shall die of at seventy years of age must infallibly be owing to his having been inoculated at seven; and that every person who has the small-pox by inoculation may have it afterwards ten times in the natural way." And even when Prince Edward and the Princess Augusta were inoculated by Pennal and Cæsar Hawkins in 1770, not only for their own protection, but also as an example, the reluctance of

many persons in England to take the disease was not overcome. Nearly twenty years later Cowper wrote to Lady Hesketh: "We talk of our freedom, and some of us are free enough, but not the poor. Dependent as they are upon parish bounty, they are sometimes obliged to submit to impositions which perhaps in France itself could hardly be paralleled. Can a man or woman be said to be free who is commanded to take a distemper, sometimes at least mortal, and in circumstances most likely to make it so? No circumstance whatever was permitted to exempt the inhabitants of Weston. Were I asked who is the most arbitrary sovereign on earth, I should answer, 'Neither the king of France nor the Grand Seignior, but an overseer of the poor in England.'"

After the first burst of opposition in America to the introduction of inoculation, and the tirade of abuse heaped upon the head of Dr. Boylston, there was a disposition on the part of the people to run the risk attendant upon inoculation (for they could not be led to believe that they were not endangering their lives by so doing) rather than live in mortal fear of the disease they wished to escape. But for a time there was a certain amount of quackery connected with the practice, many practitioners pretending that they alone were familiar with the best known method of treating a patient. In 1771 Surgeon Latham, of the King's (8th) Regiment of Foot, gave out in New York that he was prepared to inoculate for small-pox after the Suttonian system, and that he was the only person in the city authorized to use the method. Dr. Shuttleworth, the brother-in-law of Sutton, was at the same time the only person who had the right to inoculate in this way in Philadelphia. Latham offered to go to New England to inoculate the people, and he asserted that a person inoculated by him need not lose a day from business. There were Codlins then — "Codlin's the friend, not Short" — as well as at a later period. There was a Codlin in one John Cochran, who declared that

many persons were deterred from being inoculated for fear of the evil results that sometimes followed a want of proper treatment, which could be avoided by adopting a peculiar method known only to himself. With Sam Weller he might have said, "It 's the seasoning as does it." Cochran had secured a pleasant location for a hospital near New Brunswick, where good accommodations could be had, and the whole charge, exclusive of travelling expenses, was limited to nine dollars.

There was money in it at that. Philip Turner and Jonathan Loomis saw "millions in it." That year, 1774, they fitted up an establishment on Fisher's Island, where they said that they enjoyed peculiar advantages for the treatment of persons who wished to be inoculated for the small-pox; one of which advantages was the fact that the junior partner had passed a year in Philadelphia, to which city "he had travelled for the express purpose of learning the business of inoculation." In 1788 Daniel Lee opened a similar establishment on Ram Island, between Stonington and New London, where ladies and gentlemen were provided for and inoculated at the very moderate outlay of six dollars, which covered everything — one-half down on entering, and one-half when leaving. But John and Elisha Ely came in ahead on prices. They declared that at Duck Island, about a mile from Saybrook, and not more than twenty miles from New London, several hundred persons had been inoculated, during a period of twenty-seven years, without the loss of a single patient, and that they continued to furnish with their unsurpassed treatment every luxury that could be looked for in such an establishment, at a cost not exceeding £1 lawful money. There was but little restraint after being inoculated, beyond taking the prescribed number of basilic powders, and drinking freely of barley-water, acidulated with tamarinds. Of outdoor sport there was no lack, so the Ely brothers asserted, and when night closed in one could

dance and sing at Duck Island till bedtime. An old negro, white haired and with whiter teeth, who had "The Rakes of Mallow" and "The Miller of Mansfield" at his fingers' ends, scraped the fiddle and called the figures.

This was the beginning of a move to make small-pox hospitals places of popular resort — an idea worthy of the sexton who, when times were dull and but few entertainments were given, "tried to make the funerals as cheerful as possible." Parties were made up to pass a few days at a hospital pleasantly situated at the seaside — virtually to be inoculated, but really to have a good time. Samuel Lee's retreat was a notable example. He made it known in 1795 that there was a good chance for eighteen or twenty young gentlemen and ladies at a time to have the small-pox in a safe and mild form, and at the same time to enjoy the best of fishing, hunting, and boating. Application was to be made at the old hospital at New London, near the lighthouse. The season opened in May and closed with frosty weather. In this way Lee secured two parties a month, and we may presume that he usually had his house full. Out of a party of this kind there grew at least one love affair here in Rhode Island.

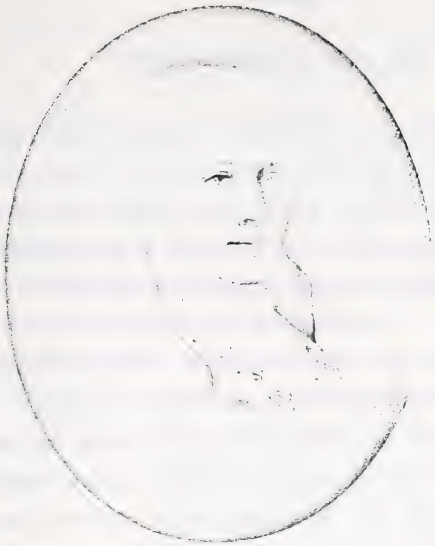
In 1792 the town of Newport set apart Coaster's Harbor Island as a place where persons so disposed could go and be inoculated. By the last of June the hospital was ready. The first class numbered more than a hundred persons, for the people generally had confidence in the treatment, and it was known that patients of all ages had been safely carried through at the hospital on Conanicut, which was abandoned only for the reason that Coaster's Harbor was more convenient. Drs. Jonathan Easton, Jr., Isaac Senter, who marched to Cambridge with the Rhode Island troops in 1775, and was captured at Quebec with Arnold's division, and Benjamin Mason, all leading physicians, agreed to divide the labor, with the understanding that those persons who

were able to do so should pay a fair consideration, while the poor were to be treated gratis. But there was a strong opposition to placing a hospital of this kind so near to the town, and it was soon abandoned. When it was vacated, the old hospital on Conanicut was swept and garnished and again opened to the public. There a seafaring man met for the first time the woman who became his wife. In this there is nothing strange; but it is surprising how little hold love had upon him. He had been, and was again to be, the sport of Fortune. We get but a glance at him at best, and as soon as he is seen he is lost to sight again. The sea was more to him than wife or home. His father, mate of a brig out of Newport, also knew something of reverses, for he was captured by a privateer, taken to France, and died there.

Oliver C. Beer, of whom I am now writing, was a native of Newport. In November, 1791, he sailed from Boston with a Captain Roberts for the northwest coast of the continent, then but little known to us. It is said that he was with the exploring party that discovered the mouth of the Columbia River. If so he must have left his own vessel and joined the "Columbia Rediviva," of Boston, in which ship Captain Robert Gray made the discovery, May 11, 1792. Having landed on the coast, Beer built a small schooner, which he manned with ten men and boys, he being of the number. In this vessel he traded with the natives till June, 1793, when he was boarded at Queen Charlotte's Island, ostensibly to trade; but the natives, when they had gathered upon the deck, killed all on board with the exception of Beer, who was held in bondage during a period of thirteen months, at the end of which time he was rescued by Captain John Perry Caswell, of the ship "Despatch," owned in Boston, aided by Captain John Barnard, of the brigantine "Mercury," of Providence. Beer reached home, told his remarkable story, and promised to publish an account of his adventures, but he was too

restless to settle down to anything. Just then there was a class formed to be inoculated, and as it seemed to be quite the thing, certainly for one who led such an exposed life, he "shipped for a short voyage" and went over with the others to the hospital on Conanicut. There he met Dorcas Smith, eldest daughter of Benedict Smith, of Newport, fell desperately in love, married her forthwith, and a week later sailed for the West Indies, promising that when he returned he would write out his adventures. That day never came, and this is all that we know of the restless navigator. Could he have tired of married life in so short a time, or was it a restless desire to be on the wing that led him to leave her almost as soon as the knot was tied? That is a conundrum that no man can answer.

Other examples might be cited of love-making in a small-pox hospital here in Rhode Island. Among a number of persons who had gathered at Newport to be inoculated before the opening of the present century there were two young ladies from Taunton. In the same class there was a young man in delicate health, who did not recover rapidly, and was compelled to remain longer than the others. One of the sisters took such an interest in him that he could not bear to have her leave him there, and she showed some reluctance to depart when he whispered in her ear words that brought the color to her cheek. What followed I need not tell; enough that from that day forward they walked together.



MAJOR JOHN HANDY.

XXXI.

OLD MINIATURES.

IN a town like Newport, noted for the number of distinguished persons who have lived here, we may count on finding many specimens of the limner's art in the way of miniatures. Many of them are indifferent as works of art, but nearly all have something of interest connected with them, while the Malbones are far more beautiful than the miniatures of our day.

It is greatly to be regretted that we know so little about Malbone. There is a mention of him in Dunlap's History, with a letter from his sister; but the sketch, at best, is but an outline, and it has been found difficult in later years to add to it. His art was pursued under difficulties, and his first triumph was the painting of a scene for the little theatre in Newport. If in this way he did not acquire his delicacy of touch, he certainly learned the value of breadth of effect. While so engaged, Washington Allston came to Newport from Charleston, and the two youths, one in their tastes, became the pupils of Samuel King, portrait painter, who taught them the rudiments of art. Allston, who was the youngest, went from Newport to Cambridge, where he entered Harvard College; but Malbone, who had no such opening, continued to pursue his studies in Newport, and having attained to some degree of skill, he visited other places, everywhere filling orders for miniatures. In 1800 he went to Charleston with Allston, and there made many friends. From his profession he made

enough in a short time to warrant a visit to Europe, and he and Allston set out together. In London they were warmly welcomed by West, who said in a letter to President Monroe: "I have seen a picture painted by a young man by the name of Malbone which no man in England can excel." This was "The Hours," of which Tuckerman has said: —

> "A more charming emblem of Time we have never seen, except in Guido's celebrated picture. Instead of a grim old man with a scythe we have three fair girls. They are emphatically the 'rosy hours,' such as poetry chronicles and love inspires, redolent of hope and overflowing with promise."

At the expiration of a year Malbone was recalled to the United States, and soon after his return he showed signs of failing health, which made it necessary for him to pass the winter at the south. With the return of spring he came north, but his winters had now to be passed in a warmer climate. In May, 1807, he set out as usual for Newport, but had only reached Savannah when his strength failed, and in a few days he died there.

Everything that came from the hand of Malbone was beautiful, and the most sketchy of his works command to-day a price that would have been thought extravagant by the artist's friends for his finest efforts. He had the good taste to ignore fashion in dress, and when he came to the hair no corkscrew curls or cushioned pile with him found favor; but every knot was cut, save, perhaps, a gauzy band, a ribbon, half hid in wavy folds, or a string of pearls entwined with tresses that were tossed back and left to play over brow and neck and shoulders in the most graceful and becoming manner. Natural and beautiful the treatment was thought to be then, and to-day it is as natural and beautiful as it is possible for anything to be.

In the Wanton House, on Broad Street, there is a miniature in profile, the likeness of Mrs. Benjamin Hazard, painted in her

maiden days by Malbone. She was the daughter of Major Lyman, who married Mary, daughter of John Wanton. Major Lyman was aide-de-camp to General Heath, who came to Newport to welcome the French troops to America. While here and at her father's house, which was frequented by the French and American officers, he met the beautiful Mary Wanton, who became his wife. The beauty of the mother was inherited by the daughter. The soft gray eye rivets attention, and in the rounding of the neck and shoulders there is much to admire. The picture is wanting in color. In this respect it may have lost something in the course of years, but it is still a gem of loveliness.

Another female head is that of Mrs. Amory at the age of eighteen, which is thought by many persons to be one of Malbone's finest works. The color is delicate, and the half tints are indescribable. In 1853 this picture made a part of a collection exhibited in Providence. At that time an English artist, who was then in Newport and had found many sitters here, expressed a wish at an evening party to be introduced to an elderly lady who was present. When presented and he had entered into conversation with her, he asked her if she had a miniature by Malbone. "Yes," she replied, "one of myself, painted fifty years ago." "I have seen it," said the artist, "and I recognized the likeness the moment I saw you." It is easy for one who can recall the features to believe this and to bear witness to Malbone's truthfulness as a painter. Another miniature by the same hand is a likeness of a brother of Commodore Preble — a fine, strong picture.

A miniature of Major John Handy, now owned by his daughters, is full of color, and appears as fresh and brilliant as if just from the artist's hand. Major Handy was at the age of forty, and we see in every lineament the glow of health. During the Revolution he did good service under Sullivan and Spencer. On the 4th of July, 1776, he read the Declaration of Independence

from the steps of the State House — a solemn day with the people, for they were launching upon a stormy sea, with but a glimmer of the light they hoped to reach. Fifty years from that day Major Handy was again called upon to read the same document from the same place. On this occasion the steps were dressed with flowers, and there was general rejoicing. On the 2d of March, 1828, he died. His body was borne to its last resting-place by the Artillery Company, and as it was carried from the house to the hearse the softer instruments of the band played the air of a favorite hymn.

An unfinished miniature by Malbone of the late Richard Kidder Randolph is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Breese. It is painted in profile, strongly washed in, and quite far enough advanced to show a strong likeness; but it is wanting in color. Another Malbone, owned by Mrs. William Guild, is a likeness of her grandfather, the late Charles D'Wolf. It is a fine work of art.

The finest Malbone in Newport that I have seen is a miniature of Ray Greene. He was the Attorney-General of Rhode Island from 1794 to 1797, when he resigned to accept the office of Senator in Congress. It was while he was in public life that this miniature, now in possession of a descendant, Miss Turner, was painted. His head was a fine one, and the artist availed himself of the opportunity to paint a picture which, when once seen, will long be remembered.

In the Bannister house, on the corner of Pelham and Spring streets, there may be seen a very fine miniature of John Bannister, painted when he was at the age of twenty-one years. He is dressed in a scarlet coat, a richly embroidered vest, and a ruffled kerchief; his gray eyes clear and bright, and his complexion showing all the freshness of youth. The miniature is in the form of a locket, and in size is not as large as a trade dollar. Bannis-

ter's house was taken by General Prescott for his quarters; and when the General walked in front of it to sun himself, he used his cane freely over the shoulders of all persons who came too near his person, or failed to bow in passing. The miniature is owned by Miss Sayer.

A miniature of Mrs. John Brown by some unknown artist carries us far back into the last century. She was the daughter of Augustus Lucas, and was born in 1697. Lucas, who was a Frenchman, originally settled in Guilford, Conn., but afterward came to New York. His wife was the daughter of the Rev. Joseph Eliot, and grand-daughter of Eliot the Indian apostle. On the mother's side she was the grand-daughter of Governor William Brenton. In 1717 Miss Lucas was married in Newport to Captain John Brown, a prominent merchant, who was engaged in commercial affairs, and, during the French war, in privateering. This miniature of Mrs. Brown, painted in oil, at one time made part of the cover of a casket. Though now dark through the lapse of years, it is in a fair condition and shows its subject to have been a woman with some pretensions to beauty. It is owned by the heirs of Charles H. Russell, of "Oaklawn." Dr. Henry E. Turner has a copy of a miniature of Augustus Lucas.

There is a miniature here of Miss Montaudevert, the daughter of a French merchant who resided in New York three generations ago. In 1808 Miss Montaudevert was married to a young naval officer, who soon became distinguished. This was Captain James Lawrence, whose dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have become famous. The miniature, which is in the possession of her grand-daughter, Mrs. William Redmond, has faded somewhat, but it is still clear in its details. The dress is not unlike that of the Empire, cut low, with a very short waist; and in the hair one sees the large tortoise-shell comb which was at one time generally

worn. Mrs. Redmond has a superb portrait of her grandfather, Captain Lawrence, painted by Stuart.

Mrs. Wilson Eyre has a miniature of Washington that will always command attention; for it was presented by Mrs. Washington to Colonel Lear, who was Mrs. Eyre's grandfather. It is set in the form of a locket, about three inches in length, and in the back there is a lock of Washington's hair. On the satin lining of the case are these words: "Presented to T. Lear by his friend, Mrs. Washington, 1801." Tobias Lear was the secretary and friend of Washington, the one in whose arms he died; and it was fitting that a memorial like this should be presented to him by Mrs. Washington. It bears the initials A. R., and may have been painted by Robertson (who came to this country to paint a portrait of Washington for Lord Buchan) or Ramsay.

With the above there is a miniature of Colonel Lear, by a different hand, undoubtedly a good likeness. The setting, like the Washington miniature, is in gold, but is more elaborate. Around the edge, both on the front and back, there is a double row of pearls, separated by a thread of blue enamel. It was intended that Mrs. Lear's miniature should find a place in what is now the back, which would have given the locket two faces. With these miniatures there is a sketch of Mrs. Lear in colors. on paper, evidently a study for a companion picture which was never painted.

Another pair of miniatures of the same size, in gold setting and locket form, are owned by Mr. E. M. Neill. They are likenesses of Purser — at the time they were painted Lieutenant — and Mrs. Cox, and must have been painted very early in the present century. His is a fine open countenance, and the youthful face of Mrs. Cox, a blonde, is delicate in color and tender in drawing.

A pair of miniatures, dainty in size and shape, are enclosed

in golden rims. One, marked I. B., 1781, with a lock of dark-brown hair in the back, shows a lovely face of eighteen. Over the brow the nut-brown hair is frizzed, not unlike the fashion of to-day; and the merry twinkle of the eye from under the long lashes is contagious. This was Miss Ver Planck, of Ver Planck Point, who became the wife of the red-coated Tory Colonel Andrew de Vaux, of Charleston, whose likeness is seen in the companion picture. He was a soldier, brave and daring. It was Colonel de Vaux who fitted out a tiny expedition, and sailing from St. Augustine arrived at night off New Providence, where, by a *ruse de guerre*, he made the governor believe an overwhelming force was at his door, and then by threats forced him to surrender the island to the Crown of England. Many tales are told of De Vaux's pluck and daring. His miniature shows him to have been fine-looking, with large, handsome eyes. In his veins flowed the blood of ancestors who were Huguenots.

A very beautiful miniature, that one would like to know more about, is without a history. It was brought to this country by an Irish sailor more than forty years ago. He gave it to his wife, who, when in straightened circumstances, parted with it. The figure is clad in a blue dress and a fine turban, and the face, marked by refinement, looks out upon you as if it would speak of the home that was once her own. Two other unknown miniatures, but of a different type, are very striking. They are probably likenesses of father and son, both seafaring men. The elder, every inch an old "sea-dog," with his seamed and rugged face, has his orange handkerchief at hand, and the ship, that was dearer to him than life, for a background; while the son, who has banged his hair, and has on his "shore clothes," is evidently conscious that he is sitting for his picture. These miniatures were no doubt intended for wife and sweetheart when the "toilers of the sea" came home together.

Another nameless miniature is that of a placid old lady, dressed in the garb of Friends, who showed in every lineament that she was kind and motherly. It had been owned by one who, in her hour of need, told a story of suffering and privation that moved the hearer, one of her own sex, to tears. It was an old story — one that has been told again and again, but which will be again and again repeated. Young, beautiful, courted and caressed, she yet married below her station, was cast off, disowned, and left to get on as best she could. Her husband, she said, had treated her well — had been good and kind to her so long as he had anything to do with her; but one misfortune after another had attended their steps, till the little that he had earned while employed, and all that was once her own, had been swallowed up. At last she was left a widow with one daughter. With no resources but her needle, she sought to earn her bread by making slop-shop vests at twelve cents the dozen. How miserably she failed I need not pause to tell. That the wolf kept near the door is not surprising. At last, having parted with everything else, she sold this miniature; the likeness of her grandmother. It is a beautiful picture — one that was painted by Trott, specimens of whose work are highly prized by lovers of such mementoes. As a work of art it will be always valuable; but it would be doubly so in the eyes of the present owner, could she know something of its history.

Of miniatures by Trott, who was the rival of Walter Robertson, there is one more in Newport. It is a likeness of Mrs. Elizabeth Powel, who was the widow of Samuel Powel, the last Mayor of Philadelphia under the Crown. She is represented in a velvet dress and an imposing white gauze cap, and at the time this miniature was painted she was seventy-eight years of age. It is very delicate and pleasing.

The miniature of Samuel Powel, by some unknown hand, is set in a jewelled garland, intended for the clasp of a bracelet. His hair is powdered, and the blue velvet coat is trimmed with a profusion of lace. Mr. Powel died in 1793 of cholera, to which he had been exposed while nursing a favorite servant.

In a miniature of Cornelius Lowe, of New York, the head is well set on the shoulders, and had it a little more color it would be very satisfactory. The mounting is of that peculiar shade of gold so often seen in old lockets. Its mate, evidently by the same hand, is a miniature of Colonel Richard Cary, and aide-de-camp to Washington. He is dressed in the Continental uniform, and the picture has more color than is found in the Lowe miniature. Colonel Cary become the son-in-law of Mr. Lowe. Miss Lowe, who was a very spirited girl, was engaged to Colonel William Steuben Smith, one of Washington's aides, but the even tenor of their way was disturbed, and she broke her engagement, telling him at the time that when they met again she would be the wife of another. She was as good as her word, and forthwith married Colonel Cary —a step that she regretted in after years. To her dying day she retained a regard for Colonel Smith, and spoke of him with the highest respect. He, in time, became interested in Abigail Adams, daughter of John Adams, to whom he was married in London by the Bishop of St. Asaph. At that time Colonel Smith was Secretary of Legation in London. In 1788 they returned to this country and resided in Philadelphia, where the beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Smith added greatly to the attractions of the republican court. Her portrait, painted by Copley, became the property of her only daughter, Mrs. De Windt. It was destroyed by fire at Fishkill a few years ago. This miniature is a copy of that picture. Singularly enough

the Cary and Smith miniatures are now both in Newport, but are owned by different persons.

Among the maidens of Newport who were adored by the French officers were the Misses Hunter. The gay followers of Rochambeau sang their praises, and traced their names upon the windows of their quarters. In 1786 Mrs. Hunter, with her three daughters, Eliza, Ann, and Katharine, went to Europe to see if anything could be done for Miss Eliza, who was threatened with blindness. They never returned to America. Ann married John Falconnet, a Swiss banker, and Katharine became the wife of the Comte de Cardignan, a nobleman of the old *régime.* Her miniature, a small locket set with garnets, shows her to have been very lovely. Of Eliza, who never married, there is a miniature, the clasp of a bracelet, painted by Copley before her eyes were impaired. The lighter tints have faded, but the features are well defined, and the dark eyes and full tresses are still beautiful. In an old journal, kept by Mr. Chipman, a great uncle of Chief Justice Gray, of Boston, she is thus spoken of: —

"We had heard much of Miss Hunter, of Rhode Island, who was at Dr. Lloyd's; we were prepared to expect something supernatural. We called to see her; our expectations were exceeded by the interview. She is, without exception, the most beautiful, accomplished, and elegant person (with a mind, if possible, as we were informed by her friends, superior) that I ever beheld."

These two miniatures are in the possession of Mrs. James Birckhead.

Mrs. Thomas Dunn has two miniatures that have a history. They are likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Field, of Princeton, N. J. Mrs. Field was a daughter of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the mother of Judge Field, who died in 1865. It is not known by whom the

miniatures were painted, but they were taken to England by Paul Jones to be mounted, and by him were brought back to America. The setting is very handsome — round gold lockets, so arranged as also to be worn as bracelets, with a wreath around the outer edge, the leaves in green enamel and the berries in red. As paintings they are not very striking, but by a collector they would be thought valuable.

Miss Goodridge was a fine miniature painter — one of whom, till recently, the world has known but little, other than what may be seen in her miniatures; but a sketch of her life, prepared by her surviving sister, has a place in the Life of Gilbert Stuart. Stuart thought a great deal of Miss Goodridge's ability, and showed his partiality by sitting to her. She justified his opinion by painting an excellent miniature of him. The original is in the possession of her sister, Mrs. Stone, at Reading, Mass. I am so fortunate as to have a copy of it, made by Miss Goodridge and presented to me by Miss Stuart.

A miniature of Captain John Gilbert, R. N., is in the form of a locket. On the back there is the device of the garter, inscribed with Gilbert's name. Above it there is the crest of the "Squirrel," the little vessel of ten tons in which his ancestor, Admiral Sir Humphrey Gilbert, perished on his return voyage from Newfoundland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the centre there is the date of the miniature, 1754. The story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's exploit is graphically told in "Westward Ho!" which, though it reads like a romance, is in the main true to history. John Gilbert, dressed in a powdered wig, blue coat and vest trimmed with gold lace, was not a handsome man, if we may judge from this miniature, but rather one who had been exposed to many storms — a sailor, whose knowledge of his calling was acquired by practice and not by theory.

One of the illustrations in these pages is from a miniature

of my grandmother, Margaret Mason, whose maiden name was Margaret Champlin. Of her it was said by the Prince de Broglie: —

"That same evening M. Vauban introduced us at the house of Mr. Champlin, well known to us for his wealth, but much more known in the army for the lovely face of his daughter. She was not in the drawing-room at the moment of our arrival, but she appeared an instant after. It is useless to say that we examined her with attention, which was to treat her handsomely, for the result of our observation was to find that she had beautiful eyes and an agreeable mouth, a lovely face, a fine figure, a pretty foot, and the general effect altogether attractive. She added to all these advantages that of being dressed and *coiffée* with taste, that is to say, in the French fashion, besides which she spoke and understood our language."

XXXII.

SILHOUETTES.

THE silhouette was very popular in its day, for it was the only process by which nine out of ten could secure likenesses of themselves or friends till Daguerre, years later, offered something better in appearance, but not as lasting. Miniatures were the exception, not the rule. They were but indifferently painted, at the best, and were beyond the means of the many; but when, in 1759, Silhouette, who gave his name to the art he practised, showed how a likeness might be had for almost nothing, he gained more renown with the aid of his scissors than through his efforts to become a financier, and raised up a host of imitators. Encouraged by success quickly won, the cutters of profiles found their way into towns and villages, and after their advent in the colonies it was rare to find a wall in any place of importance, that did not boast of a pair of silhouettes — one looking to the right and the other to the left. There were different ways of arriving at the same result, but the work was chiefly done by cutting the profile out of white paper, which was backed with a piece of black silk, or black paper, and neatly mounted. To insure success it was necessary to have a steady hand and a correct eye; with these qualities one could cut a likeness in a few seconds. In 1806, Schmalcalder brought into notice a machine intended to produce the same result in still less time. It was this invention that Sam Weller had in his mind's eye when, in inditing

his valentine to Mary, he likened the growth of his love to its rapid operations — to the "profeel machine," which "does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter."

Another way was to draw the likeness, always a profile, on an oval slab of prepared plaster-of-paris; the drawing was done with India ink, and the slab, so improved, was mounted in a frame specially designed for it. I have a number of such profiles, drawn by "Miers," in London, 1791, who styled himself "profile painter and jeweller." In some instances the likeness was drawn on paper, with India ink, and the details — the hair, ear, and other features, and the coat and collar — were worked up with bronze powder; but the greater number were simply in black and white.

One of the most singular silhouettes that I have seen, if it can be called a silhouette, is wholly unlike any other that I have yet discovered. Certainly a good deal of time was bestowed upon it. The profile, a likeness of Mrs. Matthew Stewart, is cut out of white cardboard, and then dressed in real stuffs. The eye, nostril, and lips are put in in color, and there is sufficient shading to give a certain roundness to the face. A muslin cap, set back far enough to show a line of hair, is pasted to the head, and over the neck and shoulders a black lace shawl is lightly drawn and pasted down. The whole is mounted in an antique frame. When or by whom the likeness was taken is not known. Mrs. Stewart died in 1784. She was the daughter of William Gardiner, of Boston Neck, in the Narragansett country, and niece of Rev. Dr. McSparran, whose name is intimately associated with the history of the Episcopal Church in Rhode Island. With the above there is a likeness of Mr. Gardiner, who at one time owned and occupied the house in Newport known alike as the "Vernon House" and "Rochambeau's Headquarters." The likeness is a miniature, on

stiff brown paper, drawn with a pencil and India ink, very sketchy but not inartistic.

In the Wanton house, on Broadway, there is an interesting silhouette that antedates the Revolution. It is a likeness of Mrs. Wanton, who was the great-grand-daughter of Governor Henry Bull. She was married to John Wanton, son of Governor Gideon Wanton, in 1760. Their daughter Mary, who became the wife of Major Daniel Lyman, of General Heath's staff, was one of the celebrated beauties of Newport at the time that the French were here.

During the time that all intimacy with Great Britain was cut off, there was a great scarcity of paper in the country, and the shifts resorted to to make good this deficiency were numberless. Invitations and cards of admission were frequently printed on the backs of old playing-cards, and one, holding in his hand an invitation to some entertainment, found that it had on the back the ace of clubs or the queen of hearts. In the collection of the Historical Society there is a silhouette that is interesting as showing this scarcity of paper at the time that it was cut. The background is a piece of house-paper, washed over with black, but not so effectually as to hide the geometric lines of the pattern stamped upon it. It is a likeness of Doctor Bentley, born in 1759, whose name is respected in Salem, where he was pastor of one of the churches. He was also, at one time, editor of the Salem "Register," and he did much to preserve the history of the town.

A number of silhouettes to be seen here call to mind the time when many of the English residents of Jamaica came to Newport in the summer, and here left their children to be educated. Mrs. William Hind, her daughters, Mary Hind and Mrs. John Taylor, and her grand-daughter, Mrs. Robert Johnston (Mary Cole Taylor), all came from St. Ann's, Jamaica, and they are all buried

in Trinity churchyard. The silhouette of Mrs. Hind was probably cut early in the century, for she died in 1813. The profile of her daughter Mary, who died in 1814, is painted in black on glass, backed with plaster-of-paris, and mounted in a black panel. It is a pleasing likeness of a beautiful young girl, with fluffy hair and an attractive figure. The likeness of the other daughter, Mrs. Taylor, may almost be said to be unique, so peculiar is it in its setting. Mrs. Taylor died in 1803, at the age of twenty-four years, having in that time been twice married. The likeness presents a lovely little head, about half an inch long, in black, upon the inner surface of a convex glass, filled in with yellow plaster-of-paris (yellow probably from age), and mounted in a small oval gold locket. It is hung on a chain of her own hair and on the reverse there is a glass for hair. The above were probably all cut or drawn in England, where the likeness of Mrs. Johnston was taken in 1816. In this last the dress is put in in white over the black. The silhouette of Mr. Johnston, which comes down to 1830, is not as well done.

Here in Newport there is a good silhouette of Dr. Physick (Philip Syng) of Philadelphia, a widely-known physician, who was graduated at the University of Pennsylvania in 1785, and took his medical degree at Edinburgh in 1792. It was cut in the Philadelphia Museum, and is the more valuable from the fact that there is no other likeness of Dr. Physick, save a very poor portrait. One sees in this head a very strong resemblance to General Washington. The Hon. Samuel Powel has a silhouette of Washington, taken from life by his relative, Samuel Powel, the last mayor of Philadelphia under the Colonial Government, and the first mayor under the State, in 1789, in which year a new charter was granted the city by the legislature. The head is life-size. Mr. Powel has also a head of Franklin, cut the same evening by Samuel Powel, and one of John Washington, cousin of the Gene-

ral — all alike as to size and style. These silhouettes have seldom been shown to any one, and have remained rolled together ever since they were cut. In the same collection there is a silhouette of Mrs. Elizabeth Powel, wife of Mayor Powel, and daughter and sixth child of Charles Willing, who was Mayor of Philadelphia in 1748, and Ann Shippen, his wife. It is of the ordinary size, and was probably cut at the Philadelphia Museum. Mrs. Powel lived to see her eightieth year, and died in 1830. Samuel Powel was a prominent man in his day. He served the city of Philadelphia as a member of the common council, in 1770, as alderman in 1774, and as mayor, as already stated. He died of yellow fever in 1793, contracted, it it said, in attending on a faithful servant down with the fever. Between Mr. Powel and Dr. Franklin there existed a warm friendship; and they were together in Europe at that interesting period when Franklin, who had been laughed at for claiming that lightning and electricity were one and the same thing, was recognized by the Royal Society as one worthy of the highest honors that could be bestowed by that body. Mr. Powel has a number of scientific instruments, a drawing-table, view glass, scales and weights, etc., selected by these two worthies during their travels, which are highly valued for the associations connected with them.

Under the same roof there is a silhouette of Mrs. Fisher, who was the sister of Governor John Brown Francis, of Rhode Island, and the mother of J. Francis Fisher, of Philadelphia. It was cut at the museum in Philadelphia, from which source came many of the silhouettes that have been preserved to us.

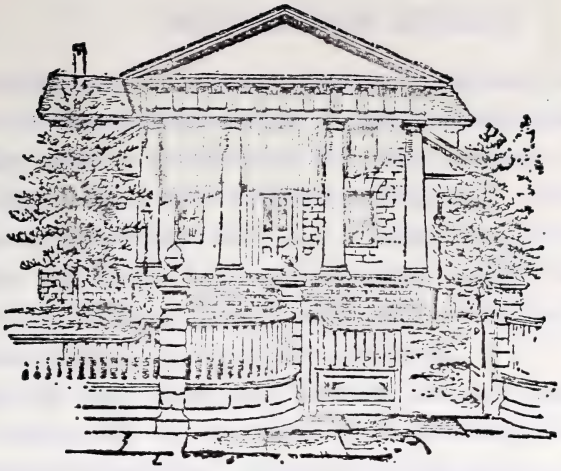
An interesting and highly-valued pair of profiles are the likeness of Colonel Beverly Robinson and his wife, Susanna Phillipse, the daughter of Frederick Phillipse, of Phillipseborough, and sister of Mary Phillipse, whose hand was sought by Washington, but who became the wife of Colonel Roger Morris. They were done in

London by Miers. The head of Colonel Robinson shows him to have been in the prime of life, but that of Mrs. Robinson, with its muslin cap and graceful, flowing bands delicately pencilled in, has the beautiful outline that marked her earlier years and made her one of the attractive women of her day. These simple memorials take us back to some of the most startling events that occurred little more than a century ago. The Robinson manor was a part of the wide tract of land on the Hudson, opposite to West Point, then known as Phillipseborough. The gay assemblages in the drawing-room before the Revolution included the names of almost every person of note in the colonies; but the war divided families, and put an end to almost every kind of social enjoyment. Then came the treachery of Arnold, who at the time occupied the Robinson manor, the capture of André and his ignoble death, which Colonel Robinson tried hard to avert; but that was impossible. When all was over Colonel and Mrs. Robinson went to England and died there. These well-preserved likenesses — precious heirlooms — are now owned by Mrs. Dr. Odell, of Newport, their great-grand-daughter.

During the closing years of the last century a profile painter (in black and white) and engraver, named St. Memin, found employment in Philadelphia, and it was not till 1852 that his labors were brought to a close. He kept copies of his works, numbering in all more than seven hundred. After his death they passed through several hands, and finally were published in a volume, with such reference to the heads as could be had. His manner was to make a life-size drawing, boldly, in crayon. Of this drawing he made a careful copy two inches in diameter; or, if this was not wanted, then he engraved the likeness (always in profile) on a copper plate of the above size. For the original drawing, the engraved plate, twenty-four impressions, and a box to put them in, the charge was but thirty-seven dollars. I

have one of his drawings, life-size, a profile of Christopher Grant Champlin, who was a representative in Congress from Rhode Island in 1800 and a Senator in 1810. It is a good likeness, but that of Commodore Oliver H. Perry is less satisfactory, the only really fine portrait of Commodore Perry being that by Jarvis, in the City Hall, New York.

Mrs. Mary S. Hunter, a most estimable lady, who died here two years ago at the ripe age of eighty-five years, left a profile in India ink, the work of St. Memin. It is a likeness of Mrs. Pollock, of Charleston, S. C., who passed much of her time in Newport, where she was esteemed for her culture and many excellent qualities. Her hand was always open to the needy. During the time of the embargo, when seafaring men and mechanics were thrown out of employ, she provided the means to open a soup-house, and daily furnished food to all who were in want. The profile shows her to have been in middle life, kind-hearted, and motherly.



REDWOOD LIBRARY.

XXXIII.

THE REDWOOD LIBRARY.

FROM an early period in its history, Newport has been distinguished for its cultivated society, its literary tastes, and a liberal provision for the mental wants of the people. That in its early struggles, and during the effort to found a colony, but little time could be devoted to books and learning, must be apparent; but the followers of Coddington and Clarke, who were the friends of Roger Williams and Sir Henry Vane, were not men easily discouraged or inclined to put off to another day the demands of the passing hour, and so schools were established, teachers were provided, and the well-cared-for books of the colonists made the nucleus of collections that at a later date expanded into valuable libraries. One can hardly overestimate what was done in those early days; indeed, it requires research to gather the information scattered through records in regard to the establishing of schools,

the setting apart of land for educational purposes, and the earnest effort to secure the services of well-informed, law-abiding, God-serving men to preside over the public schools of the colony. "As the twig is bent so the tree inclines." The graduates of these schools, though they had to labor, as did their parents, to subdue the forests, had acquired tastes that led them to extend their field of learning, and rarely did a vessel sail for England without taking out an order for new books.

So the work went on. Newport not only became noted for its climate and the enterprise of its merchants, but also for its social and intellectual attractions; and when at length Dean Berkeley chanced to land on these shores in 1728, he was warmly welcomed by men and women who could converse with him on subjects most congenial to the philosopher. Here his little band passed the years they were in waiting for the grant that would enable them to organize the projected college in Bermuda — Berkeley preaching to the many who came to hear him, and Smibert, the artist of the party, painting portraits and other pictures.

The books that were brought over for the Bermuda college were opened and read, and the leading members of the community, guided by Berkeley and Honyman, organized a philosophical society, in which the best minds of the place took part. Together they discussed the literary questions of the day; but, liberal as was their supply of books, it fell short of their wants. Their success as a society incited them to further efforts, and ere long one of their number, Abraham Redwood, gave the liberal sum of £500 sterling for the purchase of books. This was the nucleus of the public library that bears the giver's name. With what interest they entered upon the work of making their selections, and how anxiously they awaited the arrival of the ship that brought out their treasures, we can all understand. In time she

arrived, the invoice was added to their collection, and now they were in possession of a library that ere long was unsurpassed by any other in America save that at Harvard.

From this time forward the library was a success. Five thousand pounds were subscribed for a building, and at the first meeting of the Redwood Library Company the following officers were elected: Abraham Redwood, Rev. James Honyman, Rev. John Callender, Henry Collins, Edward Scott, Samuel Wickham, John Tillinghast, and Peter Bours, *Directors;* Joseph Jacob, *Treasurer;* Edward Scott, *Librarian;* and Thomas Ward, *Secretary.* Henry Collins gave the lot of land, then called Bowling Green, on which the library edifice stands; which lot has been increased in size within a few years by purchasing what was known as the Peleg Clarke estate. When the library company was organized, an architect of more than ordinary ability, Peter Harrison, who had been the assistant-architect of Vanbrugh in the erection of the Duke of Marlborough's palace at Woodstock, was employed to design and build a suitable structure for the library. How well he performed his part, and how cultivated must have been the people for whom he worked, let the exquisite Roman-Doric temple that he erected tell. It has been well cared for, and, although in more than one instance it has been enlarged by additions to meet the increasing size of the library, the features and proportions of the original building, now comprising the front of the library, have been carefully preserved. From a few hundred volumes the collection has grown until there are now more than twenty-five thousand on the shelves, extending over a wide field and embracing many rare and curious editions. It was in this library that the Rev. Dr. Stiles, for many years librarian, Dr. Waterhouse, and at a later date Channing, Allston, and others found food for thought, and here the present generation drink of the perennial spring that rejoiced and refreshed their fathers.

This was not the only fount from which the inhabitants could draw during the earlier history of the place. There was a taste for books that led many to import, in a limited way, for themselves; and to yet further foster a love for reading there were small circulating libraries, which bought more freely than the Redwood Library did the light literature of the day. It was at this precise period that Fielding published his "Jonathan Wild," and Richardson was made famous by his "Clarissa Harlowe." Then there was Smollett, exciting the public mind with his "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle," and Sterne with his "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey" — all following in the steps of Swift and Defoe, and designed to gratify the growing taste for fiction. The young had learned the value of books; the new issues were more highly seasoned than the dishes set before their elders, and they freely patronized the little shops which lent the works they most desired to read.

The Revolution broke in on the literary pursuits of the inhabitants, and from their exposed situation the war was brought home to them more forcibly than would otherwise have been the case. The merchants and the scholars were alike forced to give up their old pursuits. The enemy came and landed, and finding books where he only expected a clash of arms, he helped himself to such volumes as he liked, and left exposed and uncared for those that were of little value in his estimation. Time wore on, and the tide of battle turned for a season. The French ships arrived off the coast, ran in, and landed on the shores of Rhode Island. How they were welcomed we all know, and how they enjoyed it men like Count de Segur have recorded. Doors were opened wide, and the hospitalities of the people knew no bounds. Entertainments were frequent, and the gayety was of a more marked character from the fact that the place had long been dull and gloomy, in consequence of the presence of the enemy. The

young officers were introduced on every hand to lovely maidens, who could converse with them in their own tongue, and who were as familiar with French literature as they were themselves. How they must have enjoyed from such lips snatches of Moncrif's operas, songs and ballads, laughed over the "Baroness de Luz," and recited the pastorals of Ducis, the charming products of whose pen had found their way to this distant shore. Fascinated by women so cultivated and refined, and who had done so much to make their stay agreeable, we wonder not that they took delight in their society or paid glowing tributes to their worth on their return to France.

Peace at length was restored, and the people tried to settle down in their old ways; but their means were sadly impaired, and although their old tastes remained, there was but little opportunity to gratify them, for there was a struggle even for existence, so impoverished were they; but they had learned, in the words of Barrow, "he that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter;" and turning to their shelves for counsel, made fresh efforts, and in time recovered somewhat from their losses.

The centennial of the incorporation of the Redwood Library was observed Aug. 24, 1847. It was found that the library building would not accommodate all who wished to be present, and the doors of the Unitarian church on Mill Street were kindly opened to the directors. The services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Neufville, of Savannah, a descendant of one of the original proprietors. He was followed by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, who read a poem prepared for the occasion. The oration, delivered by the late Hon. William Hunter, was printed for the first time quite recently.

XXXIV.

THE REDWOOD LIBRARY PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THIS collection has been formed on no settled plan. One person has given a portrait or two, then another has done the same: and these pictures, added to the liberal bequest of the late Charles B. King, the artist, have helped to make the gallery what it is. While further additions in the shape of portraits of men and women who were distinguished in their day will be looked upon as valuable acquisitions; it is now the aim of the directors of the Library to bring together as many of prominent Rhode Islanders as possible.

The most conspicuous place in the collection has been given by right to the portrait of Abraham Redwood, the founder of the Library. Redwood was a Quaker, a lover of books, and a refined and cultivated gentleman. Early in the last century he came from Antigua, where he had great possessions, and settled in Newport. Here he entered into business, and soon became not only a leading merchant, but also a prominent member of the philosophical society organized in the place, of which Berkeley was the head during his stay on the island. His portrait, a copy made by Charles B. King from an original, is a three-quarter length. He is dressed in accordance with the requirements of his sect, and is sitting in an easy posture, with the head slightly turned to the left and looking out of the picture. On the same wall — the one

on the right and the other on the left of the Abraham Redwood — there are portraits of two other benefactors of the library — Charles B. King, the artist, and Dr. William J. Walker. Dr. Walker at the time of his death opened his purse wide to the library, and Mr. King, while munificent in the same way, added his collection of books and engravings and more than two hundred paintings. He was a native of Newport, but for many years lived in Washington City, where he devoted himself to his profession with the greatest assiduity. There are two portraits of him in the collection — one at the age of thirty and the other when he had attained threescore and ten. Opposite these there is a portrait of William Redwood, son of the founder, who was born in Newport, in 1734. It was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of whom it has been said: "He makes one seem to have got into the drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at one's self in the mirror." The picture is an excellent one and full of fine points, but it is hung too high.

The portrait of Governor Coddington is a good deal after the manner of Copley. It is a copy from the original in City Hall. Coddington purchased the island of Aquidneck of the Indians, in his own name, for himself and associates. He was the first judge and chief magistrate of the colony, and was once elected deputy governor and three times filled the office of governor. He has been charged with an attempt at usurpation, or at least of having such a design at heart, and antiquarians are divided in opinion as to his motive in going to England to obtain, if possible, a commission for life as governor. Coddington was a Quaker, but his dress was too courtly for one of that persuasion, being no less than a full-bottom wig, a flowing coat of light blue, sword and chapeau. The other portraits of governors of Rhode Island on these walls are those of Joseph Wanton, Ambrose E. Burnside, and Henry B. Anthony.

Governor Wanton was in office from 1769 to 1775. His portrait was painted in England. There were three Wantons, all brothers, who were governors of the colony, but the portrait of only one is owned by the Library. With it there is one of Mrs. Wanton, wife of Governor Joseph, and grand-daughter of Governor John Winthrop of Connecticut.

The portrait of Bishop Berkeley is a copy from the large picture by Smibert now in the Trumbull Gallery. Everything that in any way relates to Berkeley is esteemed by Rhode Islanders, and this picture is therefore highly valued. Near it is the portrait of the Rev. John Callender, who graduated at Harvard in 1723. He was pastor of the Baptist Society in Newport for many years, and in 1738 preached a "Century Sermon," which is spoken of in Arnold's history as the leading literary event of the year. The portrait of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry is a copy from the picture by Jarvis in the City Hall, New York, and was presented by Dr. Usher Parsons, who was the surgeon in Commodore Perry's ship in the battle of Lake Erie. Of naval heroes there are two other portraits — Decatur and Rodgers — and both after Stuart.

There is a good portrait of Major-General Brown, who was made commander-in-chief of the United States Army in 1821. Like General Greene of Revolutionary fame, he was of Quaker parentage; but throwing off the restraints imposed by that sect when his services were required by his country, he fought valiantly at Erie and Sackett's Harbor, and on the fields of Chippewa and Niagara. The portrait of another veteran is that of Stephen Van Rensselaer, patroon of Rensselaerwyck, who commanded at Queenston, and planted the American flag on its height. He had previously served the State of New York as deputy governor, and subsequently he represented the State in Congress. There are portraits of three other governors, whose names I have not

mentioned — William H. Seward, of New York, General Benjamin Pierce, of New Hampshire, father of President Pierce, and Henry Lee, of Virginia, the latter, with many other pictures in the collection, after Stuart. The only full-length portrait is that of Andrew Jackson, the "military chieftain," as he was called in derision by Henry Clay in that political contest which ended in the defeat of the latter. In the portrait, which is life size, the general stands with folded arms near a bale of cotton, the background smoky and lighted up by the lurid flames of battle.

Of the early explorers there are portraits of Cortes, Vespucius, and Columbus. Of Cortes there are two heads: one of them said to be after a picture by Giorgione, which is not at all likely, for Cortes was but six-and-twenty when that artist died, and it is well known that the easel pictures of the painter, who had Doges for his sitters, were few in number. It is fitting to bring the portraits of Vespucius and Columbus together, for their names are identified with that of our country; but the claims of priority for Vespucius were set at rest when Viscount Sautarene published his researches. Availing himself of the facilities at his command as Prime Minister of Portugal, he so probed the subject as to leave little doubt in the mind of the reader that the honor of the discovery, or rediscovery, belonged to Columbus. The portrait of Columbus is said to have been copied from an old Spanish picture.

Of portraits of Presidents of the United States there are five beside that of Jackson, to which I have already referred, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and John Quincy Adams, all after Stuart. These portraits are all well known. It was a Rhode Island senator, Asher Robbins, when urging Congress to pass the bill for purchase of the Madison papers, who went so far as to say that the manuscript of the dead President was "the

most valuable work that had appeared since the day when Bacon gave to the world his 'Novum Organum.'"

Here, too, are the portraits of a number of statesmen who aspired to the Presidency but failed of their purpose: John C. Calhoun, painted in 1818; Daniel Webster, in 1817; William Wirt, dating from 1820; Henry Clay, and William H. Crawford of Georgia, who was amazed to find that Andrew Jackson was preferred before him. His quarrels and his strictures on the Vice-President in 1831 will be remembered by persons who can recall the political events of half a century ago. In the same group may be seen the portraits of Patrick Henry and Benjamin Franklin. That of Henry is a copy of the picture by Sully — with spectacles high on his forehead. It is well known through the engravings of it published by Webster, of Philadelphia, early in the century. The portrait of Franklin was said by President Monroe to be the best likeness of him that he had ever seen.

The portrait of Lafayette is an original from life, painted in 1825 by Charles B. King, who presented it to the library — a half-length, full of character. It was fitting, when Lafayette left Washington to return to his own country, that he should be taken down to the frigate "Brandywine" — then a new vessel ready to receive him — in the steamboat "Mount Vernon." The London "Times," in noticing his reception by Congress, said: "Who does not envy Lafayette's feelings, and still more the feelings of those who did him this homage?" And we might add, who, having witnessed the parting between President Adams and Lafayette, could fail to recall in after years the memory of it — when the latter, while the tears poured down his venerable cheeks, took the President in his arms, and as he uttered, in broken accents, "God bless you," fell once more upon his neck?

Of artists there are a number of portraits. There is a head of Healy, who, however questionable his success in his great picture of "Webster replying to Hayne," is admitted to be an excellent portrait-painter. The portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds is a copy from one of his own pictures. The picture of Gilbert Stuart, by himself, is thought to be a good likeness. There are two original portraits by Stuart in the collection — those of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister of Newport, painted when the artist was but thirteen or fourteen years of age; pictures of which artists of more mature years might be proud.

There is a good portrait of Joel R. Poinsett, whose exciting life in Mexico, his strong Union sentiment in the days of nullification, his call to the Cabinet, and the service he was able to render the War Department through his wide and varied experience, are all matter of record. Not far from it there is a portrait of Edward Livingston, who lived at a time when the strife between Federalists and Democrats in Congress was fierce; when orators like Fisher Ames, Randolph, and Gallatin took part in the debates; when Jay's treaty was under fire, and the Alien Bill called out the strongest men of the day. It was said that for years after that debate the Alien Bill, printed on satin, might be found in the cabin of every emigrant in the wilds of Kentucky.

With the pictures named above there are portraits of Samuel L. Southard, president of the United States Senate in 1842; the Rev. William Rogers, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, who died in 1824; Manuel Carvallo, the Chilian Chargé d'Affaires from 1845 to 1846; Josiah S. Johnson, senator from Louisiana, killed by a steamboat explosion on the Red River; William Corcoran of Washington, John Howard Payne, Philip Wilkinson, a prominent merchant in Newport more than a century ago; Joseph Gales, of the "National

Intelligencer;" George McDuffie, Dr. Joseph Lovell, United States Surgeon-General in 1818; Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, by Gilbert Stuart; Michel Felix Corné, "the Painter of the Past;" the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., Mrs. Delia Stewart, wife of Commodore Stewart; Mrs. Madison, Fanny Adams, grand-daughter of John Quincy Adams; the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Warwick, both after Vandyke, and others for whose names I have no room. With them there are many portraits of Indians taken from life — Black Hawk, Red Jacket, and others whose names it is scarcely necessary that I should add.

The portrait of Polly Lawton attracts attention, for she has a place in the history of Newport. She was the daughter of a Rhode Island Quaker, and is thus spoken of in the Memoirs of Count Segur, who was struck not only with her beauty, but with the lovely character disclosed in his conversation with her. The Count has given her name as Leiton. He had called at the house and was conversing with the father, when, to use his own words, "the door of the drawing-room opened, and a being which resembled a nymph rather than a woman entered the apartment. So much beauty, so much simplicity, so much elegance and so much modesty were perhaps never combined before in one person. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave Quaker. Her gown was white, like herself, while her ample muslin neckerchief, and the envious cambric of her cap, which scarcely allowed me to see her light-colored hair, and the modest attire, in short, of a pure virgin, seemed vainly to endeavor to conceal the most graceful and most beautiful form imaginable. Her eyes seemed to reflect, as in a mirror, the meekness and purity of her mind, and the goodness of her heart; she received us with an open ingenuity which delighted me, and the use of the familiar word 'thou,' which the rules of

her sect prescribed, gave our new acquaintance the appearance of an old friendship."

Hazlitt has said, "I had rather leave a good portrait of myself behind me than have a fine epitaph." Polly Lawton has left to us the one, and the other was secured to her by the gallant Frenchman.

XXXV.

THE HAMMOND LIBRARY.

THE news-stand of to-day has aided in sweeping away the small circulating libraries that were such a delight to those who liked to gossip about books, and who found genial companions in the owners of these little repositories.

These libraries were kept up more for the pleasure to be derived from the calling than for any profit they might yield, and he who depended wholly upon one for his support had but an indifferent living. A love of books has drawn many a man into this vocation; and once established in a little shop, with a collection steadily increasing, such men never thought of a change. Happy in their pursuits, their days were passed in reading, or conversing with those whose tastes led them to their small domain, and in time they became, as it were, schoolmasters, for they did much to foster and cultivate a taste for reading.

It is not many years ago that a library of this description was broken up in Newport and scattered, the owner's long life of usefulness having come to an end. He had combined two branches of business — a dry-goods shop and a circulating library. To give his books a distinctive mark — there being other circulating libraries in the place — they were covered with a peculiar shade of green paper. This collection was originally kept in one room, but when it became too large for so narrow quarters, adjoining rooms were taken in, until the whole floor was occu-

pied. Here you mounted a step or two to a higher level; there you wound through a passage between a staircase and a chimney, lined on either side with books from floor to ceiling; and then you entered what was little more than an entry, given up to the desk, pots of paste, and piles of half-worn books withdrawn from circulation, and warmed by a fireplace set in one of the angles. This was the snuggery — the place where the owner labored, repairing mutilated books, removing dog's-ears, smoothing wrinkled pages, and, if possible, restoring missing parts with leaves taken from other mutilated copies; it being one of his maxims that a book, it mattered not how badly worn, was never to be wholly given up and thrown aside.

Every citizen of Newport who has reached the meridian of life and who can recall past events will see that I am writing about James Hammond.

Mr. Hammond was somewhat odd, and he had at times a way of speaking that was not always pleasant to either clerk or customer. "Mr. Hammond, have you any women's gloves?" "No, madam." "Why, Mr. Hammond, there is a box on the shelf behind you, marked 'Ladies' Gloves'!" "I know it; but that is a very different article." But there was no one who did not respect him, for he was correct in his dealings, and his customers were sure that what he sold them was exactly what was represented when it was placed before them. Probably no one ever lived a more methodical life; he was rarely seen out of his shop, and even on Sunday he liked to go thither and pass the time in his snuggery till ten o'clock at night, when he lighted his lantern, which he always carried, and went to his lodgings. One of his characteristic traits was his manner in church. In winter he wore a heavy, warmly lined camlet cloak with a high standing collar. When he entered his high-back pew under the gallery, and near a window, he threw back his cloak, hung up his thermo-

meter where he could have it under his eye, took off his boots and put on his slippers. The service he followed as any one should follow it; but when it came to the sermon, if he did not like its tenor, if his feelings were not in accord with the preacher, he drew out a book, adjusted his glasses, placed himself in an easy position, and read till the close of the benediction. Then, when the aisle was clear, and not till then, did he leave his pew and quietly return to his sanctum.

Mr. Hammond was giving his whole attention to the dry-goods business when he was told in 1811 that Wanton & Rathburn, of Providence and Newport, wanted to sell their circulating library, which he bought; and when he brought it to Newport he made it known through the press that it was rich in novels and romances, and that in addition to many works of this class it contained more than 300 bound volumes of magazines, and a complete set of the "Gentlemen and Ladies' Magazine." Very soon the library was brought up to 2,000 or 2,500 volumes, and it steadily increased in size until the time of Mr. Hammond's death. In 1862 it contained 1,500 volumes of history, voyages, and travels; 3,000 volumes of miscellaneous works, and more than 5,500 novels, tales, and romances; in all more than 10,000 volumes.

At his death he gave a lady who had been very kind to him for many years, who had been his right hand in the management of his business, the option to take the library, or in lieu of it the sum of $3,000, to be paid to her out of his estate. She decided to take the library, knowing that it had been very popular, and feeling sure that if kept up it would yield a neat little income. But its place was more than filled by the Redwood Library and the People's Library; the latter a free library, and the two offering to the reading public more than 40,000 volumes. After a short trial it was withdrawn and sold, yielding $2,500 for 7,000 volumes. But one of the persons interested in the purchase

died, and the whole collection was brought under the hammer and scattered. Some of the older volumes — books that were no longer read — had been thrown out; and the plays, more than five hundred in number, had been sold collectively in Mr. Hammond's day to a gentleman in New York, who, after having them put into substantial bindings, presented them to the New York Mercantile Library. Many of them were what was known as "Longworth's elegant hot-pressed edition."

Many of the plays were comic operas, which were so much the rage eighty or ninety years ago, as is the "Pinafore" of to-day. One of these was the "Smuggler," by Samuel Birch, and made up of a number of amusing songs. The "Arrival at Portsmouth," an operatic farce (a musical drama it was called), grew out of the great victory of June 1, 1794, and had qualities that kept it before the public for some time. The "Midnight Wanderer," put upon the stage at Covent Garden in 1793, was made up almost exclusively of songs, of which a verse may be given as a sample: —

> "From whom I descended or how I came here
> Are points on which heralds themselves are not clear;
> Since, however, I mix with the mad sons of earth,
> They cannot deny that at one time I had birth."

These were written by Mr. Pierce, a name now wholly forgotten, who was also the author of "Netley Abbey" and "Hartford Bridge." When the latter was first played at Covent Garden, in October, 1795, George IV. and Queen Charlotte went to see it and "The Rivals." The King was in mortal fear of being shot at, going to or from the theatre, he having been fired at upon the previous day; and it so happened that on the way one of the Horse Guards accidentally discharged his pistol, the contents of which took effect in the neck of a trooper's horse — an affair

which greatly alarmed the royal party. When it was known that no one was hurt, a wag got off some doggerel touching this visit to the theatre.

Another comic opera was the "Sprig of Laurel," in two acts, brought out in 1793. It was by John O'Keefe, an Irish dramatic writer, who was also the author of "London Hermit," "The World is a Village," &c.

Among other plays in the collection there was the "Deserted Daughter," by Thomas Holcroft, written in great part in broad Scotch. Holcroft also wrote "Love's Frailties," a comedy not well received by the critics, which so irritated the author that he appealed to the public, without adding greatly to his popularity. "The Jew" and "Every One has His Own Faults" were also favorite plays at that time, much of their popularity no doubt growing out of the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Mr. Bates, Mrs. Powell, and the other leading members of the company. Mr. Harper always had the house with him when he played *Sheva*, the Jew, or *Lord Norland;* and Mrs. Harper, from all accounts, made an admirable *Eliza Ratcliffe.* For a time Howell's "Spoiled Child" had a run, and the merits of his "Georgiana" were recognized, but we hear but little of them after 1797. The same may be said of "The Way to Get Married," a comedy in five acts, the "Children in the Woods," and other light pieces by Thomas Morton.

No one now ever hears of "At Home and Abroad," "Aerostation," which grew out of the excitement when balloons were first brought into notice, "Conscious Lovers," or some hundreds of other forgotten plays, yet they all had a place in this collection. There, too, was the "Lady of the Manor," the play that Lamb says was the second he saw when first permitted to go to the play-house. He was then but six years of age, and when in after life he tried to recall it, the only trace left on his memory

was connected with the scenery. And there, too, was "Hamlet Travestie," a play that delighted our great-grandfathers, and which was revived forty years ago by Mitchell, at the Olympic, on Broadway, New York. Those persons who remember that place of resort in their youthful days will, at the bare mention of it, see anew the make-up of Mitchell, as he came to the foot-lights, a great overgrown boy, bemoaning the loss of his "pa."

Many of the novels in the Hammond Library were of the old sort, running through four, five, and six volumes, and ranging from the "Motto; or, The History of Bill Weather-cock," to "Woman; or, Ida of Athens," a four-volume novel, by Miss Owenson, who thus described the heroine: —

> "Like Aurora, the extremities of her delicate limbs were rosed with flowing hues, and her little foot, as it pressed its naked beauty on a scarlet cushion, resembled that of a youthful Thetis."

There was something to suit almost every taste. Those who liked the melancholy found it in the "Sicilian Lovers" and in "Angelina;" or, if tired of the world, there were works like, "Audley Fortesque," "Sydney St. Ayber" and "Love Fragments," all of which dealt in suicides. The liberal Christian took delight in "The Comfort of Arabella," and those who disliked the restraint of the Established Church, but who did not wish to break away, read with pleasure "The Velvet Cushion." "The Comfort of Arabella, the Daughter of Amanda," appeared in 1796. It was written in the interest of Unitarianism, which was then more freely discussed than it had ever been before. Amanda, who had devoted her life to the instruction of her daughter, an illegitimate child, tells Arabella that she had formerly attended Trinitarian worship; that being exhorted to think for herself with boldness and freedom, she inquired seriously, and found that there are not three Gods, but one, and that the doctrine of the Trinity

is not of scriptural origin, but of man's invention. The "Velvet Cushion," by the Vicar of Harrow, without inculcating any wide departure from the church, opened the way for an entering wedge which others were quick to drive home. This was in 1812. In 1815 there appeared "A New Covering for the Velvet Cushion," a covering which had evidently been cut and fitted by "a committee of dissenters." The vicar and his wife worked together. "Like the strings of two finely tuned instruments brought into contact; touch the one and the other vibrated."

In the "Royal Captives," the "Man in The Iron Mask" was brought forward as the brother of Louis XIV. by Mrs. Yearsley (Ann Yearsley as she used to be called), who gave him a wife and child, and helped him to escape to England. From the German and French there were many early translations; tales such as "The Ghost Seer," from Schiller, or the "Knights of the Swan," by Madame de Genlis, which was a sequel to "Tales of a Castle."

"Henrietta, Princess Royal of England," written by the Countess de la Fayette, which appeared in 1796, was embellished with a portrait of the princess engraved by Granger, and in its pages there was any amount of intrigue at the court at Versailles. Of the works of Mrs. Meeke, whose romances Lady Trevelyan said Macaulay almost knew by heart, there were a number — "Count St. Blanchard," "Ellsmere," "Midnight Wedding," and the "Abbey of Chigny." Then there was "Arundel," which appeared in 1789, the first novel of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist, whose success led him to write "John de Lancaster" and other tales. "Struggles through Life," exemplified in travel, was written in 1809 by Lieutenant Harriott, who at one time lived in Newport, and "The Battle of Eddington; or, British Liberty." This last, published in 1796, was a dramatic

poem written by Granville Penn, the son of Thomas and the grandson of William Penn. He was a clerk in the British War Office, and the author of the "Life of Admiral Penn."

The novel-writers of those times had to bear with the critics as they have to bear in these days. In 1796 the "enthusiastic and emotional Arabella Bloomfield" figured in an amusing sketch, in which there were some hard hits at novel-writers. It purported to have come from the pen of Lady Harriet Marlowe, but was attributed to Mrs. Merry, who had won distinction on the stage before and after her marriage. The following year "Cozemia" appeared, a sentimental novel, in which the style of the writers of romance was again indicated. It was dedicated to Lady Harriet Marlowe, and was evidently from the same pen. But no satire could stem the current; novels were read everywhere; and if the same class of novels does not satisfy our wants it is because our tastes have become too refined to relish the highly seasoned dishes of our grandmothers. Other works of fiction have taken their place, which "nestle," says Talfourd, "beneath the covers of unconscious sofas, are read by fair and glistening eyes in moments snatched from repose, and beneath counters and shop-boards minister delight, secret, sweet and precious."

XXXVI.

TALLEYRAND'S VISIT TO NEWPORT.

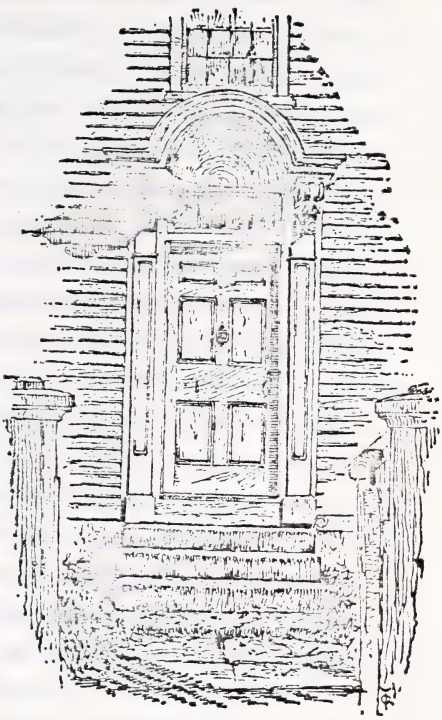
IN the spring of 1794 one of the packets that run to and from New York touched at the usual landing-place, Bannister's Wharf, to land a passenger and a small quantity of freight. Without dropping her mainsail, or taking in more than her jib, she came easily up to the dock, where a friendly hand helped to make her fast. Her one passenger stepped ashore, followed by a cabin-boy with a portmanteau, who, as he crossed the gangway, received a few words of instruction from the captain and then led the way up the wharf to the principal street; but instead of crossing over to the coffee-house, the only one in the place, he pushed on through Thames Street to Long Wharf, where he paused at the door of a house having a pleasant southern aspect. Having delivered the captain's message to the owner of the house, and leaving with him the portmanteau, he stepped aside for the stranger to enter. The house was like hundreds of others in its general arrangement, but it had the charm of neatness. The spare room, the front chamber overlooking the water, was given up to the guest, who with but few words of approval prepared to make himself at home in his new quarters. Here he remained for several weeks. During his stay he talked with many of the inhabitants, but no one knew his name or from whence he came. His figure was slight, his dress scrupulously neat, and when he moved it could be seen that he was lame. That he was a foreigner was

clear, but he had a perfect command of the English language, a great knowledge of men, and a penetration that could find the way to the bottom of everything. He was not what one would call a talker, nor one to take an active part in conversation. With merchants and mariners he liked most to talk, drawing from them whatever they might know of trade and commerce; and he was alive to all that related to the whaling business. For this purpose he visited the ships in the harbor, the shops where the boats were made, the rope-walks, the forges that turned out the harpoons, and the bakeries engaged in making ship-bread. Wherever he went he sought for information; gathering from others, but imparting little himself, save in a general way; for no one was prepared to question one whose manner forbade any familiarity. So he lived for several weeks. During that time he received no letters, made no inquiry about the post, sought no acquaintance, met his obligations promptly, and was allowed to follow his own inclination in everything. But one day near midsummer, he gave notice to his host that he was about to leave; his wardrobe was packed, and his indebtedness for board was paid. When the packet arrived he stepped on board, and soon it was forgotten that one about whom so little was known had been here. The stranger was Talleyrand.

The forty years that were to expire before the memoirs of Talleyrand could be published have run out; and now the many secrets of his life may be given to the world. Who knows but that in his reminiscences there may be a chapter devoted to his stay on this island, and to those persons who, knowing nothing of him, other than that he was a gentleman, did all that he would allow them to do to make his stay agreeable?

XXXVII.

THE NEWPORT ARTILLERY.



DOORWAY, AYRAULT HOUSE.

STEPS were taken some time ago to bring together everything relating to the Newport Artillery, that a full and accurate history of that ancient and honorable company might be written; and it has recently been announced that the compiling of such a history is now in hand. The record of the company is an honorable one; its ranks have been filled with some of the best blood in Newport for a period of nearly a century and a half, and in its long list of past members may be found the names of some of the most prominent families in the history of Rhode Island. It was organized and chartered during the exciting times growing out of the second Spanish war. There had been peace for a number of years, and the

colonists, lulled to repose by a season of prosperity, had branched out in various directions, and were largely engaged in commercial affairs. There was but little before the people of a public nature, and the General Assembly was occupied almost exclusively with private business. The influence of the colonies had extended from year to year, and their vessels, sailing upon almost every sea, brought to their doors the products of other lands, purchased with the fruits of their own industry. With the West Indies they had a large and profitable trade. New England capitalists (and foremost among them were the men of Rhode Island) had pushed the whaling business as far as the Falkland Islands, and with England and Holland there was a regular and prosperous exchange of merchandise. Everything was done to encourage trade and commerce; on hemp and flax a premium was paid, and on whale-oil and codfish there was a bounty; horses and sheep were raised for exportation, farm products of every kind commanded a ready sale, and the forest furnished an inexhaustible supply of ship timber and naval stores. There was no sound of arms or thought of strife, and were it not that now and then a pirate appeared upon the coast, there would have been but little to warrant a vessel in going armed. Even the defence of Newport harbor was in a measure neglected. Fort George, on Goat Island, had been completed at a cost of £10,000, but it was but partially armed although money had been voted for the purchase of cannon some years before; and it was no better with the militia, which was but indifferently organized.

But when it was known, February, 1740, that war with Spain had been declared, "a garrison of fifty-two men, under command of Colonel John Cranston, was thrown into Fort George, and the works were put in fighting order. Military stores were provided, troops were sent to New Shoreham, and

a mounted battery of six heavy guns was furnished for the defence of Block Island. Seven watch towers were erected along the coast and on the shores of the bay, in which the towns where they were located were to keep a constant guard, under direction of the Council of War. Five beacons were established upon commanding heights, the outermost at Block Island and the northernmost at Portsmouth, to convey intelligence of any hostile demonstration. This much having been done for internal defence, the colony ordered the sloop "Tartar," of one hundred and fifteen tons, to be built for war purposes, and during the coming year five privateers, manned by four hundred men, were fitted out by the merchants of Newport to cruise against the Spaniards."

Rhode-Islanders loved to fight if they could fight on the sea, and at once there was the greatest activity in the harbor of Newport; the Malbones, Wantons, and other leading merchants furnished the capital, and there was no lack of seamen. Every vessel that could be made available was pressed into the service. The war was popular, for the right of search which the Spaniards claimed was alike repugnant to the colonists and the home government.

But the colonists had grievances of their own which they wished to redress, and they availed themselves of the present opportunity to improve their condition. The "Molasses Act," which imposed a tax on importations from French islands in the West Indies, had been in force for six years, to the great injury of the trade and commerce of Rhode Island. The assumption by the home government of the right to tax the colonists had been opposed from the outset, and the colonists were now determined to free themselves from this burden. In time they did so, but the struggle was not over till the close of the Revolution.

In the spring of 1741 it was known that Admiral Vernon was to sail on an expedition against the Spanish West Indies, and the colonists were called upon for their quota of troops. Rhode Island was to furnish two companies of one hundred men each. One of these companies, under Captain Joseph Sheffield, was enlisted, armed, and equipped in Newport. They joined the squadron at Jamaica and took part in the disastrous attack on Carthagena. More active measures were required. France had espoused the cause of Spain and the war taxed the resources of the people. "A permanent Council of War, to consist of the Governor and Council, with the field officers and captains, was established. A more thorough drill system was adopted. Two additional companies were raised in Newport. Fort George was enlarged, so as to mount ten more cannon. A powder magazine of brick was constructed, and the military stores were increased in every county. Ten new field-pieces were ordered. Those whose consciences forbade them from fighting were required to act as scouts and guards, to furnish their horses for service in case of alarm, and to do any duty not repulsive to their religious views."

It was in these stirring times that the Newport Artillery was incorporated. The Charter was granted Feb. 1, 1741, and it opens with these words: —

"Whereas, the preservation of this colony, in time of war, depends, under God, chiefly upon the military skill and discipline of the inhabitants — and it being necessary, in order to revive and protect the same, to form and establish a military company, which, by acquiring and accustoming themselves to the military exercise, by more frequent trainings than the body of the people can attend — may serve for a nursery of skilful officers, and in time of actual invasion, by their superior skill and experience, may render the whole militia more useful and effective: And, whereas a number of the principal inhabi-

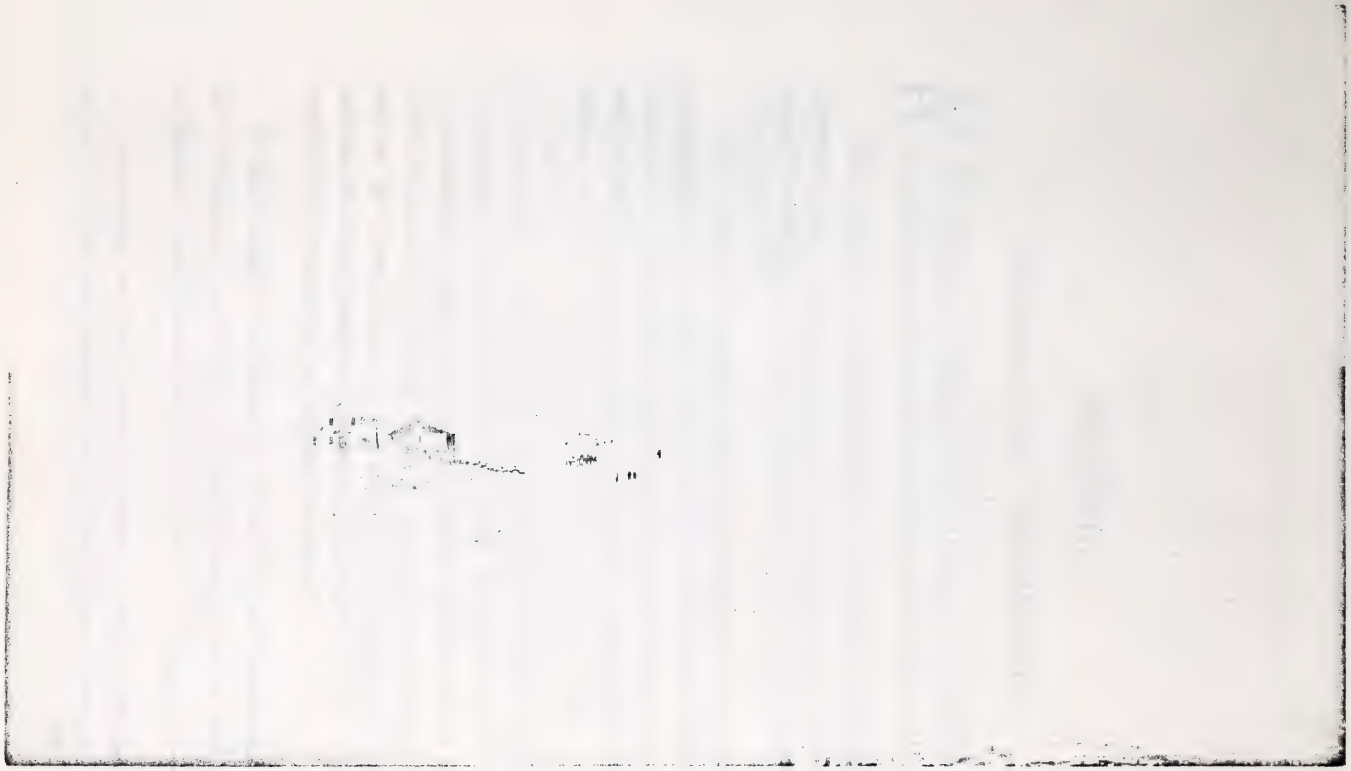
tants of the town of Newport, viz.: Jahleel Brenton, Godfrey Malbone Samuel Wickham, Henry Collins, John Gridley, Jr., Jas. Honyman, Jr., John Brown, Nathaniel Coddington, Jr., Peleg Brown, Charles Bardin, Simon Pease, David Cheseborough, Philip Wilkinson, John Freebody, Jr., Thomas Wickham, Walter Cranston, Sueton Grant, and William Vernon — have freely offered themselves to begin, and with such others as shall be added to them, to form such a company and by their humble petition have prayed this General Assembly to grant them a charter, with such privileges and under such restrictions and limitations as the Assembly shall think proper," &c.

The artillery company was at once organized, and its ranks were filled by the leading men of Newport. The position that the company took at that time has been maintained to this day, and although its members were scattered when the British took possession of the Island, it was only a temporary break. As soon as the enemy retired, the members who had survived the perils of the hour, and were not in the continental army, came back to Newport and put the company again into working order.

In the war of 1812 the Artillery Company was in active service, and was stationed at Fort Green as long as its presence was needed there. In 1842, in the time of the Dorr rebellion, it was twice called into the field, — the first time at midnight, and the second time the company marched from Providence to Chepachet, the headquarters of the rebels. And the company was quick to respond to the call for troops in the late rebellion. No time was lost in joining the Union army, and the blood of many of its members dyed the field at Bull Run.

A history of the Artillery Company would make an exceedingly interesting chapter in the history of Newport. With it there should be more than a passing notice of many of the men who have been associated with it, particularly of its

commanders. Jahleel Brenton, the first commander, served six years. Daniel Ayrault, Jr., was at the head of the company for eighteen years, while his partner, Philip Wilkinson, an equally prominent merchant, had a place in its ranks. John Malbone was colonel for seventeen years, and, although very popular, Francis Malbone, who served as commander for eighteen years, was even more so. After his death it was said of him that he was "a man who arrived at the zenith of fame without the least exertion." There was Richard K. Randolph, Christ. Grant Perry, and others, not forgetting William B. Swan, whose memory is kept green by the retired members of the company — the veterans who still survive and who love to tell how he led them up Federal Hill in 1842.



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EASTON'S BEACH

XXXVIII.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

AT the February Session of the General Assembly, 1800, the following preamble and resolution were adopted: —

"The citizens of this State, having on all proper occasions, uniformly expressed their inviolate attachment to the person of the late General George Washington, and their entire approval of his conduct in public and in private life.

"The General Assembly, deeply impressed with the importance of perpetuating his eminent virtues, which have shown with unrivalled lustre, and of transmitting to posterity the high estimation in which he is held by his fellow-citizens, and of giving them opportunity of seeing the likeness of the man who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, and who expressed in his features the benevolence of his nature, and manifested in his person the dignity of his mind; do resolve, that two portraits of him, drawn at full length by some eminent artist, and suitably framed, be procured at the expense of the State, and that one of them be placed in the Senate Chamber in each of the State Houses in the Counties of Newport and Providence: and that Messrs. Champlin, Channing, & Ives, with such as the Senate may add, be a committee to procure the same."

In the Senate, the same day, John Innes Clarke was added to the committee, and March 27 the following letter was addressed to Messrs. John Brown and Christopher G. Champlin: —

GENTLEMEN, — The General Assembly having decided that two portraits of the late General George Washington, drawn at full length

by some eminent artist, be procured at the expense of the State, and that one of them be placed in the Senate Chamber in each of the State Houses in Newport and Providence, and appointed John Innes Clarke and Thomas P. Ives, with ourselves, a committee to procure them; and Messrs. Clarke & Ives having requested us to write and engage them to be executed by Mr. Stuart on the best terms in our power; we have taken the liberty of enclosing you a copy of the resolution of the Assembly on this subject, requesting you would call on Mr. Stuart and engage him to execute the two portraits, and procure suitable frames to them agreeably to the resolve. From Mr. Stuart's eminence in his profession, and the local attachment he feels for his native State, we flatter ourselves he will undertake and complete them, as soon as it may be proper to have them well done, and that they will do honor to him.

You know the economy of the government in all its expenditures, that the committee have it not in their power to be liberal as they would in their private capacities: that you will please to endeavor to procure them at as moderate a price as you can without wounding the feelings of Mr. Stuart or checking the ambition he would feel.

It would be a satisfaction to be informed of the price, and when they will be completed, that we may give information to the House if we should be called upon.

You will excuse the trouble we give you, for there is no channel through which we could apply where the public wishes in this instance could be so well fulfilled by you. We are with great respect,

Your obedient servants,

GEORGE CHAMPLIN,
WALTER CHANNING.

The commission was at once given to Gilbert Stuart, who took pride and pleasure in painting the portraits; for which work he received $1,200. The pictures were painted in Philadelphia, where the frames were also procured at a cost of $200 each. When finished, the portraits and frames were placed in the care of Joseph Anthony & Co., of Philadelphia, by whom they were shipped to Rhode Island on board of Gibbs & Channing's sloop

"Eagle." The pictures were received here in October, 1801. Permission can always be had to examine the portrait in the State House by applying at the sheriff's office in the same building.

Wright's well-known portrait of Washington is the possession of Hon. Samuel Powel, to whose aunt, the late Mrs. Elizabeth Powel, it was presented by Washington, an intimacy having long existed between the two families. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and bears the signature J. Wright, 1784. It will be remembered that Wright painted a portrait of Washington at headquarters, Rocky Hill, Princeton, in October, 1783, which picture was intended for the Count de Solms, to be placed in his collection of military heroes. Dunlap, then quite a young man, also painted a portrait of Washington at the same place, but it was not a success, and he does not tell us what became of it. It was during the same winter that Wright, at the request of Washington, painted the picture above referred to, and which has never passed out of the possession of the Powel family. The figure, a three-quarter length, is in full uniform. In color it is heavy, when compared with Stuart's standard; but there is something so marked in the features, something so evidently a part of the man, that it at once arrests attention.

In 1769 Dr. Richard Bartlett came to Newport from Mendon, Mass., and offered his services as "surgeon, bone-setter, and physician." He had a son who adopted the same profession. Dr. Charles F. Bartlett first appeared before the public in 1800, when he advertised that he was prepared to inoculate for the kine-pox. From the peculiar wording of this advertisement it may be inferred that he was not on friendly terms with his brother physicians, who evidently looked upon him as "one not having authority." Certainly he was not content to work in one field, and having some leisure time he sought to give expression to his views of what a portrait of Washington should be. To this end he inter-

ested an artist, whose name has not come down to us, but who, inspired by the doctor, put upon canvas the thoughts suggested by his patron. The time for bringing out the picture was well chosen, for the death of the President was fresh in the minds of the people, and there was a strong desire to perpetuate his memory. The doctor seeing this, and not willing that this creation of his brain should be hid from the public, issued proposals to sell the picture by subscription to some "incorporated body, society, or town." What became of the picture is not known, but a description of it has been preserved.

The portrait was a life size, on a canvas six feet four inches in height, and four feet six inches in width. The painter aimed to represent the President "seated in an easy, recumbent position, his left hand lying on the Holy Bible," and on his knee a sheet of paper, on which was written "Religion is the true and only foundation of human government." "In his right hand he held a pen. In the background there was represented through an open window (over the upper part of which a curtain of green and gold was drawn), a distant view of Mount Sinai, from which flowed a meandering stream through hills and dales, and terminated at the lower corner of the window of the president's parlor, and immediately over the Bible." One one side of the stream, next to the figure of the President, there was an olive-tree; on the opposite side a grove of palm-trees was placed.

The room in which Washington was seated was supposed to be the President's summer parlor; it was represented with light blue walls above a mahogany wainscot, and under the President's feet there was a carpet. On the right side, over his shoulder, there were hung the insignia of Masonry, "designating the rectitude of his character and conduct through life;" worked in with those various objects there were many minor details, the whole making certainly an unique picture. If it was not successful, the Doctor

had precedent for the liberty he had taken with his subject: Houthorst painted Charles I. and his Queen as Apollo and Diana, with the Duke of Buckingham, as Mercury, introducing to them the Arts and Sciences; and Philip Duval represented the Duchess of Richmond as Venus receiving arms from Vulcan, with head-dress and bracelets in the style then in vogue at Versailles.

XXXIX.

FORT ADAMS.

IN May, 1794, Governor Fenner addressed the following letter to George Champlin, of Newport: —

Last evening I received a letter from Mr. Rochefontaine, the engineer, dated New London, May 1, 1794, informing me that he should depart from New London for Newport this day, and desiring me to transmit to him my orders and the names of the gentlemen appointed by me to be the agents for the fortifications, and to superintend their execution. I have to ask the favor of you to undertake the business, with Col. Sherburne, until my arrival at Newport, and to wait on the engineer and deliver him my letter of appointment. Give him the necessary information and assistance. Your compliance will render great service to the State, and in a particular manner oblige your ob't servant, A. FENNER.

A number of fortifications had been projected for the defence of Narragansett Bay, but the one here specially referred to was to be built on Brenton's Point, the present site of Fort Adams, where there was already a small work, hastily constructed, and of but little or no importance. The building of the new fort was assigned to Major Louis Tousard, and by the Fourth of July, 1799, it was so far advanced that it was thought advisable to name it at that time, which was done with much ceremony. The battery was completed and was mounted with thirty-two

pounders, on sea-coast carriages, and the rest of the work was in a state of forwardness. The Major-General of the State, the staff of the militia, and citizens generally, were invited to take part in the ceremony.

At sunrise a federal salute was fired by the garrison at Fort Wolcott, and the Artillery Company and the Newport Guards were out and paraded through the principal streets.

At the appointed hour Capt. John Henry's company of artillery, with the engineer officers, marched into the garrison to which they had been assigned, and were followed by the Major-General of the State, the military staff, the Newport Artillery Company, with two brass field-pieces; the Newport Guards, also with two brass field-pieces, and a great number of citizens and invited guests.

Wanting the gates of the fort, which were yet to be made, Major Tousard caused some temporary arches to be constructed and ornamented with evergreens and flowers, and bearing this inscription: —

"FORT ADAMS.

"*The rock on which the storm will beat.*"

The company having assembled, the military were drawn up in line, and then Major Tousard stepped forward and said: —

"Citizens! Happy to improve every occasion to testify my veneration for the highly distinguished citizen who presides over the government of the United States, I have solicited the Secretary of War to name this fortress FORT ADAMS. He has gratified my desire; and I hope the brave officers and soldiers who are and shall be honored with its defence, will, by their valor and good conduct, render it worthy of its name, which I hereby proclaim FORT ADAMS."

As these words were uttered, the flag of the fort was given to the breeze, and a federal salute was fired by the battery.

Other salutes were fired by Fort Wolcott, the Artillery Company, and the Newport Guards. Then all partook of a luncheon provided by Major Tousard. After that, Capt. Henry's company paraded in a line with the guns of the battery, the officers in front, headed by Majors Tousard and Jackson. The Newport Artillery and the Guards passed them in review, the officers and colors saluting; then followed the general and staff officers, privates and citizens, all of whom saluted in turn. And when the whole assemblage had passed under the arches of the entrance gate, three guns were fired by the battery, which ended the ceremony.

The present fort was commenced in 1824, and, with but little interruption, the work has been continued down to within a few years. Including the redoubt, it is fitted to mount four hundred and sixty-eight guns. The parade ground, within the main work, embraces eleven acres.

Beneath the walls of Fort Adams there are many underground passages known only to the engineers, which are always closed; some, indeed, are walled up, for they are altogether useless in time of peace, and if left open might become a trap to some venturesome person bent on exploring them. But while the fort was building this wholesome restraint was not imposed, and visitors, who were allowed to wander where they pleased, were left to find their way about as best they could.

On one occasion an exploring party, led by a gentleman who thought he knew where he was going and what he was about, met with a serious mishap in one of these passages. There was quite a number of ladies and gentlemen in the party, and having entered the passage they went on, almost feeling their way between the narrow walls, for the light taken to guide their steps but faintly glimmered in the damp and

heavy atmosphere. But, merry and light-hearted, they cared not for the gloom; and so they pushed on, following the path that some of them had trodden before; but now, becoming heedless and thinking of no danger, they worked their way into a side passage, in which there was a reservoir. A step further and there was heard a sudden scream and the heavy splash of one of the party who had stepped over the brink and had fallen into the water — one of three sisters, all distinguished for their beauty, and she the fairest of them all, had plunged down into a dark, black, and repulsive hole directly in their way.

Horrified at what had happened, the first impulse of those who had escaped was to rush from the spot where one of their number, if not already dead, was struggling in the jaws of death. But when a cry came up from the pit, "Save me! oh, save me!" they were spell-bound — all save one, who needed no second call. But how was she to be reached? Who could get at her? If one jumped in after her, what would befall him? and if he escaped unhurt, might he not jump directly upon her? Who could tell — who could even take in the whole scene in the dim, uncertain light they had brought with them? But it was no time to pause; help she must have, and at once, or it would be too late; and, without hesitating, he who stood nearest to the brink leaped into the pit that was as black as night. There was another splash as he too struck the water, and then the only sound that broke upon the air was the sobs and hard breathing of the little party huddled together in the gallery. The next moment there was a struggle below, then a strong voice came up to them calling for a rope. Those who heard it, who till now had lost their faculties, hurried out in search of help, which was speedily obtained. The young girl was drawn to the surface, bruised and nearly drowned, but not

seriously hurt, and then her rescuer was drawn up. He too had suffered little beyond a ducking. But for a time he could scarcely speak; for now that it was all over, he was overcome by the horrid, indescribable feeling that had beset him at the moment when he made the leap that seemed like going to certain death.

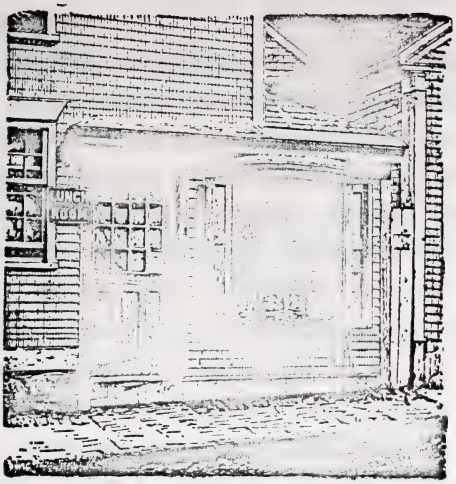
I cannot add the usual sequel to such stories — an engagement between the persons — for the hero, the late Washington Van Zandt, uncle to Ex-governor Van Zandt, was already married.

A small garrison is kept at Fort Adams. At the present time the duty is assigned to the U. S. Fourth Artillery. On two days in the week, usually on Tuesdays and Fridays, the regimental band plays on the parade ground, between the hours of 5 and 7 P. M., at which time visitors will find the parade ground thrown open to them. The steamboat "Jamestown" touches there at short intervals, but many persons prefer to cross in the fine sail-boats that are kept for hire, and which are managed by skilful boatmen. For vehicles there is a fine road that has long been a favorite with pleasure-seekers. The fort covers the extreme end of a point of land directly opposite the city and at the mouth of the harbor. It is surrounded by water on three sides, the air there is always delightfully cool, and the view from the parapet is superb. On the left of the road leading to it there are a number of beautiful villas. Directly in the foreground, almost within speaking distance, lie the Lime Rocks, the home of Ida Lewis, the Grace Darling of America; and beyond that point, and but a short distance from it, we see the crescent-shaped island now occupied as the torpedo station, with its range of tiny cottages, its sloping green, and attractive walks. On the right we look back to the city, nestling at the foot of the hill, and on the

left lies Fort Adams — so near to us that we see the sun flashing from the buttons of the men on guard, and yet we must ride two miles before we reach it, making the circuit of Brenton's Cove, and passing through pleasant fields and between villas and cottages.

Entering the government grounds the road once more winds along the shore till it reaches the fort. The whole drive is about three miles in length. But little of it is over level ground, and still less of it is laid out in straight lines; it rather winds around and up and over the low hills, giving here and there glimpses of the sea, then a bit of lawn, and a wreck or two long since stranded upon the shore.

On "Fort Days" there is a steady stream of vehicles passing over this road on their way to the garrison, where they remain for an hour or more while the band plays on the parade ground, and then, as the sun declines, they return by the same road, or continue on to make the circuit of Ocean Avenue.



DR. JOHNSON'S SHOP.

XL.

COOK'S SHIP "ENDEAVOUR."

IN 1790 the French government, anxious to compete with Great Britain and Holland in the whale fishery, offered a tempting bounty to vessels that should engage in the business under French colors. To avail himself of this bounty, Captain William Hayden, of New Bedford, then at Dunkirk, went to England, and, with the aid of the Brothers de Baccque of Dunkirk, purchased a number of vessels, including the "Endeavour;" which latter vessel was registered in France as "La Liberté," and under that name sailed for Newport with a cargo of oil. A well-known citizen of Newport, the late Christopher Grant Champlin, who was at Dunkirk at the time, and was intimate with the house of the Brothers de Baccque, who were his bankers, was cognizant of all the facts. The ship was consigned to Gibbs & Channing. She arrived safely, landed her cargo of oil and bone, and took in a return cargo; but in going out of the harbor

she met with an accident which made it necessary to unload her, when it was discovered that she was rotten — so rotten as to be unseaworthy — and she was condemned and left to decay.

One piece after another fell away, till nothing was left save the keel, half bedded in mud, and a piece of the carving on her stern, which latter was secured by William Gilpin, who now has it in his office. No one gave a thought to the old hulk till some one, delighted with Cooper's "Red Rover," conceived the idea of presenting the author with a box made out of some of the wood of this ship. The suggestion was a happy one. Captain Cahoone of the revenue cutter "Vigilant" had in his possession a bit of the keel, which he had taken out of its muddy bed some years before, and this was worked into a handsome box, which, when finished, was sent to Captain Shubrick, U. S. N., with the following letter:—

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 1, 1828.

RESPECTED SIR, — We take the liberty of forwarding to your address a box made from a part of the keel of the ship "Endeavour," in which Captain Cook first circumnavigated the world in 1768, '69, '70, and '71, with certificates from the British Consul and Captain Cahoone, and letters from other gentlemen, authenticating the wood and the vessel, which we request you to present to the author of "The Red Rover" as a testimony of our sincere respect for his talents, and admiration of his graphic description of Newport Harbor and Narragansett Bay, and his works in general. The present, though trifling, may be to a mariner not uninteresting. . . .

Cooper was travelling in Europe at the time, and his letter of acknowledgment, from Paris, was not written till September, 1830.

Mr. Joshua Sayer has a piece of one of her timbers. I know of no other fragment of the ship other than the carving owned by Colonel Gilpin.

XLI.

HONORS PAID TO COMMODORE PERRY.

IN a recent number of the Cleveland (Ohio) "Herald" there are some reminiscences of the battle of Lake Erie, taken down by a reporter from the lips of a man by the name of John Rice, who, it is said, is the only man living who was with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. Rice is now nearly eighty-seven years of age, and among other statements he has settled the question, "Who killed Tecumseh?" averring that he saw Colonel Johnson bring him down with his pistol. I will not question this part of Rice's narrative, but his memory certainly failed him when he said that Perry's boat, when it passed from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara," was rowed by only two men — Jacob Tool and Aleck Netlan. The boat was rowed by Barney McClran, Benjamin Dring, James Jackson, John Brown, and —— Fowler — men whose names have been preserved by Commodore Perry's family. Rice also says that Commodore Perry, when a shot crashed through his boat, pulled off his coat and stuffed it into the hole, to keep her from sinking. The round-tops of the enemy were filled with sharpshooters, and Commodore Perry, when he went into action, wore a round jacket, made of thin blue stuff, which prevented him from being distinguished from other men on the deck of the "Lawrence." This jacket, a light garment, usually worn when off duty and in his cabin, has been preserved and is now valued as an heirloom. But if it had been stuffed into a hole

in a side of a boat that would have been the last of it, for no one would have thought of pulling it out when the boat reached the "Niagara." The story probably grew out of a song once popular with sailors, in which there was this line: —

"And he pulled off his coat and plugged up the boat."

Probably there was never greater excitement in Newport than when the news was received here of the victory on Lake Erie. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and all were anxious for the return of Commodore Perry; but he was detained on the lake by pressing duties, and it was not till November that he reached Newport. On his way from Erie he was everywhere received with demonstrations of respect and love, the people seeking every opportunity to honor one who had accomplished so much with so slender means; schools were dismissed, towns were illuminated, and crowds thronged the route. Before he had left the scene of the recent battle, public notice was taken in different places of his distinguished services. On the 25th of October the Society of Cincinnati in New York made him an honorary member. The same day the congratulations of the city of Savannah were conveyed to him in a letter from George Jones, mayor of the city. On his arrival at Utica, November 13, Commodore Perry was invited to a public dinner, and on the 8th the citizens of Albany had not only paid him the same compliment, but had also presented him with a superb sword and the freedom of the city. The invitation to the dinner was signed by John Bleecker and James Lush, for the committee. The sword, a rapier in form, was wholly of American workmanship. The blade was forged in Philadelphia, and the finishing and mounting were done by Shepherd & Boyd, of Albany. The handle is of mother-of-pearl, and the guard, richly wrought, is studded with jewels. This sword, which was not ready for presentation till the 26th of the following May, is

now in the possession of one of Commodore Perry's grandsons. The freedom of the city was presented in a gold box. On the 24th of November the city of Philadelphia passed complimentary resolutions, and the legislature of Pennsylvania voted a gold medal; but the medal was not completed till after the death of Commodore Perry; and on the 29th of November, 1819, it was presented to Mrs. Perry by Colonel U. N. Irvine, who was entrusted with that duty. On the 13th of January, 1814, resolutions were forwarded by the State of Georgia, signed by William Ruben, President of the Senate, and Benjamin Whitaker, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and while he was passing through Trenton a vote of thanks was presented to Commodore Perry, with an invitation to a public dinner. Public dinners were also offered in Washington, Baltimore, Alexandria and other cities; the brilliant victory on Lake Erie was referred to by the President in his message to Congress; the Senate and House of Representatives passed complimentary resolutions, voted a gold medal, and honored Commodore Perry with a seat on the floor of the Senate. The resolutions of the legislature of Massachusetts were signed by Timothy Bigelow, Speaker of the House of Representatives. On the 21st of January a public dinner was tendered by the city of Philadelphia, in a letter signed by George Harrison, Joseph S. Lewis, Charles Ross, Thomas Cadwalader, George Reinholdt, Bernard Henry and D. W. Coxe. On the 24th of January a letter was addressed to Commodore Perry by Rufus King, inviting him to a public dinner in New York; that city also presented him with the freedom of the city in a gold box. On the cover of the box there is a view of the battle of Lake Erie, in colored enamels, beautifully wrought. The first resolutions of the Common Council of New York were conveyed to Commodore Perry in a letter from De Witt Clinton. The committee who had charge of the public dinner were Augustus H. Lawrence, Thomas Morris,

Benjamin M. J. Minturn, and Philip Hone. On the 17th of May the citizens of Boston presented Commodore Perry with a superb service of silver, comprising fifty-three pieces — two large decanter coolers, two large wine-glass coolers, twenty-four tumblers, eighteen table-spoons, one coffee-pot, one teapot, one cream pitcher, one caddy, and one tray. On each of the small pieces there is engraved: "Presented by the city of Boston to Commodore Oliver H. Perry;" on each of the large pieces: "Presented in honor of the victory by the citizens of Boston;" and on the reverse: "Sep. 10, 1813, signalized our first triumph in squadron. A very superior British force on Lake Erie was entirely subdued by Commodore Perry, whose gallantry in action is only equalled by his humanity." The letter which accompanied this service of plate was signed by John Coffin Jones, Samuel Dexter, Caleb Loring, and Harrison Gray Otis, and was dated May 17, 1814. On the 26th of May Commodore Perry was asked by the Common Council of New York to sit to Gilbert Stuart for his portrait. J. Morton, clerk of the City Council, in his letter making the request, adds: "The Mayor begged me to write to you and express to you that such is the wish of the Common Council." The commission was given to Jarvis. Why the change was made I am not able to say. The large silver vase voted by the town of Newport was not finished till December, and on the 28th of that month, 1814, it was presented by the committee — Asher Robbins, Christopher Fowler, John P. Mann, William Ellery, Jr., and Benjamin Hazard. The vase is surmounted by an eagle, emblematic figures, and other appropriate devices. On one side there is an engraved view of the battle of Lake Erie at the moment when Perry was passing from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara;" and on the other this inscription: "His fellow-citizens of Newport to Oliver H. Perry: a memorial of their sense of his signal merits in achieving the victory of the 10th of September, 1813, on Lake

Erie." These, with other testimonials that were presented to Commodore Perry, are now in the possession of his descendants. The letter that accompanied his commission when he was promoted after the battle, reads as follows: —

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Nov. 13, 1813.

SIR, — I have received your letter of the 16th ultimo.

No one can doubt of the policy and justice of special promotions for signal services. The practice is perfectly established in the naval service of the United States, and without it all stimulus to noble deeds would be withheld.

I have the pleasure to hand you herewith your commission as a captain in the navy of the United States, dated 10th of September, 1813.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. JONES.

XLII.

TRINITY CHURCH.

FROM whatever point of view Newport is seen, whether from the bay or on the land, the spire of Trinity Church, with its graceful lines, stands out well defined. It is justly admired, for its proportions are good, and its details are unlike and far above anything to be found in the old New England meeting-house. Nor do its attractions end when we come to a closer study; in its construction there are many striking features that give it rank among the finest specimens of early colonial architecture — the architecture with which Wren enriched London, and which his successors, unable to surpass it for many years, had the good sense to adopt, when called upon to erect like structures in England or America. How well they did their work is shown in Christ Church, Boston, St. Paul's, New York, and other well-known examples.

TRINITY CHURCH.

And this old church in Newport is not only venerable in years, but it has also the charm of having come down to us unimpaired, — as it stood more than a century ago, — with its square, stiff-back pews, its high pulpit and sounding-board, its brass chandeliers, which have hung where they now hang more than a hundred and fifty years; and its beautiful organ, of English oak, still surmounted by the crown of England, and with a bishop's mitre on either hand. Everything connected with the church carries the mind back to the infant days of the colony; and but for the upholstery in some of the pews, to make them a little more comfortable, a carpet on the aisles, and a little color on the walls, one might imagine, while standing here, that he had stepped back to the days of his father's fathers, — to the time when the Church in America was without a bishop, and candidates for holy orders went to England to be ordained, — when the revered Honyman gathered around him those who now sleep in the adjoining graveyard, and words of wisdom fell from the lips of Berkeley, who preached from the same pulpit in which the Scriptures are to-day expounded.

For nearly a century after the island was settled, the Church of England had but a slender foothold in Rhode Island, the field having been taken up by Baptists and Quakers. In 1700 about one-half of the inhabitants were Quakers, and nearly one-third of the places of worship belonged to that sect. The leading men of the colony were Quakers, — the Coddingtons, Clarkes and Wantons, — men who held the highest offices in the gift of the people, and who turned their backs on every reading of the Scriptures but their own. They could live at peace with their neighbors, and were on a social footing with members of every denomination; but in matters of faith they were unapproachable, unyielding.

But even with this drawback the Church grew when it was

properly planted. In its infant days it owed much to the zeal and energy of Sir Francis Nicholson, then Governor of Maryland, who may be called the founder of this parish. Nor was he alone in this good work; for the first name on the petition for the organizing of the church was that of Gabriel Bernon, the Huguenot.

The congregation gathered in 1698 — was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Lockyer, and in 1702 the little church edifice that had been built was "finished all on the outside, and the inside pewed well, but not beautiful." How far from beautiful it must have been it is not difficult to imagine; but it answered a temporary purpose. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts saw what the colonists were doing, — that they were trying to help themselves, — and in 1704, in response to the appeal of the vestry and wardens, sent out the Rev. James Honyman as missionary. The genial, loving manners of this good man, his learning and his zeal, brought to him the leading men of the town; they entered into all his ambitious plans to promote the growth of the church, and soon his influence extended beyond the limits of the place. At his instance the Society presented the church with a library of seventy-five volumes, quartos and folios; and Queen Anne, learning what had been done, in 1709 gave a bell that was used up to 1805, when, injured through carelessness on the part of the sexton, it gave place to a new one.

Mr. Honyman was ably seconded by Nathaniel Kay, who was sent to Rhode Island in 1703, as "Collector of the Queen's Revenue," and who labored with his pastor to extend the influence of the church, which then numbered "fifty communicants exclusive of strangers." The church edifice was soon found to be too small for the growing congregation, and a subscription was opened for the erection of a new building, Mr. Honyman leading the list with the sum of £30. The following letter, touching upon

the manner of raising money to complete the building, has till now never been printed: —

MONDAY, Dec. 6, 1725.

At a meeting of the Minister, Church Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church in the new Church this day, it was agreed that the said work should be carried on with all convenient despatch, and that a Plaisterer should be sent for from Boston for greater certainty of having it handsomely Plaistered, and that the best and most practical method of raising Money to defray the necessary Charges of the s[d] building was by laying out the Pews in a plan, and numbering them, put such prices on every Pew that may Amt. in the whole to the sum of money wanted to compleat the whole Church as near as possible; and, further, that the whole Congregation should meet in the s[d] Church on Wednesday morning next, where every one desirous of a Pew may be accommodated, he paying the price set upon s[d] Pew, at least one-half in hand, and the other half at or before the compleat finishing of the Pews and the whole Church; according to which resolution all those who do not pay their Money down for the Pews are desired by the Committee to sign their names against the number of the Pews they choose, to prevent disorder and misunderstanding, as well as to ascertain the payment of the several sums mark'd on their Pews, as followeth:

"Wednesday, December 8," 1725, the Majority of the males of the Church Congregation being present, was read in an audiable voice the Committee's last resolution, and also the s[d] Conditions upon which the pews in said Church were to be disposed of and bought, viz:

1[st]. That the Pews purchased shall belong to the purchaser and his heirs forever, he and they adhering to the Doctrine and discipline of the Church of England.

2[d]. That in case the purchaser or his Successor, in his own or any other right, shall desert the Church, or join himself to any other society, shall forfeit all title or claim to that Pew, which in such case shall revert to the Church, for a new disposission.

3[d]. That if a purchaser or his heirs shall leave the Town, they shall be allowed to dispose of their Pew to such as the Minister, Church Wardens or Vestry shall approve of, he or they having first given the offer to them at the first cost.

4th. That in case of the death of a purchaser without heirs of his body, or named in his will, the Pew shall revert to the Church for a new disposission.

Last. That the aforesaid rules shall be recorded in the Church books and become binding Laws to all concerned.

This may Certify that the aforewritten is a true Copy of the regulation of the Pews in Trinity Church in Newport, in the Colony of Rhode Island, made on the 6th and 8th days of December, 1725, as the same now stands recorded in the Church Books, which was compared this 24 day of June, Anno Dom. by me.

JAMES HONYMAN.

The early records of the church are lost, were probably carried off or destroyed in the Revolution, and but for this certificate there would be no positive evidence as to the manner in which the pews were disposed of. The pews are still held in fee simple. The church edifice was begun in 1725, and the first service was held there in May, 1726. The old building was given to the people of Warwick, who took it down and removed it to that village.

It was claimed for the new church, when completed, that it was "the most beautiful timber structure in America." The pulpit, reached by a high flight of stairs, — so high that it brings the preacher on a level with the gallery, — stands out in the body of the church; the reading-desk is directly under it; and, still lower down, on a level with the pews, there is a smaller desk, formerly occupied by the clerk, whose place it was to give out the psalms and hymns. Nearly a century has elapsed since it was used for that purpose; but, although no longer needed, no one has thought of removing it, and no proposition to do away with this or any other feature of the church would be tolerated. The ceiling is vaulted, and the ceiling-flowers, carved in wood, are composed of grapes and roses in high relief. The beautiful brass chandeliers were evidently a gift; for on one of them is engraved: "THOS.

DREW. EXON. 1728." The woodwork of the church is in panels, finished with a liberal use of mouldings, and the warden's pews are distinguished by verger-staves.

One of the most striking feature of the church is the central portion of the organ-case (for the wings and the works are modern), a part of the organ presented to the church by Bishop — then Dean — Berkeley, in 1733. Here Dean Berkeley often preached during the three years that he resided on Rhode Island.

If I were to give the names of all the distinguished divines who have officiated here, the list would be a long and interesting one. It was in this church that the first American bishop, the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury, preached his first ordination sermon in Rhode Island. Here Bishop Dehon, of South Carolina, delivered his eulogy of Washington after the death of the first President; and the words that often fell from the lips of the saintly Griswold are still remembered by the older members of the congregation.

The clock in the tower was presented to the church by Jahleel Brenton, in 1733. It was made by William Claggett, a clock-maker, who carried on his business in Newport, and who was justly distinguished for his early and successful experiments with electricity. The church was incorporated in 1769, the earliest instance of the incorporation of a church in Rhode Island. Several times the spire has been injured by storms, — in 1761, 1768, and 1770, — but the injury was at once made good. In 1762 the body of the church was enlarged by cutting it in two, when the chancel end was moved up to Spring Street, and two additional bays were inserted.

XLIII.

THE GRAVEYARD OF TRINITY CHURCH.

IN the graveyard of Trinity Church rest the remains of many persons who came to Newport in former years, when it was but a colony, for the recovery of their health, or to enjoy the salubrity of the climate. Many of their names are of more than ordinary interest, and not a few of them are associated with the leading events of their day. In some instances, the gravestones of persons who are known to have been buried there are gone, lost through the lapse of time; but as a general thing these memorials of the dead are in an excellent state of preservation, and they are certainly well cared for. The earliest gravestone is that of Thomas Fox, who died in 1707, and of whom nothing more is known.

The first tombstone that arrests attention on entering the grounds is inscribed to Nathaniel Kay, and near by there are two to members of the Malbone family, and one to the Ayraults. On the opposite side of the walk there are tombstones to the memory of Rev. James Honyman and members of his family.

Nathaniel Kay came direct to Rhode Island as "Collector of the King's Customs." Here he built a house and resided during the rest of his days. As early as 1720 his name appears on the church records as vestryman. In many ways he promoted the interest of the parish. Some of the communion-

plate bears his name as donor, and at his death he bequeathed to the church a liberal sum for the support of an assistant minister, who should be at the head of a parochial school. In after years the effort to carry out this bequest became abortive; the system of education in America took a different form, and the vestry, unable to carry out the bequest to the letter, put the remainder of the fund into a Sunday-school edifice, to which they gave the name of Kay Chapel. Mr. Kay, who also remembered St. Michael's Church, Bristol, in his will, died in 1734. On the side of the broad slab of slate that covers his remains are these lines: "Joining to the south of this tomb lies Lucia Berkeley, daughter of Dean Berkeley, obit. the 5th of September, 1731." On another portion of the slab there is this inscription: "Ann Kay, maiden sister of Nathaniel Kay, died July, 1729."

Reverend James Honyman presided over the parish from 1704 to 1750, in which year he died. In the vestry of the church there is a half-length portrait of him, painted by an artist named Gaines. It was engraved in 1774, but copies of it are now very scarce. Over the remains of his wife there are these lines: "In memory of Mistress Elizabeth, wife of Reverend Mr. James Honyman, who departed this life February 28, 1737–8, aged 48 years." An adjoining slab is over the grave of Elizabeth Mumford, wife of William Mumford, and only daughter of Rev. Mr. Honyman. She died in 1730, at the age of 24 years. William Mumford resided at South Kingstown, R. I., but his connection with Mr. Honyman frequently brought him and his family to Newport, and some of his descendants removed to this place. One of his daughters, who lies buried here, married Samuel Goldthwait, a merchant doing business in Newport. She died in 1760, aged 28 years.

James Honyman was the son of Reverend James Honyman.

He rose to distinction at the bar in Rhode Island, attained to the position of King's Advocate in the Court of Admiralty, which commission he surrendered to the General Assembly on the breaking out of the war, and died in 1782. Mrs. Honyman was the daughter of George Goulding. They had two sons and six daughters. Both of the sons and a number of the daughters lie buried here. George Goulding Honyman died in 1778, aged 36 years, and John in 1782, at the age of 29 years. Elizabeth Honyman, relict of — probably — John, died in 1776. Francis Honyman, son of Reverend James Honyman, died in 1764.

Sarah Leonard, who died in 1806, was the wife of Daniel Leonard, Chief Justice of Bermuda. He (Leonard) was of Massachusetts origin, and in 1766, with Frank Dana, Josiah Quincy, and others, belonged to a club in Boston, for which club he collected the arguments for and against the right of Parliament to tax the colonists. At that time he was on the colonial side of the question, and wrote the papers of the "Massachusettensis," which papers created a marked sensation. In 1770 he was a member of the House of Representatives, at which time, says John Adams in his diary, "he wore a broad gold lace round the brim of his hat, he had made his cloak glitter with lace still broader, he had set up his chariot and pair, and constantly travelled in it from Taunton to Boston," all of which excited the suspicion of his associates, who "perceived that wealth and power must have a charm to a heart that delighted in so much finery." They did not misjudge him. No longer finding himself at home in Boston, he removed to Bermuda, where, as already stated, he became Chief Justice of the Island.

Of the Gidleys, a number lie buried in these grounds. John, who died in 1710, and who was Judge of the Vice-Admiralty

Court in Rhode Island, was from Exon, in Devon. In the same grave were placed the remains of his wife, and of his daughter Sarah, who was the wife of Edward Vine. His son, John Gidley, who also lies here, was killed by a gunpowder accident in 1744. Gidley's first wife was a daughter of John Shackmaple, of New London, "a man of character, standing, and substance." His second wife was Mary, daughter of John Cranston. They were still young when they died. Colonel Cranston was the oldest son of Governor Samuel Cranston, and the leader of the Rhode Island forces at the capture of Port Royal.

Rev. Alexander Keith, Jr., who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, and was educated at King's College, died in 1772. After his ordination he officiated for ten years in St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, and when he came to America he was placed in charge of the church at Georgetown, S. C., over which church he presided during a period of twenty-five years. On the day that his remains were here interred, the Rev. Mr. Fayerweather, who had been invited to come to Newport from Narragansett for that purpose, preached a funeral sermon. Mr. Fayerweather was Mr. Keith's predecessor at Georgetown. The next grave is that of Mr. Keith's father, who at the time of his death, in 1780, had resided forty years in America.

William Wanton, the son of Governor William Wanton, died in 1733, the year that Governor Wanton was re-elected, and was buried here. The governor, whose portrait hangs in the State House in Providence, died in December of the same year, but his remains do not lie in these grounds.

The next grave is that of "Mr. Robert Gardner, Esq., who was one of the first promoters of the church in this place. He served all his brethren, and had the happiness to see this church completely finished. He was naval officer and collector

of the port for many years; also employed in the affairs of the colony, and discharged his trust to satisfaction. He died ye ——- day of May, 1731, the day of his birth, aged 60 years." But for this simple inscription we should never have known the part he took in building the present church edifice, for there is no mention of his name in the records.

Near to the above there is a stone to the memory of James Macabet, a Philadelphia merchant, who died here in 1744, at the age of 37 years. He was born in Maryland, and at his death bequeathed "a large fortune to that colony, to public use."

The grave of Gilbert Eames is but a few feet from the above. He was born in Ireland, and died here in 1783. For a number of years prior to the reduction of Granada by the French in 1779, he was one of the Honorable Council of that island.

Pyre Gaillard, of South Carolina, died in 1806. There was a family of that name in that State, residing in the district of St. Stephen, from which district came John Galliard, Senator in Congress, and one of the supporters of the war of 1812.

Elizabeth Warden Nowell, "lovely in person and amiable in manners," died in 1820, at the early age of nineteen. She was the daughter of Edward Brown Nowell, and the grand-daughter of Dr. Lionel Chalmer, of Charleston, S. C. Her oldest brother, Edward Saville Nowell, a lieutenant of marines, U. S. N., was also buried here. Dr. Chalmer, who was the author of a valuable work on the weather and diseases of Charleston, published in London in 1776, died in 1777, but not in Newport. One of his daughters, distinguished for her knowledge of natural history, died on the road to Paris in 1784.

Dr. William Hunter came from England, 1752, and took a prominent position as a physician and surgeon. In 1754 he gave the first course of anatomical lectures delivered in America.

One of the tickets to that course is now in the possession of one of his descendants, Dr. William Birckhead. There is also a well-preserved portrait of the doctor. He died while the British were in possession of the island, of a malignant fever, taken from a soldier under his care. In the Newport "Gazette," published by the British, Dr. Hunter is spoken of as one "in whom concentrated all the virtues which adorn the patriot, form the husband, and compose the parent." Dr. Hunter married Deborah Malbone, daughter of Godfrey Malbone, Sr.

William Hunter, their son, whose remains are near to the above, died in 1849, at the age of 85 years. He rose to distinction at the bar in Rhode Island, was United States Senator from Rhode Island from 1811 to 1821, and with credit filled for a number of years the post of Minister to Brazil. Mr. Hunter married Mary Robinson, daughter of William T. Robinson, of New York. She died in 1863, and was laid by his side. In 1831 they lost a son, John Falconet Hunter, who died at Kingston, and his remains were brought here; and in 1846 a daughter, Catherine de Cardignan Hunter, wife of John Greenway, of Montevideo, to whom she was married at Rio Janeiro in 1841. Mrs. Greenway was one of the most beautiful women of her day, and was sorely lamented.

Edward Darrell, president of the Branch Bank, of Charleston, S. C., came to Newport in 1797, in a low and exhausted state of health, hoping that a change would be beneficial, but he died two days after his arrival.

Elizabeth Williams, who died in 1800, was the widow of Thomas Williams, and daughter of Thomas Pollock, of Newbern, N. C. There were several members of the Pollock family in Newport. Zachariah Pollock died here as early as 1774. Cullen Pollock, who resided here at the same time, died in Charleston in 1795. His widow, Mrs. Mary Booth Pollock, con

tinued to make Newport her home, and here was at the head of a noble charity in the cold winter of 1805, she having begun the movement by opening a soup-house at her own expense. Where she died I do not know.

Mary Brett Shaw, widow of Captain Samuel Thurston, died in 1819, aged 80 years. She was named for Mary Brett, wife of Dr. John Brett, an eminent German physician and surgeon, who settled in Newport before the Revolution. Mrs. Brett was distinguished for her good works. In 1773 a free school for blacks, established in Newport by a number of benevolent clergymen in London, was placed under her care. She had thirty pupils, and kept school in the doctor's house, on High Street, nearly opposite the residence of Augustus Johnson, whose name was associated with the effort to enforce the Stamp Act. Mrs. Brett died in 1800, but was not buried in these grounds.

Martha, infant daughter of Abraham Redwood, Jr., and Susannah, his wife, died in 1772. Mrs. Redwood, who was a daughter of James Honyman, died in England.

Catherine Sherburne, wife of Col. Henry Sherburne, died in 1815, at the age of 75 years. She was the daughter of James Honyman, and at the time that she married Col. Sherburne, she was the widow of William Tweedy. Col. Sherburne held an honorable place in the Revolution. In recognition of his services he was appointed agent to the Chickasaw Indians by the President of the United States in 1817, and he was General Treasurer of the State of Rhode Island from 1792 to 1808. William Tweedy, above referred to, was buried here in 1782.

W. Brannford Horry, eldest son of Elias and Harriet Horry, of Charleston, S. C., was thrown from his horse in Newport and killed in 1808. Stephen Thomas Brinley, of Charleston, was buried here in 1798, and Thomas Hadley in 1796. Hadley

belonged in London, but for some time had resided in Jamaica, from which latter place came Andrew Cathcart, who died in 1792.

Desire Handy was the first wife of Major John Handy, an officer of the Revolution. She died in 1794, aged 39 years.

Ann Grimke, wife of William Rutledge, of Charleston, was laid to rest here in 1821. She was the daughter of Judge Castello, and the stone was erected to her memory by her aunt, Mary Grimke Ward, who married Henry Ward, of Charleston, at Providence, in 1799. The Grimkes were of Huguenot origin. Frederick Grimke, who removed from Charleston to Ohio, was the author of "The Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions," and his elder brother, also a judge, was well known as a philanthropist. He graduated at Yale in 1807, and died in 1834. The Rutledges were well known in Newport. John Rutledge came here with his family in 1798, and up to 1803 spent his summers here.

Major Anthony Singleton was from Richmond, Va. He came to Newport with his family in August, 1795, and in eight weeks died of the disease from which he sought relief.

Daniel Ayrault and his wife, Mary, lie in a vault, the entrance to which is under the walk leading to the north door of the church. They were married in 1703 by the Rev. Mr. Peiret, who was the pastor of the French Church in New York. Mrs. Ayrault was a Robineau, and the Ayraults and Robineaus were Huguenots. Their eldest daughter, Mary, became the wife of George Goulding, who, with William Ellery and others, took a decided stand against the further issue of paper money in 1740, predicting that a further issue would "cause the ruin of this flourishing colony." The graves of George Goulding, father and son, are also here. One died in 1742, and the other in 1748.

Benjamin Mason, who was a merchant, died in 1775. In the same ground are the graves of his son, Dr. Benjamin

Mason, the doctor's wife, and two of his sons. Dr. Mason was an eminent physician, and was Director and Purveyor-General of the Military Hospital of the State, but his life of usefulness was cut short, for he died in 1801, at the age of forty years. Mrs. Mason was Margaret Champlin, whose beauty and accomplishments have been so often extolled.

Arthur Gates Auchmuty, married in 1734, to Ann Dickerson, and supposed to have been a brother of the elder Judge Auchmuty, was buried here, but there is no stone to mark the spot. Over the grave of Robert Nichol, eldest son of the Rev. Samuel Auchmuty, D. D., there is a slab. He was born at New York, in 1758, graduated at Columbia College, and served with the British forces during the Revolution.

In the lower part of the grounds there is a stone to the memory of Elizabeth Harrison, only daughter of Henry J. Finn. Finn was a popular comedian, and at one time was the manager of the old Federal Street Theatre, Boston. He was fond of his pencil, and sketched well, usually in a comic vein. He resided in a little cottage that he built on John Street, and was lost in the steamer "Lexington," in 1840.

The next stone bears the simple inscription Benjamin, son of Arthur and Ann Lupton, of Leeds, England.

Ann, wife of the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming, died in 1752, in the twenty-second year of her age. Rev. Mr. Leaming, a native of Middletown, Conn., was ordained in 1748, and first as catechist, and then as minister; was connected with Trinity Church for a period of eight years. In 1783 the Episcopal Convention of Connecticut would have elected him bishop; but, lacking the health to perform the duties of the office, he declined, and the Rev. Dr. Seabury was elected. He died in New Haven in 1804.

Captain Simeon Martin, Jr., at the age of twenty-three years, was drowned in the river from on board the ship "George Wash-

ington." This ship, of three hundred and fifty tons, was built for and originally owned by John Brown, of Providence. She made her first voyage to the East Indies in 1794. When the government, in 1798, sought to increase the navy by buying and building ships, the "George Washington" was bought and placed under the command of Captain Fletcher, U. S. N.

Sarah Jones, widow of Noble W. Jones, of Savannah, Ga., died in 1843, in her summer cottage, on the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Bowery Street. In the same enclosure the remains of her daughter, Mary G. Harrison, found a resting-place in 1785.

John Fraser was a schoolmaster whose memory is still cherished by some of his scholars. He was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and for thirty years kept school in Newport, dying on the 3d of Oct., 1811, and his wife, Jane, followed him on the twenty-seventh of the same month.

Richard Haw, of Stockton, county of Durham, who died in 1773, at the age of twenty-three years, was "mate of ye ship 'Earl of Derby.'"

George De Blois, a merchant of Halifax, N. S., died in 1799, Mary, his sister, in 1818; Stephen De Blois in 1805, and Jane, his widow, in 1829; Hannah, wife of Joshua Winslow, of Boston, in 1786; John Wright, 1748; Sarah, wife of George Owen, in 1740; and Catharine Kennie, 1789.

Of the Malbones there are a number of graves. Godfrey Malbone, of Princess Ann county, Va., and who settled in Newport in the early part of the eighteenth century, was buried under the church in 1768. Francis Malbone, who was also born in the same colony, died in 1785. John Malbone, who died in 1795, was the father of Edward G. Malbone, the distinguished miniature painter. Freelove Sophia Malbone was the widow of Francis Malbone, who was United States Senator from Rhode Island in 1809, and who expired suddenly on the steps of the

Capitol. Over his remains in Washington a monument was raised by Congress. Mrs. Malbone, who was a daughter of William and Catherine Tweedy, died in 1829, sixty-six years of age. Catherine Malbone, relict of Francis Malbone, of Boston, who died in 1817, at the age of eighty-one years, was also buried here.

At the foot of the old elm-tree there are two plain slabs, one to William Hind and his wife, and the other to his sister Mary and his grand-daughter Mary Cole Taylor, widow of Robert Johnston. They were all from Jamaica. Mr. Hind, at the time of his death in 1799, had spent a number of years here with his family. Mrs. Johnston, a woman of uncommon worth, was educated in Newport, and the closing years of her life were passed here with her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Powel.

Major John Breese, at the time of his death, in 1799, was the British Vice-Consul for Rhode Island. He had previously served as major in the British army. Mrs. Breese survived till 1832. Near them lie the remains of four of their daughters: Mary died in 1803, Catherine in 1826, Margaret in 1848, and Elizabeth in 1862. In another part of the ground there is a stone to the memory of Mrs. Gilpin, wife of John Bernard Gilpin, who was British vice-consul for Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1803.

One stone covers the graves of Francis Brinley and Aleph, his wife. She was the daughter of Godfrey Malbone. Mrs. Brinley died in 1800, aged seventy-two years; and Mr. Brinley, who was then eighty-eight, died in 1816. An infant son was buried by them in 1758.

Phœbe Ray Sands was the daughter of John Sands and Phœbe, his wife. She died in 1796, when but seventeen years of age.

Of the Duncans there are a number of graves. Captain James died in 1803, Captain John in 1804, Martha, daughter of Robert, 1795, who with Mary, 1806, and Elizabeth, 1818, died single.

Jonathan Conkling died in 1746. A stone marks the grave of Alexander McKiver, of Georgia; another records the death of James Martin, 1740, of Houston, in Devon, who, after his arrival in America, served the colony as Secretary. Dr. Frankland Morton died in 1720, and "Sarah, ye wife of Robert Robinson," was buried in 1740. Robinson was "Searcher of his Majesty's Customs," and was a prominent man in his day. His son, Matthew Robinson, became equally distinguished as a lawyer. It does not appear that this family was connected with the Robinsons who have been so fully identified with the history of Rhode Island. A Matthew Robinson in England assumed the name of Morris from his maternal great-grandfather, and became Lord Rokeby in Ireland, and an English baronet. His father before him was named Matthew Robinson, and his daughter married Edward Montague, son of Hon. Charles Montague, fifth son of the first Earl of Sandwich.

Frances, daughter of Robert Lightfoot, died in 1800. Robert Lightfoot had many friends in Newport. At the time that he held the office of Judge of Vice-Admiralty in the Southern District of the United States, he came to Newport in enfeebled health, and finding the place so attractive, he was disinclined to return to his post, and gave up his office. While in Rhode Island he divided his time between Narragansett and Newport, and died at Plainfield, Conn.

Edward N. Cox, of Maryland, was a purser in the United States navy. For many years he resided here, and died in 1845. Mrs. Cox, who survived him, lived here during the rest of her days, with her sister, Mrs. Lawrence, widow of Captain James Lawrence, U. S. N.

Esther Rogers Lawrence was the wife of William Beach Lawrence and daughter of Archibald Gracie, of New York. She died in 1857. Near her remains lie those of one of her sons,

Archibald Gracie Lawrence, who was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun, in 1850.

Mary Dupuy, widow of Captain John Dupuy, died in 1801, and her daughter Mary, who lived till 1852, and died single, at the age of eighty-two years, was buried in the same grave. Sarah Dillon, wife of James Dillon, county of Roscommon, Ireland, and daughter of John Dupuy, above named, died in 1799, aged nineteen, and Sarah Dupuy Dillon died in 1847. The Dupuys and Dillons were well known in the society of Newport, and were esteemed by a large circle of friends.

Captain Robert Casson came from Ulverston, Lancashire, and died in 1783. Sarah, wife of George Finch, died in 1722–3. Daniel Doyley was from Charleston. He came here for his health in 177–, and died in a few days. Deborah, wife of John Foster, died in 1729; Martha, wife of William Bell, in 1737; Ann, wife of Thomas Greese, the same year; Abigail, wife of James Cahoone, in 1730; and Mary, wife of Captain William Shaw, in 1816, Her son Henry died two years later, at the age of twenty-six years. Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Wickham, died in 1741. David Melville died in 1734, and Elizabeth, his wife, in 1738. Their descendants are still living in Newport. David Melville, their grandson, had the credit, justly due him, of lighting his own dwelling-house and a part of Pelham Street with illuminating gas, before gas was introduced into London; and in 1817, for one year he successfully lighted Beaver Tail Lighthouse with gas, under a contract with the government. John Brett Thurston died in 1799, and his wife, Mary, lived till 1850. Captain Ignatius Battar died in 1772. John Weber, of Stratton, Somersetshire, 1784, Thomas Whiting in 1744, and Frances, his wife, in 1773.

Dr. Edmund T. Waring was a well-known physician. In 1801, then a young man of one-and-twenty, he came to Newport

from Charleston. Here he settled and secured an excellent practice. In 1803 he married Freelove Sophia Malbone, daughter of Francis Malbone, by whom he had a number of children. Dr. Waring died at Charleston in 1835, and his remains were brought to Newport and placed in the same grave in which his wife was laid to rest twelve years before. Edmund Waring, third son of Dr. Waring, was buried here in 1830.

Thomas Handy was a merchant here, and was prominent at one time as a business man. He died and was buried here in 1843, and here his wife was laid to rest in 1830.

Henry Hunter died in 1794; Rebecca Hunter the same year. Jane Hunter, daughter of Andrew and Margaret Hunter, in 1776, and Captain Hunter in 1830.

A large block of granite marks the place where the Chevalier de Ternay was buried in 1780; and in the vestibule of the church there is a handsome monument erected to his memory by the French government. M. de Valernaais, of the "Hermione," died of the wounds received in the fight between the "Iris" and that vessel; but there is no stone to mark his resting-place, nor is there any over the grave of M. de la Fayette, aide-de-camp to Lafayette. John Conway, who died in 1775, was a lieutenant on board the frigate "Rose;" and Lieutenant Lowther Matthews, who died in 1779, was attached to the sixty-second regiment of foot.

Rev. I. P. White, D. D., who died in 1875, and to whose memory the vestry raised a handsome monument, was rector of the church during the nine years preceding his death.

George Gibbs died in 1803, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. He was the founder of the house of Gibbs & Channing, one of the most successful commercial houses ever established in Rhode Island. Through a long and active life Mr. Gibbs stood among the foremost men of his day; his business relations extended to all parts of the world. He was active in promoting all public

works, and did much to increase the prosperity of his native place. By his side rest the remains of a son who was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun in 1797, and a daughter who had just come to womanhood at the time of her death. Mr. Gibbs's first wife was a daughter of Joseph Scott. His second wife was Mary Channing, sister of his partner.

Thomas Tromp Tyrrell died in 1805. He was a native of Jamaica; was sent to Newport in his youth, and here educated. He then returned to Jamaica and applied himself to business with such intelligence and industry as to acquire a handsome property. When he retired from business he returned to Newport, married Elizabeth Grimes, widow of John Grimes, in 1803, and died two years later. Mrs. Tyrrell died in 1830, at an advanced age, and was buried in the same grave. The next stone marks the resting-place of Mary Penrose and Rosalia Cowley, sisters of Mrs. Tyrrell.

The name of Cowley calls to mind many interesting events connected with Newport. Mary Cowley was the daughter of Judge George Dunbar, who succeeded Judge Byfield in the Admiralty Court, in 1733. Her first husband was named Sweet; by him she had issue Elizabeth, Mary, and George Dunbar Sweet. Her husband dying, she married —— Cowley, an Englishman and a widower. His first wife was a Pelham, and by her he had a daughter, Arabella Pelham Cowley. By his second wife, the widow Sweet, he had three daughters — Elizabeth, Mary, and Rosalia. Elizabeth was blessed with husbands: she had four, and it was said she was engaged for the fifth time at the time of her death. Her first husband, a Scotchman named MacCullock, was in the employ of the British government, and, having occasion to return to England, died there. The second, named Christian, was engaged in business in Newport, and died shortly after his marriage. The third was John Grimes, a man of character,

wedded to the interests of his country, and a thorn in the side of the British in the Revolution. Her fourth was Thomas Tromp Tyrrell. She was a very beautiful woman. Her half-sister Arabella, who was as plain as she was beautiful, said to her: "How unevenly the world is divided; you have had four husbands, and I have had none." Arabella was buried in the ground back of the Unitarian Church with the Arnolds and Pelhams.

Mary Cowley married George B. Penrose, a surgeon in the British army, while the British were in Newport. He was soon after ordered on board a cartel bound for England, but as females were not allowed on board ship with troops, Mrs. Penrose was left in Newport, with the understanding that her husband was to send for her; but he died on the voyage, or soon after reaching England. The British government paid her a pension regularly for sixty years. She died in 1848. Rosalia, who never married, died in 1845, at the age of eighty-five years. They rest in one grave.

Mary Cowley, the mother of Rosalia, Mrs. Tyrrell, and Mrs. Penrose, lived on Church Street, and there kept a public hall, in which were held those delightful entertainments that were given during the time the French were on the island, when Washington and Rochambeau and the young French officers danced with the lovely girls and dames of Newport. When the British were here it was called the "Crown Coffee House." But some of the family, particularly Mrs. Penrose, always spoke of it as "Dunbarton Castle." To the old place she was strongly attached in her declining years, and it would have broken her heart if she had thought the time would come when it would be razed and carted off for firewood.

Within the church there are a number of monuments. On one side of the chancel there is one to the memory of Rev. Marmaduke Browne, who was rector of the parish at the time of his death, in 1771. On the opposite side of the chancel there

is one to Rev. Salmon Wheaton, D. D., who was the rector during a period of thirty years, and his wife, who was the sister of Bishop Dehon of South Carolina. On one of the side walls there is a tablet to the memory of Commodore Oliver H. Perry, U. S. N., placed there in 1855 by his widow "as a mark of her continued respect for his memory." It is over the family pew. Other tablets are to the memory of Mrs. William Atherton, Jamaica, W. I., who died in 1785; and Georgina Clarke, only daughter of the late Duncan C. Pell. Still another records that Thomas and Elizabeth Wickham, "during a happy union of fifty years, worshipped in this sanctuary and walked in all the ordinances and commands of God." Mrs. Wickham was the daughter of Governor Joseph Wanton.

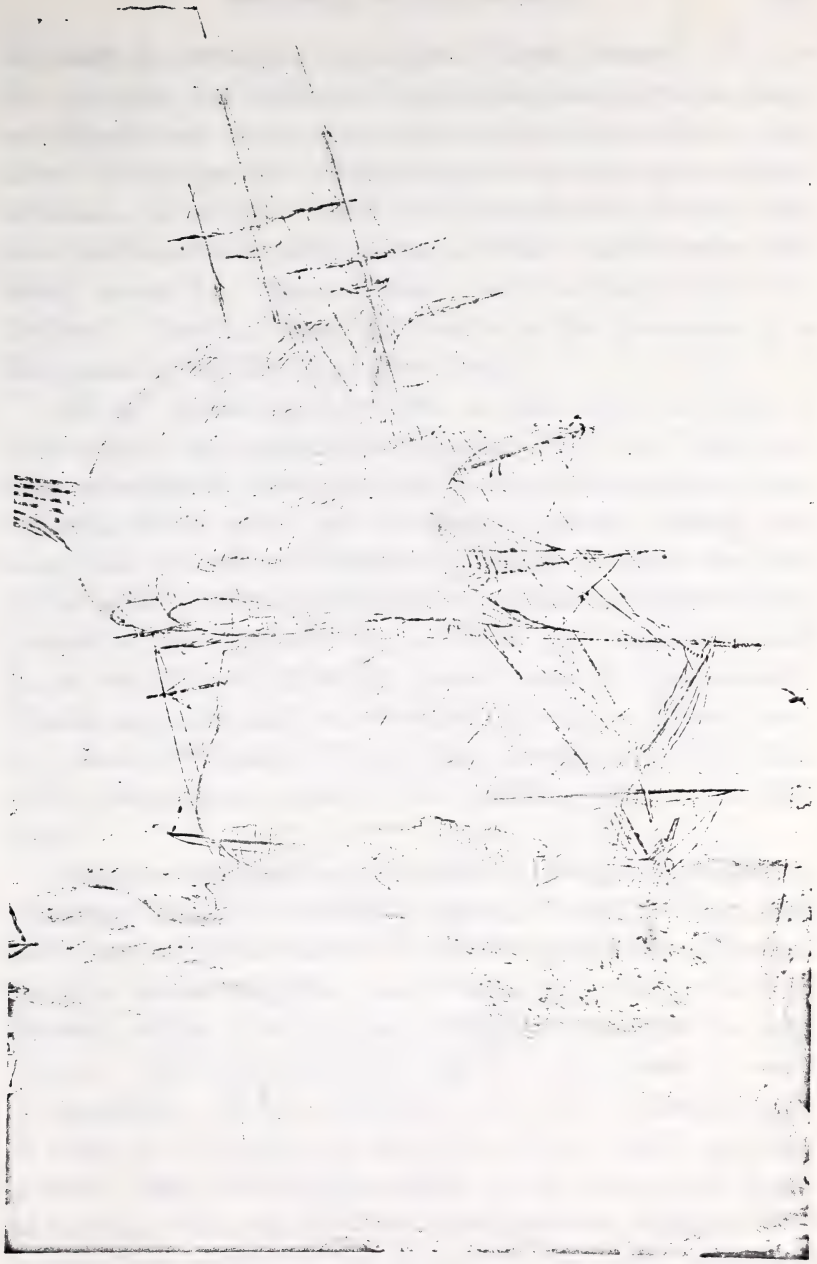
The remains of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner, who died in 1786, were buried under the church. He was the son of William Gardiner, of South Kingston, and brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. McSparran. In early life he was sent to England and France, where he was educated as a physician; and on his return he settled in Boston. He became an accomplished physician and surgeon, and was successful as a lecturer on subjects connected with his profession. A loyalist, his property was confiscated. Upon the conclusion of peace he returned to America, — for he had been in England during the war, — here resumed the practice of medicine, and made the place his home during the rest of his days.

Heithcote Muirson, of Fairfield, Conn., died here July 27, 1781, at the age of twenty-six years, of wounds received in the excursion of our allies to Long Island, and was buried in these grounds; but no stone marks the grave. He was of a respectable family on Long Island, and full of zeal for the cause; served as a volunteer, and was in the thickest of the strife. His remains were followed to the grave by the best citizens of the place, with many of the French officers, and were interred with military honors.

XLIV.

MICHELE FELICE CORNE.

IN 1799 an Italian painter named Michele Felice Cornè found his way to this country, where, in course of time, he met with no little success in his calling, though his name does not appear in Dunlap's "History of the Arts in America" nor in any other like work, except the "Naval Monument." He was not an artist, and made no claim to distinction of that kind. He was, in fact, a decorative painter, but one of more than ordinary aptitude, and a man of a good deal of intelligence. Of his early life we know nothing but what he has himself told. By birth he was a Neapolitan, and was drafted into the army raised to repel the attack of the French on Naples. With but little taste for arms, he yet made his way to the rank of captain; but, dissatisfied with his position at home and disgusted with his enforced service, he fled his country, and took passage on board the ship "Mount Vernon," having been invited to do so by the late General Derby of Salem. When he landed in Salem he was without resources, and was ignorant of the language. But grateful for his reception and free passage, says a son of General Derby, "he painted a goodly number of pictures



SHIP MOUNT VERNON.
From a Fresco by Corné.

in which he introduced his favorite 'Mount Vernon.' In one he represents her battle with the African corsair, whose colors are struck and whose mast and lateen sail have fallen on her crew; in another she is convoying her squadron up the Mediterranean; in another I think she is keeping up a running fight with the French sloop-of-war, some of whose double-headed shot which struck the 'Mount Vernon' were the playthings of my boyhood. One of these pictures is in the possession of a descendant of the family in New York."

Art was indeed at a low ebb in those days, and may be said to have just appeared in America. The New York Academy was organized about this time, — 1803, — and whatever interest was shown in art was confined to portrait painting, and even that interest was limited to pictures in which the head of the owner played a prominent part. As late as 1800 Smibert's portrait of Dean Berkeley surrounded by his family was found in an out-of-the-way place in a small town in Massachusetts, injured, neglected, and unappreciated. It was a chance discovery, made by President Drake, who, through the kindly office of Dr. Waterhouse, secured it for a trifling sum for Yale College.

Stuart at this time had won renown through his portrait of Washington, and had plenty of orders; Fulton had put aside the brush, which he handled at best but indifferently, to experiment on steam navigation; and Dunlap was dividing his time between writing poor plays and filling chance orders for miniatures. Trumbull, dissatisfied with his position and the want of appreciation by his countrymen, had gone to England, only to return in a few years to paint the pictures which gave him a name. Peale was studying abroad; Jarvis, not so well known as at a later date, had more time for the pranks which he loved to play than occupation for his pencil; and Sully, who could

get nothing to do, was glad, years afterward, to become Jarvis's assistant. There was no sale worth mentioning for pictures, and if orders were given for portraits it was to men who were already widely known. Cornè did no portrait painting, or was not enough of a master of the art to follow it as a profession. His own portrait, now in the Redwood Library, is said to be by himself, but one has only to compare it with some of his known works to be convinced that he was not equal to such a performance. The drawing is good, but the figures and heads in Cornè's works are always very faulty.

If there were no sales for works of art, neither were there many calls for fresco painting, which was unknown in this country save to those who had been abroad, and the number of such connoisseurs was then comparatively small. As for scene painting, there were painters enough to meet all demands of this kind; indeed, many of the young artists were glad from time to time to secure employment in this way. There was, then, but one other field open to Cornè, that of ornamental sign painting — not ornamental lettering, but the painting of emblematic signs, such as "The Blue Mug," "The Boar's Head," or "The Sachem," which were then very popular, but have since gone out of use. These, with a few stencil patterns on walls in the form of frets and vines for borders, embraced all that was required of the decorator, and all that came between house painting and portraiture.

Cornè, however, was not disposed to stand idle in the market-place. Finding but a limited field for his pencil in Salem, he removed to Boston, where he was occasionally called upon to decorate interiors in his best manner. The walls of the Hancock house were painted by him, and he had probably other like orders, one of them taking him as far as Providence, where he decorated the Sullivan Dorr house. I believed he worked

also in other houses during his stay there. His custom was not to paint directly on the wall, but to cover the whole surface with wide strips of white paper, joining the edges neatly and putting it on like ordinary wall paper. On this he first sketched his subject in charcoal and lead-pencil, and then washed it in with water-colors, using in the foreground opaque colors laid on with size, which gave his work more body than he could secure in any other way. He had for an assistant a Bolognese named Bottomore, to whom he became attached, and with whom he lived during the remainder of his life, —"Billy," as the old man loved to call him, eventually inheriting his property. Bottomore was a confectioner and not a painter, but under the instruction of Cornè he could wash in certain parts of the work, mix the colors, clean the brushes, and make himself generally useful. When not employed more profitably, Cornè filled up his leisure moments in drawing ships and marine views, which he painted with a good deal of effect. He was very successful with his ships, which he depicted in every possible shape with an accuracy that made them popular in a maritime community, — his taste, strengthened during his voyage across the Atlantic, having been kept alive by his residence on the seacoast.

But the quiet that had reigned in the country for a brief period was disturbed by the breaking out of the war with

Great Britain, and a hasty preparation for action. Ships were quickly fitted out and sent to sea; then came the naval combats of 1812–13, electrifying all classes of citizens; the country was wild with excitement, and in no place was there greater enthusiasm than in Boston. This was the turning-point in Cornè's career — the opening that was to give him remunerative employment, and pave the way to a competence for his declining days. Quickly seizing a broad canvas, — as large as he could conveniently get into an exhibition-room, — he dashed off a picture of the combat between the "Constitution" and the "Guerrière" with a striking effect, free from all unnecessary details, but accurate enough to bear the criticisms of nautical men who flocked to see it. The success of the exhibition led him to paint the "Boarding of the Frolic," and the "Surrender of the Java to the Constitution" — scenes vividly portrayed and hailed with acclamation. Other pictures followed: The "Hornet sinking the Peacock;" the "United States and Macedonian;" two pictures of the "Battle of Lake Erie;" with others, all drawn with the same vigor, and meeting the approval of those critics for whom they were designed. The pictures of Perry's victory were surprisingly correct in point of the relative size and position of the vessels engaged in the battle, showing that, before painting, the artist must have conversed with persons who witnessed the scene.

Cornè's hands were now full, and he was reaping golden returns. Others were making something by catering to the public taste, but in a different way. Every allusion on the stage to the triumph of our arms, every song that turned on a naval fight, was received with unbounded applause. The confectioners, not to be behind-hand in their enthusiasm, got up candy representations of the several combats as ornaments for the dinner table, and these were duplicated until a "Constitu-

tion and Guerrière" became a standard centre-piece at both public and private entertainments.

The publishers, too, were alive to the situation, and availed themselves of the opportunity to turn a penny. Abel C. Bowen, an engraver residing in Boston, was cognizant of the success that had attended Cornè's exhibition, and soon entered into an arrangement with him by which they were both to be benefited. Bowen was to compile a book, giving a full account of the

naval combats that had made such an impression on the public mind, and Cornè was to furnish the designs to illustrate it.

Bowen, as I have said, was an engraver on wood, and it has been reported that he introduced the art of wood-engraving into Boston. This is untrue. Nathaniel Dearborn practised it there in 1811, whereas Bowen did not begin the business in that city till 1812. Bowen, however, became very expert. Some of his engravings have much of the spirit and character of the art of the present day, while his contemporary in New York, Dr. Alexander Anderson, was merely imitating the style of Bewick, which style he retained through life. Bowen was the teacher

of Alonzo Hartwell, who practised the art in Boston very skilfully. Bowen and Hartwell were the only wood engravers in Boston for many years.

In 1816 Bowen's book, now very rare, and to be found only in the hands of collectors, was published in Boston. It purported to contain the most correct and authentic account of the naval engagements of the few preceding years, drawn from various sources, but chiefly from the Baltimore "Weekly Register," in which sheet a large space was devoted to naval matters. The frontispiece is wholly allegorical, and, woven in with cannon, shot, and mortars, there is a scroll containing the memorable words of Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." The illustrations, with the exception of the return of the squadron from the Mediterranean, under Bainbridge, the capture of the "Macedonian," and the fight between the "Peacock" and "Epervier," were by Cornè. The plates were as follows: "The Escape of the Constitution from a British Squadron;" "The Constitution bearing down to engage the Guerrière;" "The Constitution in close action with the Guerrière;" "The Wasp boarding the Frolic;" "The United States and Macedonian;" "The Java surrendering to the Constitution;" "The Hornet blockading the Bonne Citoyenne;" "The Chesapeake and Shannon;" "The Hornet sinking the Peacock;" "The Enterprise and the Boxer;" two views of the "Battle of Lake Erie," and a "Key;" "Capture of the Essex;" "The Peacock and Epervier;" "The Wasp and Reindeer;" "The Wasp and Avon;" "Commodore McDonough's Victory;" "The President engaging the Endymion;" "The Constitution taking the Cyane and Levant;" "The Hornet and Penguin;" "The Hornet escaping from a British Seventy-four," and "The United States squadron on the home voyage, after concluding peace at Algiers."

The designs for the prints of the "Capture of the Macedonian," and the "Combat between the Peacock and Epervier," were from the pencil of Thomas Birch, a marine painter of some celebrity. He was born in England in 1794, came to this country when seven years old, and early developed a talent for marine painting. Many of the naval battles of the war of 1812 were painted by him in a manner which gave great satisfaction to his patrons; and before his engagement with Bowen he had painted a "Constitution and Guerrière" for James Webster, a Philadelphia publisher, who brought out a popular print of it.

Cornè's pictures were exhibited as long as they would hold together. They were all painted in distemper and with but indifferent materials. By the time they were worn out the public interest in them had abated; and finding that a further attempt in the same line would not be likely to succeed, he had the good sense to give over and withdraw from the field. His success had been greater than the most sanguine mind could have anticipated. Having settled his affairs in Boston he left that city for a more quiet and retired residence and found his way to Newport, arriving here in 1822. Liking the place, he soon purchased a piece of ground bounded by three streets, one of which now bears his name. There was a stable on the premises, and this he fashioned, at a moderate outlay, into a dwelling-house. The front room was set apart for a shop, in which Bottomore displayed his confectionery and sold it to small traders; but the calls were light, and the demands of the shop were not exacting.

Here Cornè lived at his ease during the remainder of his days. Fond of company, a great talker, and a good story-teller, he was always well received. One of his best stories was at his own expense — a recital, in broken English, of his experience in the Neapolitan army when his regiment was brought

face to face with Napoleon's troops. All the movements of the opposing forces were acted out, greatly to the amusement of his hearers. "We were all well dressed," he used to say, "and marched very fine, in bright uniforms, to the music of the band. As we came up we fired away, shooting down the ragged Frenchmen; but when one fell another stepped into his place, and still we kept firing. By and by the French fire like one big gun; at dat we run. By gar! I run t'ree miles." This final ejaculation was given with an earnestness that called forth shouts of laughter from all who heard it. At last it was difficult to get the old man to tell the story, for he suspected that his hearers were laughing more at his want of pluck than at his amusing narrative.

In 1830 Cornè was induced to buy an annuity; to this end, in July of that year, he deposited with the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company the sum of $1,570, the company agreeing to pay him $100 every six months during the remainder of his natural life. He was then in his seventy-third year. The first payment was made on the 8th of January, 1831, and the last in 1845, the year of his death, he having received in all $3,000. This the old man enjoyed excessively, for he was keenly alive to the disappointment and surprise of the company, as year by year they were called upon to make a further payment; and when he received his check he used to say, with his

wheezy voice, and a laugh that almost choked him: "De prezzedent, he say he very glad I so well, but I know he lie all de time; he no know how much macaroni, how much oil, how much tomato I eat. My grandfather die when he one hundred, my father when he one hundred and two, and I — I live forever!" He was the first person in Newport to eat tomatoes. Before his advent here those vegetables were looked upon as poisonous.

"There," he says, "is that potato; he grows in the dark, or in the damp cellar with his pale, lank roots; he has no flavor; he lives under ground. But the tomato, he grows in the sunshine; he has a fine rosy color, an exquisite flavor; he is wholesome; and when he is put in the soup, you relish him and leave nothing in the plate."

There was no employment in Newport for Cornè's pencil, — not a picture to paint, not a wall to decorate. In the full vigor of his manhood, when he arrived here, flushed with his recent success, he could hardly content himself to live in idleness. "Billy" divided his time between the shop and his rod and gun, and with the latter implements kept their larder stocked with fish and game; and the old man, ambitious to be doing something, essayed to paint again, selecting for that purpose parts of his house. On the walls of the hall until lately could be seen traces of his pencil, including a bust of Washington, badly drawn, and showing that the same hand could not have painted the portrait in the Redwood Library.

In his room over the shop, with its pleasant southwest outlook across the garden, the town, and the harbor, he gave freedom to his pencil, and what he painted there remains until within a year or two, when much of it was carefully taken off and will now be preserved. It is soiled and faded, to be sure, but vivid enough to illustrate his method, his

fondness for ships, and his defects in drawing. In this room he passed much of his time in his declining days, and here he finally closed his eyes to earthly scenes, having attained the age of fourscore and eight years. If the human mind at the close of life is prone to recall the scenes of earlier years, how vividly these pictured walls must have brought back to him the days of his youth! How easily in his half-conscious moments he must have transported himself to rocky promontories, capped by ruins centuries old; to mountain streams spanned by bridges, moss-grown and weather-stained; to the blue Mediterranean, dotted with high-pooped ships, so different from the clippers of to-day. Here are rustic figures that at such times must have appeared to him as real as life — women in peasant garb, hanging out the washing in front of their doors, and a fisherman plying his calling with a net of a fashion that may be traced back to the pictured walls of Thebes, and still be seen on every stream and estuary of Southern Italy. But the time came when the scene must change. Life had passed easily with him — not luxuriously, for he had no luxuries — but devoid of want. In the early morning and evening he delighted in his garden, and at table he enjoyed his forty-cent bottle of Catalonia, his macaroni, and, in their season, his favorite tomatoes. Contented with these comforts, and smiling to think how many years he had drawn his annuity, he quietly passed away, respected by all who knew him in the home of his adoption.

The silhouette at the head of this chapter was cut a few years before Cornè died; the cuts are reduced copies of his own drawings, and the full page, "Mount Vernon," is from a fresco that he painted in his own house.

XLV.

YELLOW WARE.

IF the tiles and china imported by the people of New England a century or more ago have been found worthy of mention, something might also be said of the old Liverpool ware that at one time was in common use, and which now, from its rarity, is prized by collectors. The favorite shape in which it was imported was that of pitchers, and of these there was a great variety. The most highly esteemed are known as Washington pitchers, and the next in rank are the sailor pitchers. The former command extravagant prices, and the latter are not easily to be had on any reasonable terms. They were made in Liverpool, and from Liverpool the ware properly takes its name; but it was better known in the olden times as "yellow ware," from the fact that it is not so clear and white as china. Its very imperfection seems to have given it a value in the eyes of seafaring men, who, when in Liverpool, uniformly invested their surplus money in it.

But Jack did not spend his money blindly, for he took the deepest interest in the designs that were to decorate the pitchers he had ordered, and every device was subjected to the closest scrutiny. In one instance the design would be patriotic, in another sentimental; but whatever the selection, he always had the initials or the Christian name of his wife or sweetheart worked in with his own, together with emblematic signs, Masonic, maritime, or connubial. On one side, at least,

there was a full-rigged ship, with the homeward-bound pennant floating from the mast. And here Jack was critical to a degree that made it necessary for the designer to be expert in such matters, for no slovenly-rigged ship, no work of a landsman or novice would pass muster; every shroud and every stay must be in its place to make the picture acceptable. The portrait on the other side, or under the nose, might lack artistic qualities, but the ship had to be perfect from truck to keelson.

In shape these pitchers resemble a watermelon truncated. They are furnished with a generous but sharp-pointed nose, and the handles are often scrolled or twisted.

Long before the present passion for pottery and porcelain began, a few persons in Newport, appreciating the peculiar qualities of this ware, picked up a piece here and there, intending to make collections, but they soon found that it was no easy matter to induce those persons who had specimens to part with them. The manner in which they were held — many of them were the gifts of husband, brother, or lover — made the owners tenacious, and few persons were willing to exchange possessions of this kind for money. Old "Ingee chany" could be had for the asking; but "mother's pitcher, that grandfather brought home from Liverpool on his first v'y'ge," was held sacred. In one collection in Newport there are ten of these pitchers, and as they are all fine specimens, and moreover each has something of interest connected with it, I may properly refer to them in detail.

The first one in the cabinet has a full-rigged man-of-war on one side, and on the other "Sweet William" presses "Black-eyed Susan" to his heart, while in the offing one sees the ship in which he is to sail. It is conjectured that this pitcher dates from 1776. It was obtained at an old farmhouse, in

which the childless owner had died at an advanced age; but beyond this its history is not known. Pitchers of a like description have been traced back to that period. The next is probably as old. It is adorned with butterflies and other insects floating in the air, which appear to be hand-painted, and then fired to fix the glaze. On another pitcher a good sea-captain has had his arms emblazoned, with the figure-head of his ship, the "Mount Hope," surrounded by a garland of wheat, roses, and poppies. Not a warlike emblem appears in the device; but he has not forgotten to introduce the arms of his native State. The next pitcher is the very opposite of this, and fairly bristles with the implements of war; while from under the spout, which in pitchers appears to be the poet's corner, we find these lines: —

"When this you see
Pray think of me,
And keep me in your mind.
Let all the world
Say what they will,
Think of me as you find."

Below the handle the favorite posy is tucked. This posy is a pink, and it is almost always to be found on sailor pitchers.

The Washington pitchers are of a much later date, and were not always obtained from Liverpool by the sailors. Many were made to order and imported by dealers in Philadelphia, who supplied the trade. But they were no less interesting, and are by no means common; indeed, a large price is often paid for a good specimen. In form they are nothing more than an ordinary cider pitcher. There are four of these pitchers in the above-mentioned collection. The first has on one side a ribbon scroll with the names of fifteen States, which fixes its date before 1796, the year when Tennessee came into the Union. These names form a circle, in which there are some doggerel lines to Liberty, who is supported

by Justice. On the reverse there is a medallion portrait, intended to be that of Washington; but it is so like the head of old Admiral Rodney that the owner, to show the resemblance, has placed a little bust of the admiral by its side. "My favorite son," exclaims Liberty, pointing to the medallion, while Justice adds: "Deafness to the ear that will patiently hear, and dumbness to the tongue that will utter a calumny against the immortal Washington!"

This is the smallest Washington pitcher I have ever seen. It measures a little less than eight inches in height. The others are from eight and a half to ten inches in height, and some of the sailor pitchers are twelve inches.

On another pitcher Washington and Franklin are inspecting a map of the United States, which shows thirteen States. Liberty and History look smilingly upon the pair, while Fame blows a trumpet and flourishes her heels in dangerous proximity to Washington's head, who is the more prominent of the two, Franklin being screened in part by the pine-tree flag.

There are two pitchers embellished with the apotheosis of Washington. A melancholy pair of weeping-willows bend over a tomb, upon which there is a medallion portrait of Washington, with his coat-of-arms on a shield below. America weeps in the foreground, and the eagle bows its head in silent grief. That there may be no mistake about the weeping, we have below the figure these words: "America in Tears." But far above, where the rays of the sun gleam, the line "Washington in Glory!" stands out in bold relief. These pitchers have each the old American coat-of-arms, on which the eagle looks more like a spatch-cock chicken than the bird we now are accustomed to see figured. The obverse of the apotheosis presents a curious plan of the city of Washington, and beneath the spout are seen the names of the joint owners of the pitchers, who at the time—

1800 — were leading merchants in New York. One of the pitchers was given to a lad, and it was in his possession when he died a few years ago, then more than eighty years of age. His widow, who was needy, parted with it for a consideration, arguing that with the money she could erect a stone to his memory, and that after her death there would be no one to care for the pitcher which had so long had a place on her dresser. The other passed through several hands, and at last was given to the present owner.

The last of the yellow pitchers in this collection is of a later date — as late as 1813 or 1814. The form is different, and it is by no means so graceful as the earlier pattern. On one of its rounded sides there is a picture of the fight between the "Constitution" and the "Guerrière," and on the other of the battle between the "Constitution" and the "Java." This pitcher was formerly owned by one of the leading families in the State, and the present owner has it mounted on a pedestal made in part of a piece of the old "Ironsides," which, in turn, encloses an autograph of Bainbridge, placed there with the hope and belief that some day the autograph of Hull will be added to it.

Pitchers of this class were made in Liverpool for the American market, and it must have been galling to the workmen in the potteries to make wares designed to perpetuate the memory of their country's defeat and the trailing of her flag. But there was profit in the trade, and this outweighed the other consideration.

A yellow pitcher, owned by Mrs. R. J. Taylor, which has been handed down for several generations, has these lines encircled by a garland: —

> "As he tills your rich glebe the old peasant shall tell,
> While his bosom with liberty glows,
> How your Warren expired, how Montgomery fell,
> And how Washington humbled your foes."

In the border we have the American flag and fifteen stars, which fixes the date before 1796; and under the nose are these words: "From Isaac Howland, Jr., to Isaac Howland, Sr."

Dr. A. P. Baker has some good specimens of old Liverpool ware. One piece is unique — a beer mug, on which is painted "An East View of Liverpool Lighthouse and Signals." This is in Roman letters, and below it and around the mug the signals are arranged in colors, the lighthouse having a prominent place in the centre. Each flag is numbered, and below there is a key, which must have been of service to the mariner who had such a mug in his locker. On each side of the handle there is the customary posy.

Another mug in Dr. Baker's collection is adorned with Masonic emblems, and a third was evidently made for the English market, for it is embellished with a caricature of Napoleon, who is represented standing with one foot on the map of Germany, and the other, which he has just put down on British territory, has been cut off by John Bull, who exclaims, "I ax pardon, Master Boney, but as we say Pares of Pompey, we keep this spot to ourselves. You must not dance here, Master Boney." The latter replies, in a burst of indignation, "You tam John Bull, you have spoil my dance, you have ruin my projects!"

There is one other piece of yellow ware in this collection that should be mentioned — a pitcher of the class held in high esteem by sailors. On one side a band of jovial tars are carousing around a table. On the other we have the parting scene between Jack and his sweetheart. Her dress is not exactly suited to her station, and his costume is decidedly Oriental; but in such matters they were neither of them very critical. Jack is pointing to his ship, which is close at hand; and as Poll wipes away the unbidden tears that dim her sight, he addresses to her the lines under the figures, which close with the couplet: —

"For, d' ye see, a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

To make this more literal, a cherub, a plump, rosy little fellow, is seated on the main truck, waving the British flag.

A Masonic pitcher, owned by Mr. Mauran, has, beside the customary emblems, these lines: —

"The world is in pain,
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on,
For they ne'er can divine
The WORD nor the SIGN
Of a Free and Accepted Mason."

The custom of having pieces of crockery made to mark some prominent event was brought down to within a period of fifty years. One of the latest specimens is a pitcher in very ordinary Liverpool ware, which has on one side, with a portrait of Lafayette, this inscription: "In commemoration of the visit of General LaFayette to the United States of America in 1824." Around the wreath are the words, "Fayette, the Nation's Guest." On the same pitcher there is also a head of Washington, and below a spread eagle placed under the nose we have the terse sentence, "Republicans are not always ungrateful."

Plates, dishes, pitchers, etc., of this ware are now eagerly sought after, and the houses of many old New England towns have been ransacked for them. Even the Block Islanders have been interviewed on this subject, and although at first sight that isolated spot may have appeared unpromising to collectors of bric-a-brac, it proved rich in delft and old china. The enterprise of first explorers was well repaid, but later seekers have had to pay good sums for everything obtained there, and specimens now owned on the island are held at fabulous prices.

XLVI.

OLD CHINA.

IN earlier years the people of Newport were largely engaged in the India trade, and rarely did a vessel sail for Canton without taking out orders for dinner, tea, and breakfast sets. Not only the owners sent out orders for themselves and their friends, but the officers and crews invested in such wares, and in time India china became so common that it was used alike in kitchen and parlor. Many of the specimens that have been preserved are associated with some vessel or captain — perhaps with both. Mr. William C. Townsend has a punch-bowl that was brought out by Captain Jacob Smith, of the "Semiramis," a ship which on her home voyage in 1804, after an absence of three years, was lost on Nantucket Shoals. Of her cargo, valued at three hundred thousand dollars, but little was saved; but the captain brought off his punch-bowl, which for many years did service in Townsend's Coffee House, then the only inn of any moment in Newport. The bowl is remarkable for its dimensions. It is twenty-two inches in diameter and nine inches high, and holds eight gallons. The decorations consist of the usual combinations of gold and blue enamel, with stars set in the border — the style so often adopted when filling foreign orders. On the sides there are large medallions, figure subjects, so very European that at first one is inclined to question their origin;

but a slight examination will show that although they were undoubtedly taken from French prints sent out to Canton, the painting was done there, for all the figures have almond-shaped eyes and other characteristics of the Chinese. The bowl is perfect, and its ring is as clear and musical as a bell.

Another piece of china associated with a vessel is owned by Mrs. Birckhead, and was formerly owned by her grandfather. It is a quart mug, bearing on one side the picture of a full-rigged ship, very highly finished in black and gold, with the flags in blue and white and red. Color has been introduced in the water, and quite successfully, life and transparency having been transmitted to the waves. This mug is part of a set made in Canton and presented to William T. Robinson by some of the captains in his employ, he having been largely engaged in navigation. The ship is a picture of the "Ontario," one of his vessels, which was lost in the last century in the Straits of Billiton on a homeward voyage.

These old pieces of china often become very precious in the eyes of their owners. I have seen a cup and saucer which a sailor brought home for his wife; but during his absence death had claimed her. Stunned by the blow, he had scarcely entered the port ere he turned back to sea, taking the cup and saucer with him; for he would not allow them to pass out of his possession, nor was the package opened during his lifetime. After his death they were found in his chest, still in the wrappings in which they had been packed in Canton.

Tales like this are not uncommon. Many years ago a sailor lad brought home to his betrothed a pair of pitchers. At the end of his next voyage the young couple were to be married; but the ship never returned, and he was never heard from. The years that have since rolled by have turned the brown locks of the maiden to silvery gray, but her love has never

changed, and there on the shelf in her humble home, where her lover placed them, still stand the two pitchers.

Let me pause a moment to recite another tale, of like import, though it has nothing to do with old china. It relates to Betsey Coddington, whose love was so pure, so true and abiding, that, when death robbed her of the object of her affection reason forsook her. Who had won her regard I never knew. The evidence that she loved him is found in the story of her life. Often have I seen her on the street, dressed, so far as her limited means would allow, as a bride, smiling and happy in the consciousness that she was ready to meet the bridegroom — her veil of spotless white, her delicate gloves and ribbons, her flowing curls and bright cheeks, and her face wreathed with smiles and pleasing anticipations. The sorrow to-day at his delay in coming only gave zest to the expectations of the morrow. Thus years passed on — years that robbed her frame of its elasticity, her eye of its fire, her cheek of its bloom; the little money that she had was spent; the old house on Thames Street, in which she long had lived alone, no longer afforded a shelter even for one whose wants were so few; and, lacking both the means of support and the ability to care for herself, a place was found for her in the Asylum. There, in the room assigned to her, she hung the portrait of her ancestor, the founder of the colony, and with it his ancient coat-of-arms. These were her treasures, the only earthly things that gave her pleasure. Fondly she gazed upon them, now that she could no longer dress to meet the bridegroom; and when death, which had so robbed her in her youth, drew nigh, she had the portrait hung at the foot of her bed, where her eye could rest upon it to the end. It was thus that she passed away — the last member of a family identified with the history of Rhode Island and of religious liberty. The portrait and the coat-of-

arms, after the death of Betsey, were placed on the walls of the City Hall, where it is to be hoped they will long be kept from harm. The story of Betsey Coddington has been told in verse by Governor Van Zandt, whose graceful pen we wish was oftener employed in this way.

It is said by Watson, in his Annals of Philadelphia, that the first china that came direct from Canton to this country was brought out by one Captain Green, who sailed from New York in 1784, and returned in May, 1785.

Frequently in ordering china, in simple pieces or in sets, a monogram or some other device was sent out to be put upon the ware in gold or colors. Some of these devices are very elaborate; others are curious and hard to understand. Sometimes the treatment of well-known subjects is ludicrous. In the Crooke family there is still preserved a set of china, comprising a teapot and cups and saucers, on which the "Judgment of Paris" is painted in the strongest colors. Cupid, who is not the least conspicuous of the figures, stands with outstretched arms, while flames of fire issue from his open hands. Devices of almost all kinds are to be met with. I have a cup very beautifully painted, and also decorated with gold. In a wreath there is a monogram, "R. G. B.," the initials of some old New York family. The figure of Justice stands on one side of the wreath, and that of Liberty on the other. On the wreath there is a beehive, surmounted by a dove holding a spray, while below the wreath there are two shields and the motto "Excelsior" on a ribbon. Of the history of this cup I know nothing that can be relied upon; that it was painted in Canton no one who has seen it will question.

Here I should say that it was the custom in the latter part of the last century (a custom which has come down to within a period of fifty years) for young married persons, or friends who intended to make a present to a young couple, to send out to

Canton for their table service. Their monogram was inscribed in gold on each piece, sometimes within an oval, but often on an escutcheon, backed by an ermine mantle, surmounted by a wreath, on which were a pair of doves. It has been erroneously supposed that this device was an armorial bearing. The combination was the accident of the moment, and is of European origin. The Chinese, finding it popular, often repeated it, hence the number of specimens that are to be found, the only variation being in the monogram. The Chinese, when painting for foreigners, used any design that came in their way, and we often see rural scenes and fox-hunts portrayed on punch-bowls and pitchers in glaring colors. But there is no extravagance in design or colors in wares painted for their own use. Their colors, as a general thing, are beautiful, and nothing can exceed the exquisite, gem-like qualities of their enamels, their yellows, light greens, rose color, and turquoise. The bird of paradise is resplendent when portrayed by the Chinese, and the flowers that come from their hand, though flat, are full of life and character, showing what fine effects may be obtained without relief, or any of the aids that Europeans deem essential to the proper handling of one's colors. To this more attention is now paid, and to the Japanese we begin to look for qualities in art that till within a few years were new to us.

To know and appreciate the old china of Newport one must go, I might almost say, literally from door to door and examine it piecemeal, for there are comparatively few collections of it that embrace more than two or three plates, a few cups and saucers, a pitcher or two, and perhaps a punch-bowl. But many of these are connected in some way with the families that own them. There are fine collections here, the work of a lifetime, on which large sums have been lavished for specimens gathered in many lands; but I am now writing of old china identified with Newport,

and which, if it has not always remained in the families where it first did service, has not been allowed to leave the island.

The largest and altogether the most perfect set of old china in Newport with which I am familiar is owned by Mr. George A. Richmond, who inherited it in a direct line. It is the brown and gold pattern, with a medallion and a monogram on each piece. The covers of the pitchers are surmounted by the griffin, which in itself gives the set value, and the handles are flowered. This is a full dinner set, one that has been in use for three generations, and embraces a tureen, platters and vegetable dishes of all sizes, the latter with covers; fruit dishes, salt cellars, soup plates, and plates of different sizes; and notwithstanding the breakage in times past, the dinner plates and soup plates are still numbered by dozens. Here, too, may be seen specimens of rare old china in colors, two hundred years old, with others not so old, but distinguished for their brilliancy; and, what is somewhat remarkable, there are but few, if any, pieces that are cracked or broken.

Mr. James E. Mauran has collected many interesting specimens of old china, glass, and pottery; he has a number of pieces of old Canton china with the initials "M. W." on them. What name do these letters stand for? Is it Martha Washington, Mary Wickham, or Mary, the wife of Governor Wanton? Who can tell? In the same cabinet there is a "toby," or beer-mug, known to have belonged to Mary Wickham; a punch-bowl with rustic figures in colors, described in an inventory dated 1788 as "a large chany bowl of about three quarts," and a rare china plate, a "Ming," one of six that were left, years ago, to an old resident of Newport. With these pieces there are parts of a set of Copenhagen ware, presented in 1775 to Captain William Engs of this place by the merchants of Copenhagen, in recognition of some service he had rendered them. A cream-colored bowl of French manufacture, decorated with roses and tulips — once

part of a set taken from a prize captured by a Rhode Island colonial privateer — and a small china tray, on which there is a cenotaph of Washington, and the initials "I. R. S." in gold and bistre.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Van Zandt have a great deal of rare and beautiful china, including a double set of the old India willow pattern, edged with gold. Much of this china came down from Governor William Bradford, and other choice bits belonged to Governor Charles Collins. One beautiful tea set is associated with the name of Washington, for it was on the table at which Mrs. Bradford presided when the general was a guest at the Bradford mansion. With the above there is a pair of porcelain vases that Madison is known to have brought out with him from France; an exquisite china tankard, adorned with a full-rigged ship, once owned by William T. Robinson, grandson of Governor William, almost worth its weight in gold, so beautifully is it wrought; parts of sets rich in color and enamels, and bits of glass that might almost make one envious. To this list a great deal might be added. Mrs. James Birckhend has, in addition to her Robinson china, that antedates the Revolution, a number of the Malbone plates, and a punch-bowl that once belonged to Governor Brown, of Narragansett. And Dr. William Argyle Watson has also fine specimens of old china that came down to him from his ancestors, well preserved and an ornament to his sideboard. If I were to enumerate all the fine bits that are to be seen here, the list in itself would form a catalogue.

In looking up this matter of old china many striking incidents which will bear repeating have been brought to light. Here is one of them.

At a table covered with rare old china and equally beautiful silver, both dating from the last century, my attention was drawn to the cover of a mustard pot, singular in design and of curious

workmanship — so curious that I asked for its history, which, so far as known, is as follows: —

Years ago an African came to Newport and called on a number of persons, soliciting money to enable him to pursue his studies in America. In this house he was aided. While he told his tale he was listened to by a little girl, who became interested, and when about to leave he turned to her and added that on reaching his own country again he would send her a package of seeds and bulbs from Africa. Years passed, and he was forgotten by all but the girl, who believed that some day the seeds and bulbs would come; and when a friend of hers, an officer in the navy, was about to sail for the coast, she laughingly gave him the name of the African, with a request that he should look him up and remind him of his promise. Years rolled on, and the girl had grown to womanhood, when the officer returned, bringing with him a present from her friend, whom he had met, and to whom he gave her message. The African had sent the seeds, he said, and also a paper containing his maiden speech, which he hoped had reached her; and as a further evidence that he retained pleasant memories of his visit to Newport he sent a ring, which was given her when the ship returned. The ring, which is of silver, he added, was of native workmanship, "a fighting-ring, one that had been owned and worn by a Nubian prince," and he hoped she would value it for the giver's sake. Ten more years rolled by when the man again called at the house. His benefactor was dead, but the owner of the ring was there, and after the first greeting he said he hoped his present entrusted to the officer had reached her hand, and also the seeds and paper. The paper she had received and she produced the ring, but the seeds had never come to light. Here the narrator lost sight of him, and all she could add was that before leaving town he called on the mother of the naval officer he had known on the coast, describing him and his ship with

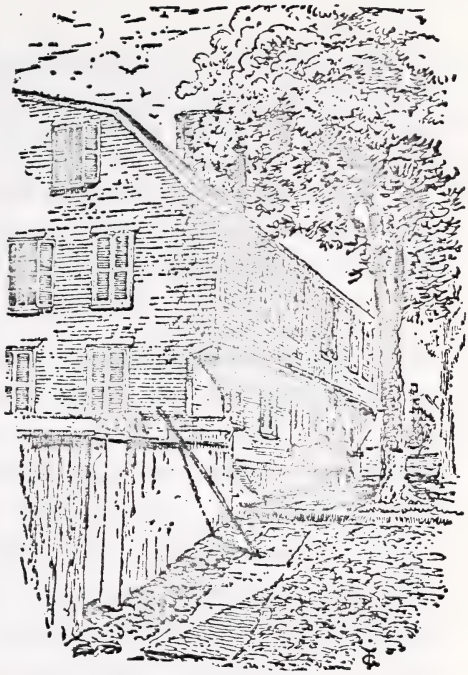
a minuteness that forbade all doubt as to the correctness of his story; and when he asked for three dollars to enable him to get to New York, she did not hesitate to comply with his request. I would like to add that in due time the money was returned, but this pleasure is denied me.

The ring is a hoop of silver, a quarter of an inch or more in width, having on it a disk as large as a half-dollar. This plate is ornamented in a rude way with a ring of small bosses, and a large boss, half an inch or more in length in the centre, the whole being firmly attached to the hoop. If a "fighting-ring," it must have been used only at fisticuffs, for in no other way could it be brought into play. But it long ago passed out of the arena, and when the cover of the mustard-pot was lost or broken, and it was found that it was admirably fitted to take its place, it was put to a useful purpose.

XLVII.

ENERGETIC WOMEN.

THE accomplishments of the dames of colonial times were many — so many that when we write of our great-grandmothers we can scarcely fail to dwell on the grace with which they presided in their homes. It was a common thing for a mother to help her boys in their studies, while, with careful ear, she watched over her daughter at the harpsichord. If illustrations were wanted, many could be offered. Of a successful merchant it was said: "He early formed, from the literary habits of his family, a taste for intellectual pursuits, and all his leisure hours in his youth were devoted to the improvement of his mind; the feeling being kept alive and strengthened by the eloquent letters of his mother and sisters."



SUETON GRANT HOUSE.

Housewifely accomplishments were as essential as grace and ease in society, and the girl who could not spin as well as embroider and paint on velvet was thought to be wanting. To spin well was as important as to dress well, and delightful must have been the spinning bees, when the girls industriously twirled the wheel all the afternoon, and the young men came in the evening to see the counting of the skeins and do their part of the dancing. Can we not picture to ourselves a scene like this, which dates from 1767?

"Last Wednesday thirty-seven young ladies of this town made the Rev. Dr. Stiles's lady a visit. They sent their wheels and carried flax enough for a moderate day's spinning, having agreed to have no trial who should spin most, but to spin good yarn, and as much as they could without fatiguing themselves; and accordingly they spent the day in a very agreeable and industrious manner, and at sunset made Mrs. Stiles a present of about one hundred fifteen-knotted skeins of yarn, fine enough for shirts for the best gentleman in America."

So well are these qualities known to have been in high repute that I need not pause to speak of them. But there was one talent that our great-grandmothers possessed which has rarely been noticed — the ability to manage their own affairs successfully when it became necessary for them to do so. For this they were trained, almost insensibly — not in the counting-room, nor at the desk, but at the fireside, where they heard all matters of business discussed with friends and neighbors, and there they gained some knowledge of trade as carried on in other countries — the Windward Islands, Amsterdam, the South of France, or the lands beyond the Cape of Good Hope. The information acquired was solid, and the possession of it in many instances saved a widow, suddenly left alone, from destitution. The girls as well as the boys were encouraged to send out adventures — "ventures" they were called — whenever a vessel put to sea, and all the pin-money

that could be spared was laid out in goods marketable in some distant port. Months sometimes elapsed before there was any return; but at length, when the vessel arrived, there was a trunk on board filled with Irish linen, which the captain said belonged to Polly Hopkins, the proceeds of her invoice of spermaceti candles. Children, catching the spirit, asked leave to cast their bread upon the water, and the better class of household servants, expressed the same desire. One wrote to her master in 1759:—

> Inclos'd is a pair of Earrings Pleas ask Captin Oliver to carry them a venter for me if he Thinks they will fetch any thing to the Vally of them tell him he may Bring the effects in any thing he thinks will answer best.

The time often came when the knowledge thus acquired was of the greatest value — when a husband or father died, leaving no male relative to manage his affairs. To close up the business at once would be disastrous, for there were adventures on every sea, and until the vessels returned there was no way of settling an estate without serious loss. And so the widow, to protect her own and her children's interest, resolutely carried on the business, taking it up at a point where her husband laid it down. Many illustrations of this aptitude might be given.

In the autumn of 1744 a gunpowder accident killed or mortally wounded nine persons in Newport, all of whom were in business here, and three of them were prominent merchants. They had gone into a store on a wharf to examine the outfit of a privateer, and there the explosion took place. Some of the wounded lived eight or nine days, but not one of them ever spoke again, and to this day it is not known how the accident occurred. One of the wounded was Sueton Grant, of the Scotch house of Grant, who had come to America in 1725, and settled in Newport. He mar-

ried in this country, and at the time of his death had a family growing up around him.

Mrs. Grant, hearing of the accident, went directly to the dock, without waiting to put on shawl or hat. When she reached the scene she saw all at a glance, and taking off her Holland apron (every matron wore one when attending to her household duties), she cut it into strips with the scissors that hung from her side, and bound up the wounds of her dying husband.

At the time of his death Mr. Grant was actively engaged in business; he was interested in a number of privateers, had ventures on many seas, and in England and on the Continent he had business relations. Mrs. Grant took all upon herself and carried it to a successful issue, her eldest son helping her when he had grown a little older and had acquired knowledge enough, under her training, to be of assistance to her. At the same time she looked carefully after the education of her daughters. How well this was done could be shown by many of their letters.

But perhaps no better illustration of Mrs. Grant's force of character could be shown than her success in a court of law. With large interests at stake, and having at times unscrupulous debtors to deal with, it is not surprising that occasionally she was drawn into litigation. In this instance, at the last moment, she discovered the duplicity of her counsel, and at once went to the court-room. Her lawyer, seeing her there, urged her to retire, but without effect; and when the judge, disturbed by the interruption, called for an explanation, she stepped forward, told why she was there, held forth the evidence of her counsel's treachery, and asked permission to argue her own case. The dignity of the woman and her clear, business-like address to the court moved the judge, who allowed her to lay her case before the jury; this she did in a manner that left no doubt

as to the truth of her statement, and the jury, after a short deliberation, gave her a verdict.

The same energy carried Mrs. Grant through the British lines in 1777, when intercourse with the enemy was rarely granted. Her sentiments were well known, but her leaning to the rebel side did not stand in her way. One of her sons-in-law had large sums of money in the hands of George Hayley, in London, at the breaking out of the war, and this money was looked upon as lost. But one day a letter arrived, under cover to a loyalist, conveying the pleasing intelligence that the money was safe, and had been put out at interest for the owner's benefit. Means were found to send this letter to her son-in-law in Narragansett, but Mrs. Grant's anxiety to know if it had reached its destination was so great as to induce her to apply to General Pigot for a pass to the mainland. This was a favor that few would have dared to ask, so rigidly were the lines drawn. The pass that General Pigot gave her, written with his own hand, has been preserved.

I have mentioned the name of George Hayley; his widow was another illustration of the successful manner in which a woman, trained as girls were then trained, could carry on an extended business. She was a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes. Before her marriage with Hayley she was the wife of Samuel Storke, a London merchant, and a partner in the house of Brown & Champion. He died about 1753, leaving one child by a former wife. He left his widow his entire interest in the mercantile house, with a contingent reversion of £5,000, in the event of the death of his son, then about two years of age. A well-informed woman, and admitted into good society, she delighted to surround herself with men of culture. Hayley, her husband, had been a clerk to her first husband, and although he attained to the position of Member of Parliament, and was at

one time an alderman in London, he took no interest in anything but his daybook and ledger. This left his wife to her own resources. She became a great traveller, but travelled to improve herself; was fond of the drama, and carried this taste to such lengths that she had a box in every theatre; and it was also said that she attended all the remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where a place was always reserved for her. Her town house was in Great Ayliffe Street, London, and her country seat, after Hayley's death, was at Bromley, ten miles away. Her carriage, built after the best fashion and elegantly furnished, was drawn by four coal-black horses, and on stepping into it she took her watch in her hand and allowed her coachman exactly one hour between the two places.

Hayley, who had large interests in America when the Revolution broke out, died before the war was over, leaving a handsome fortune. In 1784 Madame Hayley — she was always so addressed — came to America in the ship "Mary," Captain John Scott, a vessel which she had chartered. She landed in Boston, and when she reached Newport her arrival was announced in the local newspaper of July 31, 1784. A woman so cultivated as was Madame Hayley was at once well received, and while in America she visited many places; but her time was chiefly taken up in trying to collect what was due to her husband's estate. Before her return she married Patrick Jeffrey, a connection of Francis Jeffrey, who had been sent to this country as the agent of a number of London merchants who had claims in America. Among her other benevolent acts in Boston, she gave, Oct. 17, 1786, two hundred cords of wood to the poor of that town.

Madame Hayley's troubles were not confined to the collection of money due her. The crew of the ship she had chartered were wholly British seamen; some of them deserted,

and their places were filled in the United States, chiefly with Nantucket men. The ship, still in the employ of Madame Hayley, went south and made a good whaling voyage; then returned to London, where her cargo was offered for entry as "train oil, from fish taken by the crew of the 'Mary,' a British-built ship, one-third of her crew being British born, therefore free of duty." The entry was not allowed, and the cargo, valued at £4,000, sterling, was seized by the authorities. Madame Hayley brought a suit, recovered her property, and with it damages to the amount of £500 sterling.

If Madame Hayley's second marriage was ill-assorted, her third marriage was anything but fortunate. She was then seventy years of age, and the man she married was less than thirty. It was not long before they separated. Her daughter, by Hayley, married Robert Baker, whose son became Admiral Sir Henry Lorraine Baker, and was with Admiral Cockburn in 1814, when the British fleet tried to push its way up the Potomac. At that time he was in command of the sloop-of-war "Fairy," and during an engagement was wounded in the cheek by a musket-ball. In 1816 he again came to this country: this time to see if he could be more successful than his grandmother had been in collecting outstanding claims. The following year he sat to Stuart for his portrait, and in the picture the evidence of the wound received in 1814 is visible. The portrait is now owned by Dr. A. L. Elwyn, of Philadelphia, who inherited it from his mother, to whom it was presented by Admiral Baker.

Miss Wilkes, in her will, 1802, gave to her cousin, Lady Baker, the silver cup that was given to her father by the city of London, the portraits of her father and herself, by Zoffany; her portrait, in crayon, by Hoare; all her plate and china, and £2,000, in the three per cent consols, revertible to her daughter, Mary Hayley

Baker, to whom she gave £1,500 of the same stock, her diamond and other ornaments, and her library.

I have insensibly been led from the dames of Rhode Island to one of English origin. In one respect they were not unlike, but in others they were entirely dissimilar. They had at least in common that knowledge of business which I have endeavored to show was accorded to many of the well-informed women of the last century.

XLVIII.

THE BRENTON HOUSE.

WILLIAM BRENTON, of Hammersmith, England, landed at Boston, 1634, bearing a commission from the king as surveyor-general, with the right to take and hold a certain number of acres for every mile of land he surveyed in the colonies. In 1638 he came to Rhode Island, and was soon recognized as one of the leaders in the settlement of Newport. He held the office of first president of Aquidneck from 1640 to 1647; was president of the colony from 1660 to 1662; deputy governor from 1663 to 1666; and governor from 1666 to 1669. A homestead lot of six acres was set off to him, but he resided in Portsmouth and other places, and did not build in Newport. At the time of his death, 1674, he owned a large landed estate in New Hampshire, an estate at Taunton, Mass., and a large tract in the southwest part of this island, known as Brenton's Neck and Brenton's Point (now Fort Adams), exclusive of the homestead lot of six acres. All of the above he left to his sons and daughters. The homestead lot was divided in 1667, but not accurately; no bounds were run, and almost a century elapsed before a final division was made. In 1762 the parties therein interested agreed to have the lines readjusted, as appears by an instrument of that date now in my possession.

The homestead extended from Spring Street on the east, to the harbor on the west, and from New Lane — now Mary Street — on the north, to a line that passed through what is now Cotton's

Court, from east to west, on the south. It did not extend to Church Street, for that thoroughfare was not opened till after the erection of Trinity Church. Before this street was opened the approach to the church was from Frank and Spring streets. James Honyman, Esq. (I use the title to distinguish him from his father, Rev. James Honyman), owned much of the land on what is now Church Street. The house at the foot of the street, now Seabury's shoe store, was the residence of Rev. James Honyman, and the street was called Honyman's Lane. Later it was known as New Church Lane, and Frank Street was called, and is still called by old people, Old Church Lane.

Every one who has had anything to do with the searching of titles, or who is fond of antiquarian research, can understand how great a loss Newport sustained when the British carried off its records. Great efforts have been made to decipher the damaged volumes that were finally returned, but with little success, and it is only in comparatively few instances that reliable information can be had touching any piece of real estate prior to the war. From time to time a bit was cut from the Brenton six-acre lot and sold. Of this there is abundant indirect evidence, but I have been able to find but few of the original transfers.

It has been generally understood that the Brenton house was built by Jahleel Brenton, son of William, about 1720, and without looking well into it, I was once of the same opinion; but I am satisfied that it is of much earlier date — that it was built prior to the opening of the eighteenth century. There are good reasons for this belief. Mr. Brenton had the means to secure a house that was up to the highest standard of his day, and, as he lived like a gentleman, he was doubtless ambitious to have the best of everything. That the house was honestly built, and of the best materials, we have evidence in the fact that it has come down to us in so good a state of preservation. Its walls are lined with

wainscots, as was usually the case, but there is less of that enrichment seen in houses known to have been built a generation later, and the hall is cramped, as in the Grant house (back of Hammett's dry-goods store), and other dwellings of that period. The houses of 1720 were rich in their details, and the halls were made a beautiful feature, for they were broad, and ran through from front to rear, as witness the Chesebrough house (now of the heirs of Duncan C. Pell), the Vernon, Hunter, and Redwood houses.

Another evidence that the house was built earlier than 1720 is found in the movements of Mr. Brenton prior to that date. He was collector of the district, and had his office in his own house. In 1694 he went to England, where he acted as agent of the colony, but in 1702 he returned unexpectedly, leaving the colony without an agent near the home government. There was a tradition in the family, that immediately after his return he built an addition to the house, comprising two rooms, one of which he used as an office, and the other was his study. Almost at the same time came the news of the death of William III., and the accession of Queen Anne; this, in turn, was followed by the announcement that Mr. Brenton had been superseded as collector by Nathaniel Kay. The accession of Queen Anne was received with acclamations of joy, and Collector Kay was met with the proper spirit by Mr. Brenton, who gave him the local information he needed, and the two became fast friends. Mr. Kay built a house on the hill, where now stands Hartmann's, but his own portrait was left in the Brenton house, where it was first placed on his arrival, and there it remained up to the revolution, probably in the office, which we may presume, Mr. Kay continued to use, for it was nearer to the shipping and business part of the town than his own residence.

When Mr. Kay landed he wore a gold-laced coat and hat and a silver-mounted sword, but these he put aside and confined himself

to the ordinary dress of a gentleman of that day. This was a full-cut coat, long vests (often two or three of different colors), deep ruffles at the wrists, a frill at the shirt front, knee-breeches and silver buckles, silk hose, with clocks of a different color, and a stock of cambric a yard wide, gathered carelessly into a strap at the back of the neck, where it was fastened with a buckle studded with brilliants — what we now call a paste buckle. When the hair was cut short, as was the case when one wore a wig, the coat-collar was made to fall over the shoulders.

Mr. Brenton died without issue, in 1732, at the age of seventy-seven years, and bequeathed his property to his nephew, Jahleel Brenton. He was buried at Brenton's Point, now Fort Adams. It was he who built the great house on the Neck, just south of Fort Adams, known as Hammersmith.

Jahleel, the nephew, who now owned and occupied the house on Thames street, was twice married. His first wife was Frances, daughter of Gov. Samuel Cranston, to whom he was married May 30, 1715. She bore him fifteen children. His second wife, to whom he was married in 1744, was Mary Scott, widow of George Scott, by whom he had seven more children. His son, Sir Jahleel Brenton, who was the author of a number of books, died an admiral in the British navy, and one of his nephews also became an admiral. His brother William, who married a daughter of Benjamin Wickham, held an office in Sydney, N. S., for a number of years, and his brother Benjamin, who died here in 1830 at the age of eighty years, was an officer in the Provincial regiment that re-enforced the troops before Louisburg in 1758. One of Jahleel's daughters, Susannah, married Dr. John Halliburton, and followed him to Nova Scotia, where her sons and grandsons became distinguished men; and another daughter married Rev. Joseph Eliot, of Guilford, Conn., son of the Indian apostle. But it is not

my purpose to write, or even sketch, the history of the Brenton family at this time.

Jahleel Brenton was fond of society, and kept an open house, both at the homestead and at Hammersmith, where he was always prepared to entertain a large number of guests. He was public-spirited, gave the clock that hangs in Trinity Church steeple, was one of the original members of the Artillery Company, and one of the committee to build the State House. But however well off in landed property, he was evidently at times crowded for ready money; and when he died, in 1767, his estate was encumbered.

This want of ready money will explain why the land around the house was cut up irregularly from time to time and sold in small pieces, eventually shutting out a view of the harbor. Each of these parcels claims a little attention.

The Brentons were loyalists, and got on so well with the British that their property was confiscated at the close of the war; but Jahleel satisfied the General Assembly that he had been true to his country, and the control of his property was restored to him. How it was improved during the war we have no means of knowing; but in 1783, and for some time previous to the date, Benjamin Almy and his wife, who was the most efficient of the two, took lodgers there; it was, in fact, the most attractive boarding-house in the place. A very interesting account of it and of Mrs. Almy is given by a journal kept by Mr. Chipman, great-uncle of Chief Justice Gray, of Boston. For several days in 1783 they stopped at this house on their way to New York. They were a party of returned loyalists, and here they met Mr. Brattle, of Boston, also a loyalist, who had not yet been permitted to return to Boston, although he had made repeated application to do so. In the journal Mr. Chipman gives a charming account of their stay in Newport. Mr. Brattle was a well-informed man. He was a graduate from Harvard, and had occupied his time in

Europe during the war in visiting and relieving Americans confined in foreign prisons. When he came back to America he landed here, but it was not till 1784 that he was permitted to return to Boston.

It was Mrs. Almy's province to entertain Washington when he came to Newport in 1790, and it is known that Mr. Conrad C. Ellery, of Providence, has in his possession a silk spread under which General Washington slept while in Mrs. Almy's house. The spread, which has never since been used, has been kept as a relic. It was made by Miss Anstiss Ellery, wife of John Almy, a mother of Benjamin Almy.

In common with others, the Brentons were greatly reduced after the war, and the house and what was left of the six acres was sold Aug. 15, 1787, to George Irish of Middletown, subject to a mortgage held by Charles Wickham and others. The property embraced the land that now goes with the house and the lots on Mary Street, from what is now the Pell estate down to Thames Street. On the premises there was a small dwelling besides the Brenton house, its position not defined, which belonged to Joseph Clarke, who had the right to remove it. Irish sold out his interest to Captain Jacob Smith, in 1799, for $5,020. Smith was a successful shipmaster out of Newport, up to his last voyage, when he lost the "Semiramis," a valuable ship, and an India cargo, on Nantucket Shoals, in 1804. In 1798 she was offered to the government, with the hope that she would be purchased to fill one of the orders for vessels for the navy. The owners, failing in this, fitted her for Canton, and she was returning after a three years' voyage when she was lost.

In 1800 Capt. Smith sold off several lots on Mary Street to different parties, and the Brenton house, and the land that now goes with it, to Ebenezer Burrill, who in 1803 conveyed it to Walter Channing. Burrill was a merchant, but as such was not

very successful. He had several partners in succession, and tried his hand at various kinds of business. Walter Channing was the junior partner in the house of Gibbs & Channing, at one time navy agents, and who had through their career the confidence of both the government and the public. For some years they carried on business on separate account, Gibbs dealing in iron, ship-stores, etc., and Channing in dry goods; but when, in 1789, Mr. Gibbs married Mary Channing, Walter Channing's sister, they joined hands in business and became partners. Such confidence had they in each other that no terms of copartnership were drawn up between them. When this was brought to the notice of Mr. Gibbs, in his last sickness, 1803, he signed a paper which he dictated, extending the copartnership to three years beyond the time of his death; for at that moment the ship "Mount Hope" was lying in the harbor nearly ready for sea, and he saw the necessity of letting her complete her voyage before closing the business.

From the time that the Brenton house passed into the hands of Walter Channing it has been known as the Channing House.

In 1817 Commodore O. H. Perry occupied the house; here his youngest son, Christopher Raymond Perry, was born, and it was while he was residing here that President Monroe visited Newport. The Commodore at once tendered the house for the use of the President, which offer was accepted, and he and Mrs. Perry and the children went down to Mrs. Mason's, where they stayed till the Presidential party left town. Commodore Perry resided here till the spring of 1819, when he removed to the Seixas House, which he had bought the previous year.

No other tenant offering for the Channing House, two women were placed there to take charge of it — Miss Lucy Atkinson and Mrs. Nancy Boting. They died within twenty-four hours of each other of yellow fever, at the time that it appeared in Newport in 1819.

In 1832 the heirs of Walter Channing, his widow, who was Hannah Smith of South Carolina, and two daughters — Catharine Smith, wife of Thomas Barclay, and Mary Ann, wife of Ferris Pell — conveyed the estate to his youngest daughter, Ann Elizabeth, wife of Hugh Swinton Ball, of Charleston, S. C. The death of the Balls was tragic. He was in the habit of coming to Newport to spend his summers, and here fell in love with Miss Channing. She was very handsome, and his presence was noble and commanding. They were very young — were both minors when they were married. While on their way north, in June, 1837, on board the "Pulaski," with the Pringles, Hamiltons, and many other Southerners coming to Newport, the steamer burst her boiler, and nearly all on board perished, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, nurse and child, being of the number. It was only the previous autumn that the steamer "Home" was lost between Charleston and Savannah, with one hundred and forty passengers, returning from their summer sojourn at the north. Mr. Ball had sold the Channing House in 1832 to Theodore Phinney for $4,000.

Mr. Phinney was an English gentleman, who was running a large plantation in Cuba, and had brought his family north to give his children the benefit of good schools. Here the family resided happily for many years, and for some time after the death of Mr. Phinney, who had to spend much of his time on his plantation. Mr. Theodore W. Phinney is now the only male representative of the family. I have many pleasant recollections of the place during the time the Phinneys lived here, for we were neighbors and saw a great deal of each other. At the same time I recall one scene there that, so far as I was concerned, seemed very doubtful how it would turn — whether I was not likely to come off second-best in what promised to be a squabble. A message was sent over from the girls for one of us boys to come to them at once, for they were in trouble.

I chanced to be at home, and responded without delay. Rushing into the parlor to see what was the matter, I was told that old Dunn, an Irishman who lived on a wharf near by, was in the kitchen, under the influence of liquor, and looking for his wife, and they begged me to get him out of the house. Now, if they had asked me to grapple with a bull-dog, I think I should have been quite as willing to undertake it, for Dunn was an ugly customer when half-seas over, and dreadful was the racket that he kicked up when, as was often the case, he was abusing his wife on Coggeshall's Wharf. Under the impression that his wife was at work in the house, and not being able to find her, he was sulky and cross. What could I do? Here were four or five frightened girls urging on a youth of slight frame and not more than twenty years of age, and there a tall, raw-boned champion of many tussles, who could snuff a battle from afar, and was always spoiling for a fight. There was but one thing to do — to go it blind or be forever after a craven in the eyes of the pretty maidens. So I sailed into the kitchen, the girls closing the door after me, leaving only a crack to look through, asked in a stern voice what he was doing there, took him by the shoulder, walked him out of the house, and told him to be gone. He went like a lamb, and it was only when he had gone a rod or two that he turned and swore vengeance on my head. I rejoined the girls as placid as a summer's day, as though, as a matter of course, it could not be otherwise; but what an effort for a youngster who was dying to crow! I saw Dunn hundreds of times after that, drunk and sober, but from that day forward he never passed me without touching his hat. In 1842 Mr. Phinney sold the property to George Engs, who was then extensively engaged in business on the opposite side of the street. From him it passed to Adam S. Coe.

Mr. Coe was then getting on in years, but was still engaged

in business. In early life he was in partnership with Gideon Palmer, making furniture on the Long Wharf; later he had a furniture establishment on Church Street, where the Hazards became his successors. At one time he was engaged in business with Robert P. Lee, in the Ailman building, just north of the entrance gate to the Channing House. Although retiring and unwilling to take an active part in public affairs, he was always found in the right place when wanted. Such was the case in the Dorr war. For a time matters looked serious, treason stalked abroad, and the dangerous elements afloat put the law-abiding on their guard. Martial law was declared, and those who were suspected of evil intentions or had openly expressed their disloyalty were watched or put under arrest. Mr. Coe was made captain of police. A restless fellow, whose little legal knowledge was gathered in "lambskin" courts, was brought before him for seditious words. Reviling the chief, he, with contempt, asked, "What do you know about law?" "But little, unfortunately for you," was Mr. Coe's reply, "for with that little you will be tried."

Again this venerable old house changed hands; the last purchaser being the late Daniel T. Swinburne, who leased it to the late Major-General G. K. Warren, U. S. A. Engineer in charge of this district, who, for twelve years, up to to the time of his death, made it his office and residence. Here his exhaustive reports on the Mississippi Valley and other like works, which have become standards of authority on the subjects of which they treat, were prepared while engaged with the many other duties of his office. A fitting tribute should be paid to the memory of this distinguished soldier, and some one of his brother officers who knew him best should make this work a task of love.

XLIX.

OLD HOUSES.

WHERE now stands the Aquidneck National Bank and Newport Savings Bank there was formerly an old building that was offered for sale in 1785 by Lucy Ann Coggeshall, who was then in possession of the property. After that Samuel Freebody owned it. He sold it in 1799 to Benjamin Gardiner, who in turn sold it to John Nicolai, in 1801. Nicolai was an Italian, who passed the remainder of his days here. When I first knew him he was an old man, a widower, with three maiden daughters and two or more sons. On the front of the building there were two stores, each reached by four or five semicircular brown-stone steps, and they had each a bow window, then very common, but now there is only one remaining in the city, and that is on a dilapidated building on Thames Street, north of the Parade. In one of the stores Miss Eliza taught school. I have one of her bills, in a copperplate hand, for one quarter's schooling, $1.50; fuel extra, twenty-five cents. Think of it; and yet it was the ruling price at that day for an infant school kept by a woman. The other sisters were Catharine, the eldest, and Emily, the youngest. They were all intelligent, and Catharine was a great reader. Her mind was well stored, and the lives of all three sisters were adorned with the Christian graces.

Old Mr. Nicolai, who was well on in years when I first knew him, spent much of his time in an arm-chair on one of the top

steps of one of the stores, or just within the door, and it was a very common sight to see a group gathered there to talk with him. North of the house there is a court, which then ran back farther than it does now, and the branches of an apple-tree hung over the fence from the Nicolai side. One day an Indian, of the Narragansetts, passing with his bow, was tempted by a trifling offer to show his skill, which he did by cutting down an apple with an arrow. Old Nicolai, who was at times irascible, was in high dudgeon, whereat, to appease his anger, the Indian offered him the remains of the half-munched apple, which did not help the matter. Then the idle crowd that had gathered got up a foot-race; one of their number was to run one length of the court with a man upon his back, while the Indian was to run to the end of the court and back, or twice the distance. The Indian won, for as his opponent neared the goal he bounded over both heads and struck upon the chalk line that marked the bounds.

After the death of Nicolai the estate was bought by Henry Potter, an old bachelor and a cripple, who was then keeping a grocery store in the Dean house, nearly opposite. He was a man who had been soured in some way, and was far from amiable, at least to us boys of the neighborhood; and if my memory serves me right, there was not much love lost between us. One day he accused me wrongfully to my father of having broken one of his windows, and when I denied it, he snarled out that he saw me do it. The feeling of dislike that I already entertained toward him was intensified by this act of injustice; but when, in years after, his little trade having nearly turned away, he told me of his necessities and asked me to buy of him, the resentment of childhood was buried, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I did all I could to help him. But, broken down in health, and suffering from bodily infirmities, he was persuaded to go to the asylum, where all the asperities of his nature were softened, and

he became one of the most patient of sufferers, grateful for every kind act, and to the hands that sought to smooth his pillow. He died in 1856, at the age of seventy years. His portrait is now owned by the Newport Historical Society.

The house on the north side of the court, with one front on Thames Street, was owned by Philip Robinson, then by Robert and William Stoddard, who conveyed it to Christopher Champlin, in 1791. When Dr. Benjamin Mason married Margaret, daughter of Christopher Champlin, the young couple went there to reside. After the death of Mr. Champlin, Mrs. Mason bought out the interest of her brother, and this was her home during the rest of her life. Dr. Mason died in 1801, and Mrs. Mason in 1841.

The drawing-room, a large and well-proportioned room, with the usual wainscot and graceful mantel, and the front hall, with its spiral balusters, I believe remain unchanged, but the rooms that were Dr. Mason's office and the dining-room have been altered to make room for stores on the Thames Street front. The beautiful oval mirrors that had come down from the Champlins, and some other articles of like value, have been preserved, and among my books I value London editions of Livy, Gibbon, and Smollett's England, that belonged to Dr. Mason. His medical books were probably disposed of after his death. I have an inventory of them somewhere among my papers. Within my recollection the kitchen of this fine old house was filled with servants, some of them old pensioners, who had a warm seat in the chimney-corner, but did little beyond keeping themselves comfortable, and none were hard worked. The fireplace was large enough to admit of roasting a sheep whole, if it had been required, and the brick oven, wide-mouthed and cavernous, was frequently heated for baking. In the cellar one could probably find the plug of the old Aqueduct Company of 1802, and in the

attic there was a smoke-house that every autumn was filled with hams brought from the Champlin farm in Charlestown. At Christmas time the dinner-table was spread from end to end of the dining-room, and every seat was filled. Of those who gathered around the table in my childhood, two only remain, and of that number only one is living in Newport. At the end of the court, which I have said was deeper than at present, there stood the stable, and if one were to dig there he would find traces of the foundation in the form of squared stones. At the east end of the court there were five decaying Lombardy poplars, at least two feet in diameter. When the mall was laid out and planted in 1800, Major Tousard presented the committee in charge of the work with a large number of young trees of this variety, and it is probable that the above were planted at that time.

Around this old house I love to linger. I never pass it that I do not look up at its windows and recall some event connected with its history, and it is a pleasure to write about it; but there are other houses in the neighborhood of which I wish to say a word, but not until I have added a few more lines to what I have already said. It was in this house that Commodore Perry, then a young lieutenant, who had yet to make a name, courted and won the hand of Miss Mason, and in the drawing-room they were married. In an old manuscript cooking-book in my possession there is a receipt for a rich plum-cake, and under it, over his own initials, O. H. P., there is this commendation from the happy bridegroom: "This will make a devilish fine" (or "good," I am quoting from memory) "wedding cake, such as I had."

It was at this door that the vehicles drew up to take Perry and his men to Lake Erie, Perry taking with him his body-servant, Hannibal, who followed him everywhere, and who, at last, on board the "Nonesuch," closed his master's eyes and

straightened his limbs. Again at this door there was a crowd in October of the same year to welcome the hero on his return. The shipping was decked with flags, the bells were ringing, and the cutter and the garrison were firing salutes. Almost borne on the shoulders of the crowd, so great was the desire to see him, he reached the court to which I have so often referred in this letter, and which was so densely packed that it seemed almost impossible to get through it; but General Sheldon, who was leading the escort, wedged a way to the steps, where he said to the crowd: "Now, gentlemen, let him go in and see his wife."

And some years later the funeral cortège, bearing the remains of Commodore Perry to their last resting-place, paused at the same door for the family to take their place in the procession. Thames Street was packed, hundreds having come from abroad to be present; but there was no noise — no sound but the tolling of the bells and the mournful notes of the funeral dirge. I was a little fellow of but little more than six years; but as I walked by the side of my father, I saw it all and took it all in — the boat-shaped funeral car, the flag-shrouded coffin, the chapeau and pistols of the dead, and the deafening volleys at the grave.

Commodore Perry, my father, Purser Breese ("Tom Breese of the rolling billow"), Captain Daniel Turner, Dr. Usher Parsons ("Pills" they used to call him), and a few others near their own age, were intimate friends, and the bond of union was only severed by death, as one after another was taken away. I remember well with what force the words of Captain Turner once fell on my young ears. It was at an evening party at the old house. My father and Turner were standing on the rug in front of the blazing logs in the dining-room, talking of bygones, when speaking of the "Caledonia" with her jibboom over the rails of the "Niagara," as each vessel in turn took the enemy's fire, my father said: "Did n't you feel some trepidation in following

Perry in so light a vessel?" "Follow Perry!" came the quick reply. "I would have followed him into ——!" Commodore Daniel Turner died in 1850. His first commission dated from Jan. 1, 1803. A biographical sketch of this whole-souled sailor has yet to be written.

The house on the opposite side of Thames Street, known as the Dean house, was formerly owned by Captain Charles Handy, who carried on a large business on the wharf, where he had a number of stores. Silas Dean was an enterprising merchant, who also resided there, and who fell a victim to the yellow fever when it got a foothold in Newport in 1819. He had a large family, but they have now all passed away. The old house, with its gable to the street, was shorn of many of its attractive features when it was modernized to give store room.

On the south side of Dean's, now Sayer's wharf, the Cooks resided. They, too, have all passed away. Charles and John married, had their residence elsewhere, but Godfrey, George and Henry, all bachelors, and Eliza, Hannah and Sarah, all maiden sisters, resided together and made a happy household. Godfrey had seen considerable of the world, and at one time transacted business at the South; George had a taste for the fine arts, which he indulged to some extent, and for many years he was a government clerk at Fort Adams. The brothers were very united, and if one went out on business or for a walk, the others went too, Godfrey invariably leading, George a few steps in the rear, and after him Henry. In after years, when a residence on Thames Street was no longer desirable, they built a house on Kay Street, where they lived out the rest of their days.

Next north of the Dean house, and opposite the Mason house, was the post-office and the residence of the postmaster, Benj. B. Mumford. It is now a bakery. The door in the

centre of the front is where it used to be of old, and the south half of the store, taking in the whole of the front door, comprised all that was used for the post-office and lobby, — evidence that the quantity of mail matter could not have been large at that day. After the death of Mumford the post-office was removed, the front was changed and made into a shop, and here it was that Stephen Deblois, Jr., received his death-blow at the hands of a man named Tuell. Deblois and others were hazing Tuell, who, losing his temper, plunged a cheese-knife into the abdomen of Deblois.

North of the Mumford house there has always been an open way leading down to the water. On the north side of this passage, and below the corner, there was a little, narrow, dark and repulsive-looking story-and-a-half gambrel-roof house that I never liked to go near, and certainly never entered. The man who dwelt there dealt in cordwood on a neighboring wharf, and he did some cobbling at his house. In his later days his eyes ran out, and he became totally blind, — a visitation, some said, for habitually working at his trade on Sundays, and as a punishment for exchanging wives with his brother, another cobbler, which was done by mutual consent. I see him now: first, as he appeared through the open door, hammering at his lapstone, and then on the wharf, with a patch over his eyes, feeling his way to the tumble-down steps at the portal. On the corner, with the long side on Thames Street, there was another story-and-a-half gambrel-roof house, the upper story projecting at least a couple of feet beyond the line of the building. It was occupied when I first knew it by Thomas Stacy, as a grocery and bar, and then by his brother, John J. Stacy. They are both now dead. Thomas, when he left this store, went into the confectionery business, but wanting a larger field in which to support his family, — he had had

twenty-two children born to him, — he removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he spent the rest of his days.

Some years ago I was asked if I could give the history of a China tea-service, edged with lavender and gold, known to have belonged to the Mason family, and which was supposed to have come down from the Champlins. I had no difficulty in placing it. Thomas Stacy, "Col. Tom" they used to call him, was fond of getting up lotteries in the winter, usually having some attractive article to lead off with, while the rest of the prizes were very insignificant. The tickets were sold at twelve and a half cents. One winter the sale of tickets dragged, and to help the matter out, some of the tickets were sent over to my grandmother with a request that she should buy them. She did so, threw them into her work-basket, thought no more about it till some time in the course of the following summer, when, rummaging in her basket, she found one of the tickets, and sent me over to see if it had drawn anything. When Col. Tom saw it he exclaimed: "Where did you get that? It has drawn the first prize, and we have wondered what had become of it." The prize was the gold and lavender-edged tea-set.

The next building to the north, and still a story-and-a-half gambrel-roof, with an overhanging second story, but in this instance with the gable to the street, was occupied by the Price Brothers. They had but little, if anything, in their store, but their capital was actively employed in running a number of small vessels, and Nathaniel S. Ruggles was engaged with them in many of their ventures. They were quiet, unobtrusive men, who confined themselves to their own business and took no part in public affairs.

The brick building opposite, and next north of the Mason estate, was occupied by Nicholas G. Boss, who had a grocery store, in which he was assisted by his brother Elliot, Nicholas

having to give much of his time to the Rhode Island Union Bank, of which he was cashier. He died in the West Indies, but his brother and his sister, the widow of Dutee J. Pearce, are still living. The rooms in the upper part of the building were rented as opportunity offered. One of the rooms was occupied from time to time by Sanford Mason, a painter of wretched portraits, who gained a precarious living by following his calling alternately in Newport, Fall River, and New Bedford. The little girls in his pictures were pulling at their slippers, and in family groups, of which there seemed to have been many painted, the attention of some one of the group was drawn to a fly, conspicuously placed on a bit of light drapery.

It was in this building that I saw Calvin Edson, "the living skeleton." He was seated, with a cloak around him, for the weather was cool, and that I might have a better opportunity to see him I asked him to please walk about. With the utmost readiness he put aside his cloak, and then told some stories to interest us boys as he moved about the room.

Of other buildings in the neighborhood I would like to say a word, but this letter has already exceeded proper bounds: of the buildings around the corner on Pelham Street, then owned by David Melville, whose active brain made him restless in the pursuit of some new thing, — who experimented till he had lighted his own house and the street in front of it with gas, before illuminating gas was used in London, and rested not till he had lighted Beaver Tail light in the same way; and there was Townsend's coffee-house on the opposite corner. What a history of that caravansary might once have been written, of the picturesque old building that came down from colonial times, of its sanded coffee-rooms, opening into each other, but one raised a few steps higher than the other, of

its turtle dinners, for which "Uncle Tom" was famous, and the witty things that were said in the bar, where "Uncle Billy" Coggeshall so long presided. And there was Bannister's wharf, the landing-place of the packets, its denizens and humble places of barter; the shop of Paul Overing, whose table-covers were as white as his own ivories; and Wainwood's bakery, with its wonderful gingerbread figures displayed in the basement windows; Napoleon, with folded arms and cap à pie, throwing into shade the humbler effigies in this toothsome compound of flour and molasses.

Old Godfrey Wainwood was dead, but his daughters carried on the business, and Sally was quite fitted for it. The old man claimed that he was instrumental in bringing to light Dr. Church's treasonable correspondence with the enemy in the early stages of the war. Washington gave the particulars of the discovery in a letter to the President of Congress, under date of October 5th, 1775. For this service Wainwood in 1800 endeavored, through Asher Robbins, to get a pension. I have a letter of his, addressed to Ray Greene, at that time, asking his aid in the same direction, and expressing the hope that if a pension could not be obtained for him, he might be appointed baker to the government vessels that found their way into this harbor.

L.

THE CHESEBROUGH HOUSE.

THE fine old colonial house on Mary Street, better known as the Champlin house, has an interesting history. It dates from the best period of colonial domestic architecture, and was built probably about 1720. It was the residence of David Chesebrough, a merchant, who removed to Stonington, Conn., and died there in 1782. Mrs. Chesebrough died here in 1737 at the age of twenty-seven years, and lies buried in the Common ground. His daughter Abigail was married to Alexander Grant, eldest son of Sir Alexander Grant, of Scotland. It was while the Chesebroughs were residing here Sept. 11, 1775, that "the Hon. Mrs. Abigail Grant, lady of Sir Alexander Grant, arrived at Newport from London via New York," to make them a visit. Mr. Chesebrough's second wife was Margaret Sylvester, who, with her sister Mary, the wife of Thomas Dering, sat to Blackburn, the artist, in Newport in 1754. Blackburn was the second artist to come to America, and was the successor of Smibert, who came out with Dean Berkeley. These portaits, valuable from their association with the early history of art in America, and with a painter of whom so little is known, are in the possession of Dr. Dering, of Utica, N. Y.

The hall in this fine old house is wide, and runs through from front to rear; the staircase is a study for architects who are fond of the architecture of that period; the wainscots go to the ceiling

in the principal rooms, the mantels are adorned with designs in relief, and the windows have box shutters and broad seats. There are four entrances, one on the front, one to the garden, one from the library to the stable-yard, and one to the kitchen. The piazza is modern. There was formerly a flight of brown stone steps at the entrance, with a rail of hammered scrollwork on each side, and at the gate there were two red-cedar trees. They were cut down more than thirty years ago, and it was estimated at the time that they were more than a hundred years old. This house became the property of Christopher Grant Champlin, who bought it of the heirs of David Chesebrough, in 1795, and made it his home during the rest of his life.

Mr. Champlin was the only son of Christopher Champlin. He had the benefit of a liberal education. After he had graduated at Harvard, where he entered in 1783, he went abroad and was a student at St. Omer's. Before he returned, in 1791, he visited Bordeaux, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and other prominent centres, making a study of the trade and commerce of the several places. He was in Paris at the fête, July 14, 1790, on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, and to the National Assembly he was frequently drawn, for he was fond of debate. There he was fascinated with the eloquence of Duport, Lameths, Clermont, Tounerre, and others. La Fayette and M. Lameth he recognized at once, having seen them in America as aids to Rochambeau, and it was his good fortune to be present when Mirabeau pronounced his panegyric on Franklin. The first translation of that eulogy sent to America and furnished to the press was made by Mr. Champlin.

At that time Paris was very gay, the playhouses were thronged nightly, the streets were filled with troops, and balls and parties were of frequent occurrence. The letters of introduction that he bore to distinguished persons, among them one from his mother

to the Vicomtesse Noailles, opened the way to the young man to everything that was going on.

On his return to Newport, Mr. Champlin became enamored of Martha Redwood Ellery, daughter of Benjamin Ellery, and granddaughter of Abraham Redwood, who, during his absence, had grown into a beautiful and fascinating woman. He pressed his suit with vigor, but it was doubtful for some time,—at least it seemed so to him,—whether she would ever smile on him. His mother was his confidante, and in one of her letters to him, during his absence in New York, there is this charming bit of raillery:—

"You ask and I have promised to write all interesting intelligence, but it is so long since I have been in your situation that I scarcely know what will be deemed such. Will it give you pleasure to know that the object of your affections was well yesterday, and that I had the pleasure of fronting her in meeting, both parts of the day? I caught her eyes several times, perhaps not looking at me, but the miniature that was hanging at my neck-ribbon."

It was literally a chase with him. Miss Ellery rode well and was well mounted. Pleasant afternoons she came out to ride, followed by her groom, and always dashed up Thames Street at a tearing pace. Mr. Champlin stood with his hand on the pommel of his saddle at the stable, while his groom kept watch at the corner for her coming. The moment the groom gave the concerted signal he mounted and came up at a break-neck speed, but never in time to join her as she passed. Whether he was the better mounted of the two, or was the hardest rider, he at last caught up with her, and the two went on at a more reasonable gait. They were married April 14, 1792, and lived together happily many years. They were both fond of society, and, with ample means to gratify their tastes, they saw much company. Almost everyone worthy of consideration who came to Newport received attention at their

hands. Here they entertained the Pinckneys, Rutledges, and Kerblays; and the Hamiltons, Tousards, and Cottineaus were frequent guests at their table. It was the same in Philadelphia when Mr. Champlin was in Congress, first in the House and then in the Senate, and, in fact, until late in life it was a pleasure to have their friends around them.

So long as he could do so Mr. Champlin kept to his saddle for his daily exercise. On one occasion a young and favorite horse ran with him, and all he could do was to keep him to the middle of the road; but the moment the horse began to slacken he buried his spurs in his side and forced him on at the same speed, bringing him home by a circuitous road, dripping like rain and completely broken. When he died he made provision that this horse should be kept without work and cared for so long as he should live. It was faithfully done, and the old pensioner lived to see his fortieth year. An old man who worked about the place once said that if there was anything in the transmigration of souls, he would like after death to enter one of Mr. Champlin's horses.

I have said that Mrs. Champlin was beautiful. I have often regretted that there was no portrait of her to confirm this, but she always refused to sit to a painter, giving as a reason that she once saw the portrait of one she had previously known used as a barrel-cover, and she did not intend that any likeness of herself should chance to be so used. She was a blonde, with a great deal of color, which she retained through life; her carriage was extremely graceful, her voice agreeable, and altogether she was charming, even in old age. Sailors doffed their hats as they passed her on the street, and at times with a rough compliment that reached her ears. I have heard her tell this anecdote, a smile lighting up her face as it all came back to her.

She had a number of dogs, of which she was very fond. Some of them were at times troublesome (I used to think so when I was

a boy), and one day one of them bit a gentleman who was passing. He was furious, came into the front yard and so stormed that Mrs. Champlin, hearing the noise and learning what had happened, hurried to the door, stepped out upon the flagging, and expressed the deepest regret that he had been so set upon. For a moment he stood, hat in hand, gazing at her with a look of admiration, then broke in on her apology with his own, for having spoken so hastily about a matter of so little importance, and hoped that she would think no more about it.

Mr. Champlin, in personal appearance, greatly resembled the Duke of Wellington, and on several occasions he was taken for him. A life-size drawing of his profile, made by St. Memin, is in my possession.

Mrs. Champlin had a life estate in the house after her husband's death; after her it passed to the late Christopher Grant Perry, Mr. Champlin's great nephew, who occupied it for a time and then sold it to the late Duncan C. Pell.

GIBBS MANSION.

LI.

THE GIBBS MANSION.

THE house on the north side of Mill Street, nearly facing the Old Stone Mill, was the residence of William C. Gibbs, who was governor of Rhode Island from 1821 to 1824. It was built prior to 1770 by John Tillinghast, and subsequently became the property of Colonel Archibald Crary. It is a fine specimen of colonial architecture. A wide hall runs through it from front to rear, the staircase is enriched with spiral balusters and an open spiral newel, and the walls are wainscoted. The rooms on either hand are still more elaborately finished; the wainscot extends to the ceiling, and the over-mantel is supported upon pilasters, surmounted by a broken pediment, once thought to be the most effective treatment.

During General Nathaniel Greene's brief residence in Newport he occupied this house. While residing here he was visited

by Kosciusko, Baron Steuben, and La Fayette. Professor Greene, in his biography of his grandfather, says of this house: —

"Under that roof La Fayette passed pleasant days, talking hopefully of the future of his France, and with no shadow of Olmutz in his path. There Steuben told entertaining stories of the Great Frederick, and Kosciusko painted in imperfect English the wrongs of Poland, and Gordon questioned curiously the actors in the scenes which his homely but honest pen was busily recording for posterity."

During his stay in Newport Kosciusko gave to my grandmother a beautifully carved ivory box, which has descended to the writer.

LII.

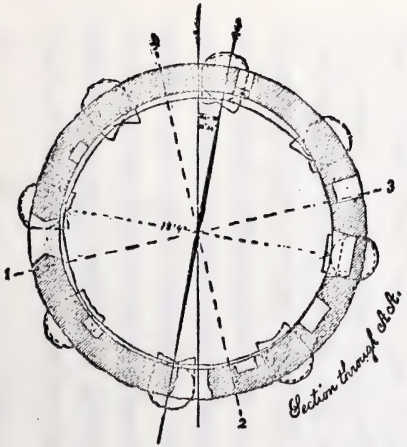
THE OLD STONE MILL AT NEWPORT.

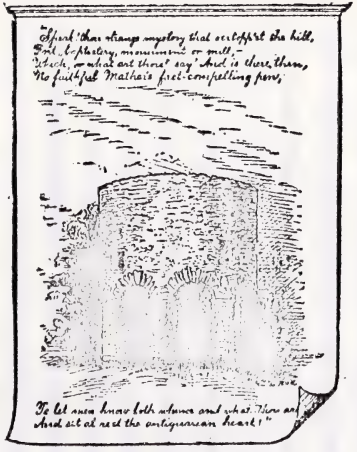
CONSTRUCTION VERSUS THEORY.

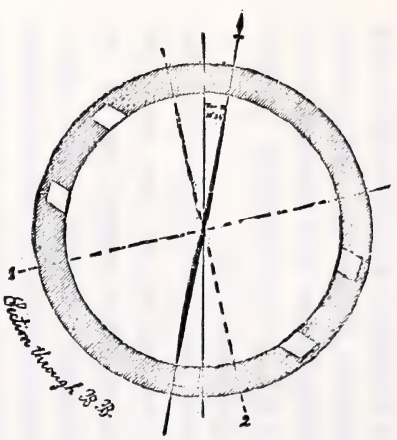
"The stones have voices and the walls do live."

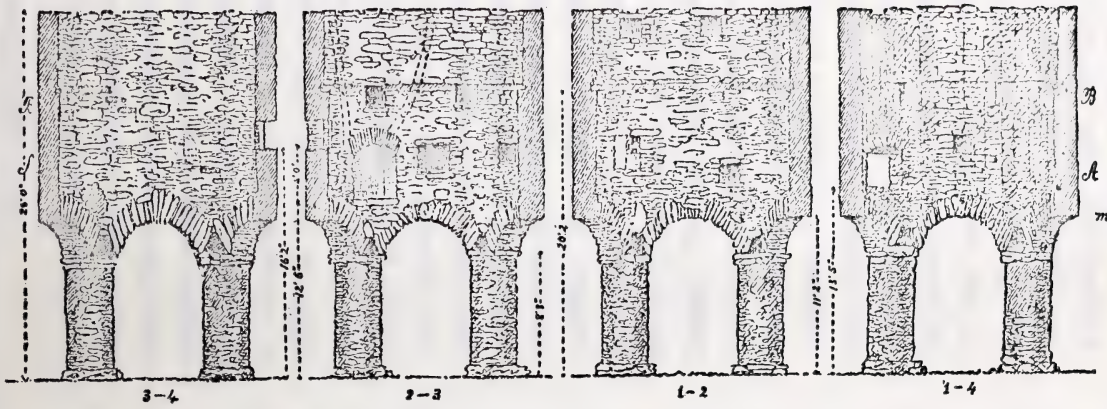
THE student of history, the architect, and the engineer have alike endeavored to penetrate the mystery which surrounds the "Old Stone Mill" at Newport, to establish the date of its erection and the purpose for which it was designed. One attempts to prove with many ingenious arguments that this gray and time-worn tower — a perfect specimen of early Norman architecture — is a ruined Baptistery, which owes its origin to the roving followers of Lief Erickson; another holds that it was erected in the latter part of the seventeenth century by English colonists for the utilitarian purpose of grinding Indian corn. The latest contribution to "Old Mill" literature is from the pen of the late Mr. R. G. Hatfield, President of the New York Chapter, American Institute of Architects. In an able paper, published in the March number of "Scribner's Magazine" [1879], he takes the ground that the "Old Mill" was erected in the early part of the eleventh century by Northmen, the founders of the Vinland colony. His argument is supported by an interesting account of the wanderings of the Vikings, with illustrations of religious edifices erected by them in various parts of Europe, and a section of the "Old Mill" restored, based upon the Baptistery of Asti.

TOURO PARK.









Old
Stone Mill
— at —
Newport, R. I.,
— from —
measurements made by
Geo. C. Mason, Jun.,
Architect,
Oct. 10,
1878.

To these records of history no one can take exception, for they are too well authenticated to admit of doubt. The Northmen were Christians, and roamed the world over, leaving behind them castles, monasteries, churches, and baptisteries, with well-defined architectural details. Their edifices, as Mr. Hatfield remarks, are in all cases similar in proportion and construction to the "Old Mill" at Newport, and at first glance it seems highly probable that the dates and builders were the same. There are, however, details in the construction of the "Old Mill" which seemed to have escaped the attention of all who have measured it and have written upon the subject. These points I shall endeavor to make clear by the accompanying illustrations, which have been prepared upon the ground from measurements carefully taken and verified. The sketches show the form and position of every prominent stone, and are drawn to scales for comparison. So far as I am aware no such complete survey has yet been published. To the measured drawings are added sketches of the Leamington or Chesterton mill, and several buildings of colonial date, presenting analogous construction. This survey was made in October, 1878, and was commenced with a firm belief in the old and pleasant traditions so delightfully presented to us by Mr. Hatfield. But, with all an architect's veneration for the works of his predecessors, and a natural desire to assign to the monuments of our country their greatest possible antiquity, I have found myself confronted with constructive features which point to the last quarter of the seventeenth century as the time when the structure was built, and to Governor Benedict Arnold as the designer as well as owner of the "Old Stone Mill."

It is generally admitted by all who have investigated the subject that there are but two available dates; the colonization of Vinland and the English settlement on Aquidneck. All theories as to the edifice having once been a Norman Baptistery are based

upon the supposition that changes have from time to time been made in its interior. It is the object of this paper to show that it would have been difficult to effect such changes, even if they were not practically out of the question. Professor Rafn, after assigning the eleventh century as the date of erection, adds: "That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern." That he still had doubts upon the subject is however manifest, for in a letter dated Jan. 6, 1849, he writes: "It is difficult, however, without being on the spot, to offer any decided opinion as to the period to which the structure itself is to be referred, nor has anyone here ventured to do so. Here in the North no windmills occur of this construction, and a gentleman distinguished for his knowledge in the progressive history of the arts, and who has travelled much in Europe, has declared *that he never met with any such.*"

The alterations generally in question are the fireplace and the windows. These are claimed as late additions, made by English colonists to fit the ancient edifice for their own uses. The first floor over the arches has also been claimed as an addition, but I have never seen any allusion to a *second floor and staircase*, of which there are undeniable evidences. These statements I will now attempt to verify.

Was the fireplace introduced into the Norman Baptistery by English colonists? The fireplace is directly over one of the piers, and its construction exhibits careful workmanship. The stones are laid up smoothly, and fit together closely, in marked contrast to the rest of the interior. The hearth — a flat slab of slate, six inches thick — is built in under the splayed jambs several inches at each end; the opening is finished with a segmental arch on the face, and has a flat roof, one foot above the crown of the arch. This roof is made of flat slate stones, laid vertically with the axis of the wall; at each end is a flue five inches by eight inches, an

unusual form of construction. The north flue runs up nearly vertical, while the other flue curves off easily to the south for some distance, and then turns up with an inclination still to the south. Both flues open out on the face of the wall ten inches below the top, and they are each covered with a large stone, evidently to protect the wooden plate of the roof. The north flue shows no evidence of pargetting or plastering, but the south is still perfectly parged, the mortar being identical with that used in the construction of the piers. The curves are neatly rounded, and the flues are of a full and even area throughout. The wall around the fireplace is thicker than in other parts of the building, and gradually diminishes at the north of opening, where is situated the well-hole of stairs, to be described. In breaking out the old walls to insert a fireplace after the building had stood for centuries, it would have been impossible to adjust the back, jambs, and roof with such nicety, and without showing jagged and broken stones. It would also have been impossible to have constructed the two flues, particularly the south one, or to have parged them with such care. And is it not more than probable that in making such a radical change the artificers would have been satisfied with *one* flue instead of two, particularly as the additional flue was of more than questionable advantage.

The next point in question is the windows. Are they the result of alterations? At first sight they appear to be so, for they present the only anomalous features in the building, their position having been established without regard to the intercolumniation. This is the more remarkable in that every other part of the building is accurately spaced on a given plan, from the setting out of the piers on the true cardinal points of the compass to the heights and curves of arches, and the placing of piers outside the axis of the wall. Would such a departure from symmetry in the disposition of windows be likely in the

original design? Let us study the construction as shown in the illustrations. The reveals of windows are splayed both ways, leaving a square jamb, four inches wide in the centre. The sills are made of two flat stones, laid four inches apart, corresponding with the jambs; the edges of these sills toward the centre are *square cut* the whole length, and terminate in mortises, four inches square and three and one half inches deep, sunk in the jambs, evidently to receive the wooden sill. The outer edges of these sills are broken and ragged, and a large part of the inner ones have disappeared. The lintels are made in the same manner. One of the windows shows a lintel on the outer face, the inner being finished with a segmental arch. The other window shows an inner lintel made of *two* stones, the vertical joint being near the centre of the opening. In both cases a space of four inches is left for the wooden frame.

To make these changes was certainly not impossible, but they seem hardly probable. Had the stones of the wall been removed, the wooden frames set in place, and the wall rebuilt around them, the mortises could scarcely have been plastered all over smoothly on the inside as they still remain. Other openings have been cut in the wall, but they are evidently of modern origin and of no importance in this connection.

The two floors come next in order. The lower floor, as is evident from the angles taken by the mortises over caps of piers, was constructed as shown in the sketch. The frame was made of heavy timber, not less than ten inches square, as indicated by one of the mortises still perfect and plastered. Above these "summers" other beams were laid, and over them heavy planking, bringing the level of the floor up to the under side of the hearth, and above the crowns of the arches.

To carry the second floor, the increased thickness of wall for the fireplace is maintained around two thirds of the building, and

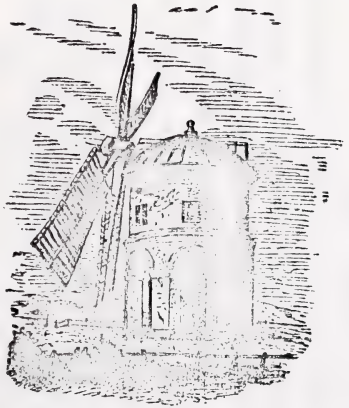
to the height of twenty feet and two inches from the ground. The remainder of the wall is carried up of one thickness to the top. Here was the staircase, as indicated by holes left to receive the ends of treads, and as shown on the interior elevation to the north of fireplace. Above the twenty feet two inches, the wall is carried up of the same section as in the well-hole. This arrangement leaves an offset of about six inches. A running mortise, six inches deep and six inches high, follows along the top of the offset to its termination in the well-hole. This mortise received the smaller beams. The floor was probably framed as shown in the section, leaving an opening for stairs. The angles of the two "summers," supporting this floor in the centre, are clearly indicated by the angles of the large mortises shown on section B. B. This second floor probably remained in place until it rotted away and fell of its own weight, the tops and bottoms of the mortises being broken out by the leverage of the beams. The running mortise is capped with carefully selected stones, square and flat on the under side. This disposition of the framing gave a height of seven feet between first floor and the under side of "summers." The construction of these floors and the staircase — the outline of which is traced on the interior elevation — seems to be conclusive evidence that the ruined tower was not a Baptistery, but that it owes its origin to the English colonists.

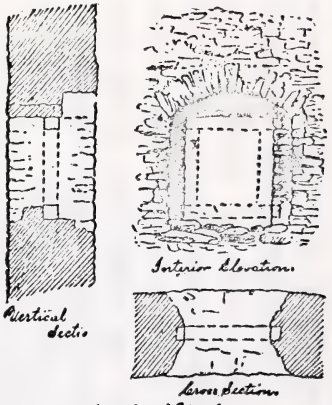
Let us now compare the construction of the "Old Mill" with that of the mill at Leamington or Chesterton, England. This mill, designed by Inigo Jones, was erected in the year 1632, and is here illustrated by a sketch taken from the "Penny Magazine." The theory that this mill furnished the model or *motif* for the Newport structure was considered by Mr. Hatfield as untenable, for the following reasons: The Newport tower has eight arches and round piers, the latter placed upon the cardinal points of the compass and outside the axis of the

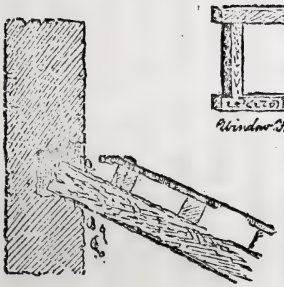
wall. The Leamington mill has but six arches, with square piers, placed — as is generally supposed — directly under the axis of the superstructure. The construction employed at Newport is random rubble, while the Leamington mill is built of cut stone. I can give no satisfactory reason for the adoption of eight arches instead of six, unless the number was fixed by the compass, to be a perpetual record of the cardinal points, based upon an accurate survey. Such a disposition is not improbable, as the mill stands upon the crown of a ledge of rock at a level of eighty-four feet above the sea, and near the summit of the ridge, which, running north and south through the centre of the island, rises gradually from the water on either side. Thus situated, the tower became naturally the most important edifice on the island, and a landmark visible for several miles.

The other differences may be more easily accounted for. The Leamington mill was built in highly civilized England; materials of good quality were abundant, with skilled labor for cutting and fitting together stonework, enriched with carved mouldings and accurately jointed voussoirs. It was erected under the eye of Inigo Jones, and the result was the conversion of a simply utilitarian building into an artistic edifice.

The colonies at that time were a vast wilderness, with but few mechanics, and only rude appliances for cutting stone. They could lay out their work accurately, and build solidly,— for eternity,— but that was all. Time with them was a necessary consideration, and the work was rapidly accomplished. But allowing that the colonists had the necessary skill and the will to execute works in cut stone, the *material* was wanting. On Aquidneck, or Rhode Island, there is no stone to be found suitable to cut for facework. The rocks on the island consist of a laminated slate — which splits easily, and makes a strong, but not a handsome wall — and ledges of gneiss, which yield what is ordinarily







Details illustrating the construction of — The Old Stone Mill — — at Newport, R.I. —

Scale of Details

known as "Rocky Farm Stone." This stone, of good color and very hard, is exceedingly treacherous under the hammer, and flies in pieces when least expected. It is sometimes roughly squared "bed and build" for a rubble wall, but it is wholly unfit for "six-steel" work, the coarsest ordinary finish for granite. The "Old Mill" is built of these two kinds of stone, used indiscriminately with sea-worn stone from the beach. No other materials, wood excepted, could be obtained by the Northmen or by the early English colonists.

The position of the piers — outside the axis of the wall — does find a parallel in the Leamington mill, if the published prints of that building are to be relied upon. At Newport only the piers project; at Leamington both piers and arches project beyond the upper wall — the line of demarcation being emphasized by a moulded string-course. The inner faces of superstructure and piers show a vertical plane as at Newport. The piers, if built of the same section as the wall, would have have been too small for strength, and in both cases the builders, desirous of saving all possible room within the circle, resorted to a mode of construction very suitable, as well as highly ornamental, when executed in cut work.

With a rude and intractable material, the Newport masons followed the outline of the Leamington mill, but found it necessary to set back the arches. It was easy for them to cap the exposed tops of piers with slabs of slate, roughly bevelled on the upper side, but had they set the arches out on the same plane, they must have carried a drip-course of cut stone around the building as a protection against disintegration under the action of frost and rain. In both cases the placing of the superstructure upon a circle of open arches had the advantage of giving additional power to the sails, by preventing the wind from backing against a dead wall.

Why should the colonists adopt the Leamington mill as a model? The Leamington mill was erected in the year 1632, about five miles from the town of the same name. Governor Benedict Arnold was at that time in England, and resided in Warwickshire, not far from the site of the mill. He, moreover, mentions in his will a farm, which he calls his *Leamington* farm. In 1663 the Rhode Island colonists built their first windmill, as we gather from Peter Easton's diary; and Aug. 28, 1675, he notes in the same diary: "On Saturday night, forty years after the great storm in 1635, came much the like storm, *blew down our windmill, and did much harm.*" This first mill was of wood.

Governor Arnold made his will Dec. 20, 1677, a period of two years and four months after the gale which destroyed the first mill. During that time he may have erected a second and more enduring structure of stone, keeping in mind the model which he had seen at Leamington. He may also have wished to provide a place of safe retreat against his Indian foes, to whom he was obnoxious, owing to disputes growing out of the titles to some of his lands. He built a sort of fort on the wharf back of his house, and kept guardboats plying back and forth in front of the town. In 1679 he went to Providence in an armed sloop, for his relations with some of the colonists were far from friendly.

Specimens of mortar taken from the "Old Mill" and other structures of the period — the house built by Governor Henry Bull in 1639, the tombs of Governor Arnold and his wife, and their dwelling-house — have been analyzed, and found to be of the same quality, and composed of shell-lime, sand, and gravel, with flakes of broken slate pounded fine. In alluding to the house of Governor Arnold, I will add that it stood until after the evacuation of the island by the British troops. One of the "oldest inhabitants" gives the following account of its destruction: —

"The chimney and the whole south end were built of rough stone and coarse mortar, and plastered on the outside with the same. The rough stone and coarse mortar were so strongly cemented together that they could not take it down by commencing at the top, without great labor; for that reason the house was first pulled down, then guys were made fast to the top of the chimney and set tight by means of tackles to trees at a distance, to cause it to fall in a direction from the building near, when it was undermined and fell in *one mass*, and was afterwards broken up with sledges, &c."

This solidity of construction furnishes an additional argument in favor of the colonial origin of the mill.

In Mr. Hatfield's section of the "Old Mill Restored" he shows above the aisle roof a clerestory, pierced with eight round arch windows, with deeply splayed sills, allowing the entering light to take its mean angle of 45°. If this were the original construction, the height of the wall must have been at least thirty-six feet instead of twenty-six feet, as at present. Now since the date of Governor Arnold's will two hundred years have elapsed, and the tower still stands, a firm and homogeneous mass of stone and mortar. The top is level, and the capstones of flues are in their places. Is it likely that in the six hundred years between the visits of the Northmen and the English occupation of the island, ten feet of the tower disappeared — was removed or fell of itself? It would hardly seem so. Had the colonists found it of full height, with numerous windows scientifically constructed, is it likely that they would have cut it down ten feet, inserted new windows at irregular intervals, and put in floors, stairs, fireplace, and flues, all which would have impaired its value as a mill? Thirty-six feet is no more than the usual height of windmills, and their sails have a diameter of from sixty to eighty feet. That the structure was originally plastered or stuccoed is highly probable, as the colonists were accustomed to cover their rough stonework

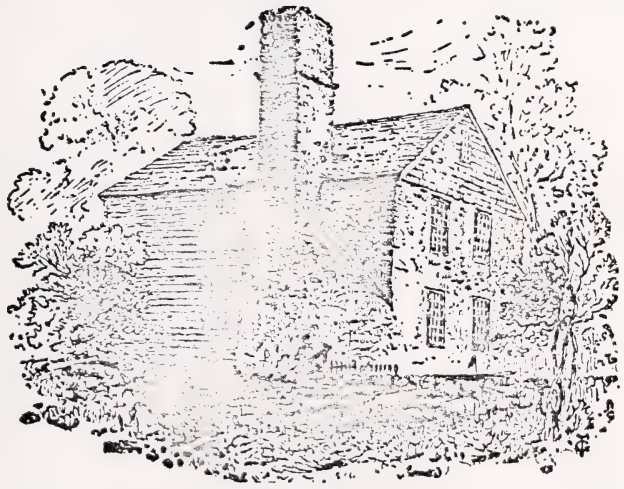
in this way, and we have seen that the same course was followed in building Governor Arnold's house.

The domestic edifices erected by the early English colonists exhibit, in nearly every instance, stone chimneys and gable-ends, as already described in connection with the house of Governor Arnold. The sides of these buildings and the ends above the line of the roof-plate were of frame construction, made of heavy oak timber rudely squared, put together with treenails and boarded with oak, usually at an angle of 45°, thus making of every board a separate brace. The boarding was covered with coarse stucco, or split shingles, put on with wrought nails. Many of these venerable houses still remain, their sturdy timbers and thick walls seeming to defy the ravages of time. The two selected for illustration are good examples of their class, and each has had an eventful history, with quaint legends of its own. The first was erected by Governor Henry Bull in the year 1639. Until within a few months it stood unaltered, but since then the "restorer" has been at work, and one-half of the house has been modernized. The gable-ends and the rear still remain as originally built; the stone, similar to that in the "Old Mill," is laid up in the same rough and random manner. The second example is from the island of Conanicut, opposite Newport. The date of its erection is not definitely known. A relic of the past, with huge chimney and picturesque outline, it nestles among the trees, quaint, old, and timeworn. But old as it is, it is still tenantable, and may do good service for many years.

One other detail in the construction of the "Old Mill" is worthy of notice. The disposition of the eight piers upon the true cardinal points of the compass is a feature that must have been the result of deliberate thought and careful measurement. Can we by chance get a clew to the date of erection from this fact? By referring to section A A, it will be seen that the true

north bisects one of the piers. The variation of the needle, taken from reliable modern maps, is 10° 34′ west. Now, did the founders of the edifice find the magnetic north, and then calculate the variation to discover the true north, or was the "Mill" erected at some period of time when there happened to be no variation of the needle? This problem I am not able to solve, and I only allude to it here, hoping that some scientific investigator may be able to throw light upon the subject, if only to establish the date of the erection of the "Old Stone Mill."

[The above article on the OLD STONE MILL, written by GEORGE C. MASON, JR., F. A. I. A., originally appeared in the "Magazine of American History," and through the courtesy of the publishers of that magazine I am permitted to transfer it to these pages.]



OLD HOUSE, CONANICUT.

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